

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Come, Thou Fount of every blessing!
Tune my heart to sing Thy praise.
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,
Here by Thy great help I've come.
And I hope by Thy good pleasure safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me while a stranger wand'ring from the fold of God.
He to rescue me from danger interposed His precious blood.

O to grace how great a debtor daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness like a fetter bind my wand'ring 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, seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above!
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above!

Robert Robinson (1758)