

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Come Thou fount of ev'ry 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 unchanging love

Here I raise mine Ebenezer
Hither by Thy help I'm 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

O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be
Let Thy 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 Lord take and seal it
Seal it for Thy courts above

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

O sacred head now wounded
With grief and shame weighed down
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns Thine only crown
O sacred head what glory
What bliss till now was Thine
Yet though despised and gory
I joy to call Thee mine

What Thou my Lord hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain
Mine mine was the transgression
But Thine the deadly pain
Lo here I fall my Savior
'Tis I deserve Thy place
Look on me with Thy favor
Vouch safe to me thy grace

What language shall I borrow
To thank thee dearest Friend
For this thy dying sorrow
Thy pity without end
Oh make me thine forever
And should I fainting be
Lord let me never never
Outlive my love to thee