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 come; and I hope, by thy good pleasure, safely be! Let thy goodness, like a fetter, bind my songs of loudest praise. Teach me some melodies to arrive at home. Jesus sought me when a wandering heart to thee; prone to wander, Lord, I sonnet, sung by flaming tongues above; praise his stranger, wand'ring from the fold of God; he, to feel it, prone to leave the God I love; here's my name—I'm fixed upon it name of God's redeeming love. rescue me from danger, bought me with his precious blood. heart, O, take and seal it; seal it for thy courts above.

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