

Sara Groves

"Come Though Fount"

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Come thou fount of every blessing
Tune my heart to sing your praise
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
The mount of thy redeeming blood

Oh to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be
Let your 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 Lord,
Take and seal it
Seal it for thy courts above

Prone to wander, Lord I feel it
Prone to leave the God I love
Prone to hear you and not heed it
Prone to scorn you in your love
Prone to wander
Prone to wander

Oh to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be
Let your goodness like a fetter
Bind my wandering heart to thee
Jesus sought me while a stranger
Wandering from the heart of God
And He to rescue me from danger
Used his own precious blood

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