

Come, O Fount of Every Blessing

Ps. 36:7-9

Robert Robinson, 1758; alt.

1 Come, O Fount of ev-ery bless-ing, tune my heart to sing your grace;
 2 Here I pause in my so - journ-ing, giv-ing thanks for hav-ing come,
 3 O to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I am drawn a - new!

streams of mer - cy, nev-er ceas-ing, call for songs of end-less praise.
 come to trust, at ev-ery turn - ing, God will guide me safe-ly home.
 Let that grace now, like a fet - ter, bind my wan-dering heart to you.

Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove.
 Je - sus sought me when a strang-er, wan-dering from the fold of God,
 Prone to wan - der, I can feel it, wan-der from the love I've known:

Praise the mount; I'm fixed up - on it, mount of God's un - fail-ing love.
 Came to res - cue me from dan - ger, bless-ed bod - y, pre-cious blood.
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it for your ver - y own.

Converted to Methodism at age twenty, Robert Robinson soon became a Calvinistic Methodist preacher and later gained great popularity. The melody, associated with this text since 1813, is an American folk tune.

Tune: NETTLETON 8.7.8.7.D.
 John Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music, 1813