

Come Thou Fount

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Robert Robinson, 1735-1790

1. Come Thou fount of every 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 God's unchanging love.
2. O 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, O take and seal it.
Seal it for Thy courts above.

Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

Romans 5:1-2