

Robert Robinson, 1758
87. 87. 87. 87.

Fount

Transcribed from *The Psalmist's Assistant*, 1806.

B^b Major
Oliver Holden, 1806

Treble

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. }

Counter

2. { Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer, Hither by thine help I've come; And I hope, by thy good pleasure, Safely to ar - rive at home. }
{ Jesus sought me, when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God, He, to rescue me from danger, In - ter - posed with precious blood. }

Tenor

3. { 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 mine heart — O take and seal it, Seal it for thy courts a - bove! }

Bass