Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

1 Come, thou Fount of ev’ry blessing, tune my heart to sing thy grace;
2 Here I raise my Eb-en-e-zer: “Hith-er by thy help I’ve come”;
3 Oh, to grace how great a debt—or dai-ly I’m con-strained to be;

streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, call for songs of loud-est praise.
and I hope, by thy good plea-sure, safe-ly to ar-rive at home.
let that grace now like a fet-ter bind my wan-d’ring heart to thee.

While the hope of end-less glo-ry fills my heart with joy and love,
Je-sus sought me when a strang-er, wan-d’ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it; prone to leave the God I love.

teach me ev-er to a-dore thee; may I still thy good-ness prove.
he, to res-cue me from dan-ger, in-ter-posed his pre-cious blood.
Here’s my heart, oh, take and seal it; seal it for thy courts a-bove.

Music: NETTLETON, J. Wyeth, Repository of Sacred Music, Part II, 1813