

Come, thou Fount of ev'ry Blessing

ROBERT ROBINSON (1735–1790)

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 fixt upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging Love.

Here I raise my *Eben-ezer*,
Hither by thy Grace I'm come;
So I hope by thy good Pleasure,
Shortly to arrive at Home:
Jesus sought me, when a Stranger,
Wand'ring from the Fold of God;
He to rescue me from Danger,
Interpos'd with precious Blood.

O! to Grace how great a Debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be;
Let that Grace now like a Fetter,
Bind my wand'ring Heart to Thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave that God I love;
Take my Heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from thy Courts above.

O that Day when freed from Sinning,
I shall see thy lovely Face;
Cloathed then in blood-wash'd Linnen,
How I'll sing thy sov'reign Grace:
Come, my Lord, no longer tarry,
Take my ransom'd Soul away;
Send thine Angels now to carry
Me to Realms of endless Day.