

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Come, thou Fount of every 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 his name – I'm fixed upon it – name of God's redeeming love.

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, bought me with his precious blood.

O to grace how great a debtor 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.