Come, Thou Fount Of Every Blessing

CECILE

1. Come, Thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise;

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,

3. O to grace how great a debt or Daily I'm constrained to be!Let Thy goodness, like a fetter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:

Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above;Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;Praise the mount— I'm fixed on it— Mount of Thy redeeming 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.