

ELW 807: Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

1. Come, though Fount of ev'ry blessing, tune my heart to sing thy grace;
streams of mercy, never ceasing, call for songs of loudest praise.
While the hope of endless glory fills my heart with joy and love,
tear me ever to adore thee; may I still thy goodness prove.
2. Here I raise my 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, wand'ring from the fold of God;
he, to rescue me from danger, interposed his precious blood.
3. Oh, to grace how great a debtor daily I'm constrained to be;
let that grace now like a fetter bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it; prone to leave the God I love.
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it; seal it for thy courts above.