

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 eve - ry bles - sing, tune my heart to sing thy grace!
Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by fla - ming tongues a - bove;

Counter

2. { Here I raise my Eb - e - ne - zer: Hi - ther by thine help I've come;
Je - sus sought me, when a stran - ger; Wan - dering from the fold of God;

Tenor

3. { O! to grace, how great a deb - tor Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love -

Bass

Tr.

Streams of mer - cy, ne - ver cea - sing, Call for songs of lou - dest praise. }
Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of God's un - chan - ging love. }

C.

And I hope, by thy good plea - sure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home. }
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed with pre - cious blood. }

T.

Let that grace, now like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - dering heart to thee. }
Here's mine heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for thy courts a - bove. }

B.