

Songs of Lent

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

March 16 & 17, 2016

Small Group: *Recall a time when you felt especially close to the Lord; very aware of His blessings. Now... recall a time when you felt especially far from the Lord.*

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

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,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let that grace now 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, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

Oh, that day when freed from sinning,
I shall see Thy lovely face;
Clothed then in the blood washed linen
How I'll sing Thy wondrous grace!
Come, my Lord, no longer tarry,
Take my ransomed soul away;
Send Thine angels soon to carry
Me to realms of endless day.



Robert Robinson (27
September 1735 – 9 June
1790) wrote "Come Thou
Font of Every Blessing" at
the age of 22 years, as a
Methodist.