

COME THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING

Words: Robert Robinson, 1758;

Music: Asahel Nettleton

Arranged by C. Michael Perry

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 the mount, I'm fixed upon it, mount of thy redeeming love.

Here I raise my Ebenezer, there by thy great help I come,
And I hope by thy good pleasure safely to arrive at home.
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.

Jesus sought me when a stranger wandering from the fold of God.
He, to rescue me from danger, interposed His precious blood.
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.

O that day when free from sinning, I shall see Thy loving face;
Cloth-ed then in blood-washed linen How I'll sing Thy Sovereign Grace.
Come, my Lord, no longer tarry, take my ransomed soul away!
Send Thine angels now to carry me to realms of endless day.

O to grace, how great a debtor, daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness 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.
Come Thou Fount Of Every Blessing
Seal us in thy courts above.