

Come, Thou fount of every blessing

Sharon (87. 87.)

William Boyce
(1710-79)



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.

2. Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

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.

4. Prone to wander - Lord, I feel it -
Prone to leave the God I love,
Take my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

Robert Robinson (1735-90)