

# Come Thou fount of every blessing

Thomas John Williams, 1890

Ebenezer  
87.87.D

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.

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.

Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by Thy help I'm 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.

Robert Robinson