

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Words: Robert Robinson (adapted), Music: Traditional American Melody,
Arranger: Mark Hayes

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 his name I'm fixed upon it
Name of God's redeeming love.

Hitherto Thy love hast blest me;
Thou hast brought me to Thy place;
And I know Thy hand will bring me
Safely home by Thy good grace.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger;
Saved me with His precious love.

O 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, O, Take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.
Seal it for Thy courts above.