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 melo-dious sonnet, sung by flaming tongues above. Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it, Mount of thy redeem-ing love.

2. Here I raise mine Eb-ene-zer; Hither by thy help I'm come; And I hope, by thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home. Jesus sought me when a stranger, wandering from the fold of God; He, to feel it, prone to leave the God I love; Here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts above.

3. O to grace how great a debtor daily I'm constrained to grace; and I hope, by thy good pleasure, safely to arrive at home. Jesus sought me when a stranger, wandering from the fold of God; He, to feel it, prone to leave the God I love; Here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts above.

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