

METRE 4 Robert Robinson

# NEW MONMOUTH 8,7,8,7

Lucius Chapin

1. Come, thou fount of eve-ry bles-sing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceasing, call for songs of loud-est praise.

2. Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove; Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it, Mount of God's un-chang-ing love.

3. Here I raise my Eb-en-e-zer, Hith-er by thy help I'm come; And I hope by thy good pleasure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.

4. Oh, to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm con-strained to be; Let thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wan-d'ring heart to thee.