Come, Thou Fount Of Every Blessing

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev’ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
   Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise;
   Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above;
   Praise the mount—I’m fixed upon it—Mount of Thy redeeming love!

2. Here I raise my Ebenezer; Hither by Thy help I’ve come;
   And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home;
   Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God;
   He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed His precious blood.

3. O to grace how great a debt or Daily I’m constrained to be!
   Let Thy goodness, like a fetter, Bind my wandering heart to Thee:
   Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;
   Here’s my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts above.

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