Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

1. Come, Thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise my Ebenezer: Hitherto by Thy help I've come;
3. O, to grace how great a debt or Daily I'm constrained to be!

Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
And I hope by Thy good pleasure Safely to arrive at home.
Let Thy goodness like a fetter Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

Teach me ever to adore Thee; May I still Thy goodness prove,
Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God;
Never let me wander from Thee, Never leave the God I love;

While the hope of endless glory Fills my heart with joy and love.
He to rescue me from danger Interposed His precious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts above.

Words: Robert Robinson
Music: A. Nettleton