Come, Thou Fount

Words: Robert Robinson, 1758
Music: John Wyeth, 1813

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 Thy redeeming love.