Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

1. Come, thou Fount of ev'ry 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 melodious 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 the strang-er, wandering from the fold of God; he, to feel it, prone to leave the God I love; here's my mount—I'm fixed up on 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.