

## Week 4: Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Text: Robert Robinson, 1757

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.

Sorrowing I shall be in spirit,  
Till released from flesh and sin,  
Yet from what I do inherit,  
Here Thy praises I'll begin;  
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 when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood;  
How His kindness yet pursues me  
Mortal tongue can never tell,  
Clothed in flesh, till death shall loose me  
I cannot proclaim it well.

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.

O that day when freed from sinning,  
I shall see Thy lovely face;  
Clothèd 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.