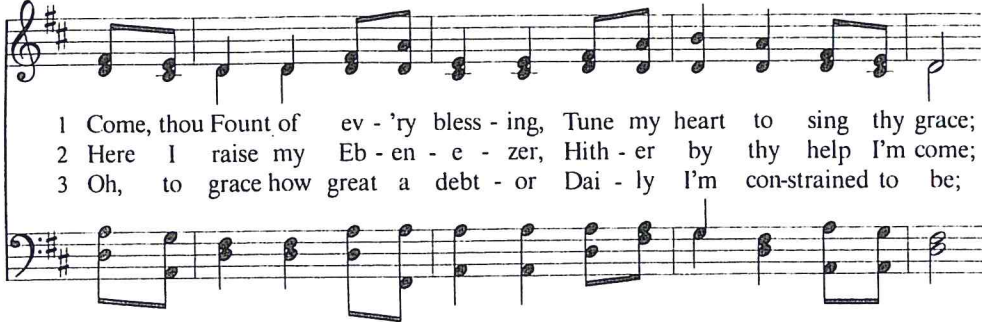
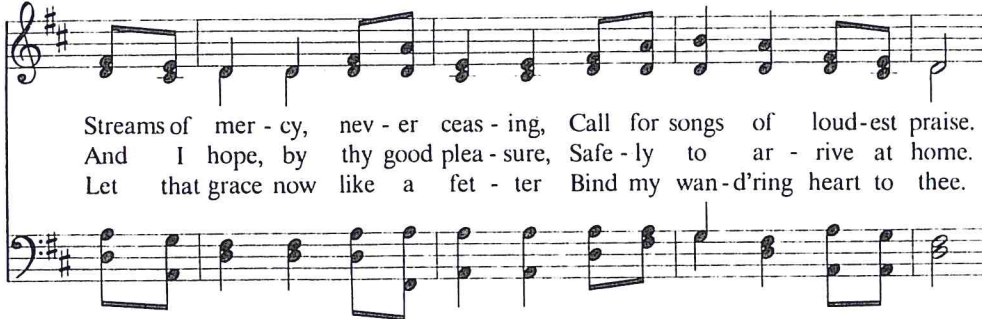


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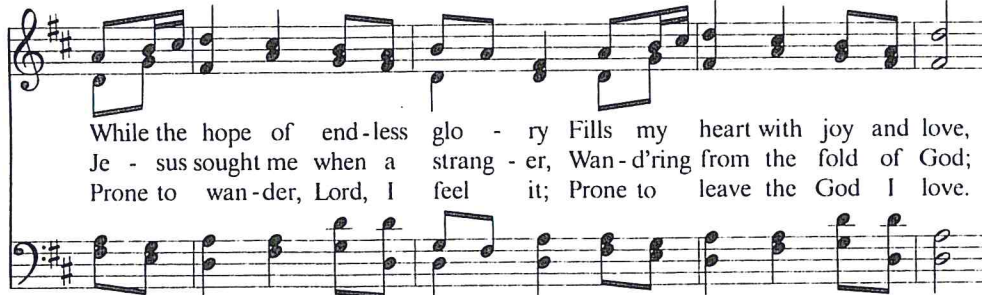
Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing



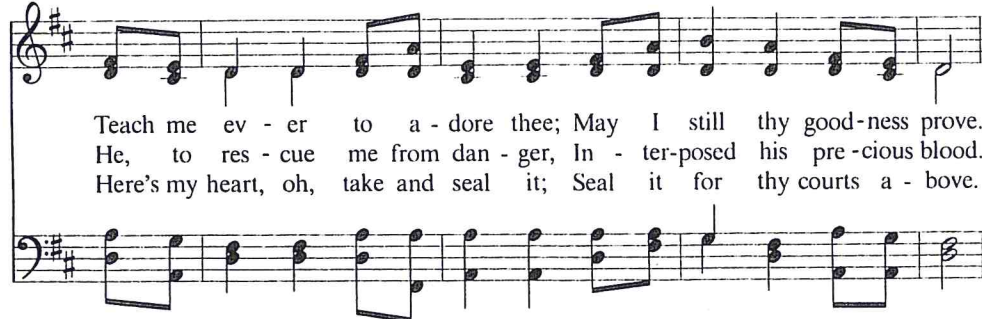
1 Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 2 Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer, Hith - er by thy help I'm come;
 3 Oh, to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be;



Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
 And I hope, by thy good plea - sure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
 Let that grace now like a fet - ter Bind my wan - d'ring heart to thee.



While the hope of end - less glo - ry Fills my heart with joy and love,
 Je - sus sought me when a strang - er, Wan - d'ring from the fold of God;
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love.



Teach me ev - er to a - dore thee; May I still thy good - ness prove.
 He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it; Seal it for thy courts a - bove.