Come Thou Fount

E B A B E

Come thou fount of every blessing, tune my heart to sing thy grace;

 B A B E

streams of mercy never ceasing, call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some melodious sonnet, sung by flaming tongues above;

 B A B E

praise the name—I’m fixed upon it—Name of God’s redeeming love.

E B A B E

Hither to thy love has blest me; thou hast bro’t me to this place;

 B A B E

and I know thy hand will bring me safely home by thy good grace.

Jesus sought me when a stranger wand’ring from the fold of God;

 B A B E

He, to rescue me from danger, Bo’t me with his precious blood.

E B A B E

O to grace how great a debtor daily I’m constrained to be!

 B A B E

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;

 B A B E

here’s my heart O take it seal it; seal it for thy courts above.