Come Thou Fount Of Every Blessing

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1. Come, Thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Sorrowing I shall be in spirit, Till released from flesh and sin,
3. Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wand’ring from the fold of God;
4. O to grace how great a debt or Daily I’m constrained to be!
5. O that day when freed from sinning, I shall see Thy lovely face;

Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
Yet from what I do in her it, Here Thy praises I’ll begin;
He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed His precious blood;
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter, Bind my wand’ring heart to Thee.
Clothed then in blood washed linen How I’ll sing Thy sovereign grace;

Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above.
Here I raise my Ebenezer; Here by Thy great help I’ve come;
How His kindness yet pursues me Mortal tongue can never tell,
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;
Come, my Lord, no longer tarry, Take my ransomed soul away;

Praise the mount! I’m fixed upon it, Mount of Thy redeeming love.
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home.
Clothed in flesh, till death shall loose me I can not proclaim it well.
Here’s my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts above.
Send thine angels now to carry Me to realms of endless day.

Ps 36:9-11, Jn 4:13-14, 1Sam 7:3-12, Heb 13:20-21, 1Pr 1:18-19, Eph 1:13-14