Rom. 5:1-8; Is. 25:1; Rom. 6:17-33; Acts 4:32-35; Ps. 68:19; Zech. 13:1; 1 Sam. 7:5-12

Come Thou Fount

Verse 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 ever to adore Thee, May I still Thy goodness prove, While the hope of endless glory Fills my heart with joy and love.

Verse 2

Here I raise mine Ebenezer; Hither by thy 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.

Verse 3

O, to grace how great a debtor Daily I'm constrained to be! Let thy goodness, like a fetter, Bind me closer still 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.

-end-

Robert Robinson

