

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

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.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above.
Praise His name, I'm fixed upon it,
Name of God's redeeming love.
2. Hither to Thy love has best me;
Thou hast brought me to this place.
And I know Thy hand will bring me
Safely home by Thy good grace.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Bought me with his precious blood.
3. Oh, 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, oh take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.