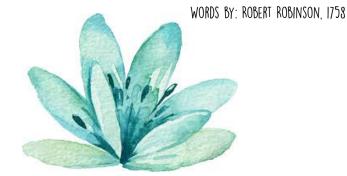
Corre, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

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.

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;

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; CLOTHÉD 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.



COME THOU FOUNT of every blessing

Words by Robert Robinson Music by Ashael Nettleton

