## Come thou fount of every blessing

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 melodious sonnet, sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount I'm fixed upon it, mount of thy redeeming love

Here I raise my Ebenezer, Hither by thy help I'm come; And I hope by thy good pleasure, safely to arrive at home Jesus sought me when stranger, wandering from the fold of God; He, to rescue me from danger, interposed his precious blood

Oh, to grace how great a debtor, daily I'm constrained to be Let thy goodness, like a fetter, bind my wand'ring heart to thee Prone to wander, Lord I feel it, prone to leave the God I love Here's my heart, oh take and seal it, seal it for thy courts above.

Words: Robert Robinson 1757

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