Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

"On that day there shall be a fountain opened..." (Zech. 13:1)

1. 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 me-lo-dious son-net, Stung by flaming tongues above;
   Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.

2. Here I raise mine Eb- en-e-zer, Hith-er by Thy help I'm come;
   And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.
   Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wan-d'ring from the fold of God;
   He, to res-cue me from dan-ger, Brought me with His pre-cious blood.

3. O to grace how great a debt or, Da-ly I'm con-strained to be!
   Let Thy good-ness, as a fet-ter, Bind my wan-d'ring heart to Thee;
   Prone to wan-der, 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 a-bove.