

Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Leigh Nash

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;
Clothed 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