

Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Public Domain. Words: Robert Robinson. Music: American folk tune.

 D A
1. Come Thou Fount of every blessing

 G A D
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;

 D A
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,

 G A D
Call for songs of loudest praise

 D A G D
Teach me some melodious sonnet,

 D A G D
Sung by flaming tongues above.

 D A
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it,

 G A D
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2. 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 a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3. O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now like a fetter,
Bind my wandering 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.