Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

1 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing, tune my heart to sing thy grace;
2 Here I raise to Thee an Altar, hither by Thy help I've come;
3 O to grace how great a Debtor daily I'm constrained to be!

streams of mercy, never ceasing, call for songs of loudest praise.
and I hope, by Thy good pleasure, safely to arrive at home.
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter, bind my wandering 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 his name—I'm fixed upon it name of God's redeeming love.
be, to rescue me from danger, bought me with his precious blood.
here's my heart, O, take and seal it; seal it for Thy courts above.