Come, thou fount

NETTLETON 87.87 D

1 Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, tune my heart to sing thy grace;
2 Here I raise my Eb-e-ne-zer; here by Thy great help I've come;
3 O 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.

Teach me some mel-o-dious son-net, sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove.
Je-sus sought me when a stran-ger, wan-d'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love;

Praise the mount! I'm fixed up-on it, mount of God's un-chang-ing love.
He, to res-cue me from dan-ger, in-ter-posed his pre-cious blood;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a-bove.