Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing

1. Come, Thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Hither to Thy love has blest me; Thou hast bro't me to this place;
3. O to grace how great a debt or Daily I'm con-trained to be!

Streams of mer-cy, nev-er cess-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
And I know Thy hand will bring me Safe-ly home by Thy good grace.
Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wan-d'ring heart to Thee:

Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a bove;
Je-sus sought me when a strang-er, Wan-d'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;

Praise His name— I'm fixed up-on it— Name of God's re-deem-ing love.
He, to res-cue me from dan-ger, Bo't me with His pre-cious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a bove.

TEXT: Robert Robinson; adapted by Margaret Clarkson
MUSIC: Traditional American melody; John Wycliffe's Repository of Sacred Music, 1813
Last stanza setting and Choral ending by Carl Seals

www.4tons.com.br
Pr. Marcelo Augusto de Carvalho
3. O grace how great a debt or 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.

Optional choral ending

Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts above.