Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing, streams of mercy, never ceasing, call for grace; and I hope, by thy good pleasure, safely to arrive at home.

2 Here I find my greatest treasure, hitherto by thy help I've found a friend, and I hope, by thy good pleasure, safely to arrive at home.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debt or duty I'm constrained to render—'tis to be sung, Lord, I, to grace how great a debt or duty I'm constrained to render.

songs of loudest praise. Teach me some melodious sonnet, sung by flaming tongues above. Praise the stranger, wandering from the fold of God; he, to feel it, prone to leave the God I love; here's my mount—'tis fixed upon it, mount 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.