Love Divine, All Loves Excelling

Charles Wesley, 1747; alt. Mal. 3:1; 2 Cor. 3:18; 5:17; Eph. 5:27 1 Love di-vine, all loves ex - cel-ling, joy of heaven, on earth be found, 2 Breathe, O breathe your lov - ing Spir-it in - to ev - ery trou-bled breast; 3 Come, al-might - y to de-liv-er, let us all your life re-ceive; Fin - ish, then, your new cre - a - tion; pure and spot - less may we prove; Fix in us hum - ble dwell-ing, all your faith - ful mer - cies crown; let us find your prom-ised rest; you in - her - it, Sud-den - ly re - turn, and ne - ver, ne - ver-more your tem - ples leave. Let us see your great sal - va - tion per-fect - ly re - stored in you; sus, you are all com - pas - sion; pure, un-bound - ed love im - part. Take sin-ning; Al-pha and O-me-ga be; a - way our love of al - ways bless-ing, love you as your an - gels love, You we would be Changed from glo - ry glo - ry, till in heaven we take our place, in - to Vis - it us with your sal - va-tion, en - ter ev - ery trem - bling heart. of faith, as its be-gin-ning, set our hearts at lib - er - ty. Pray and praise for your un - fail-ing, wound-ed arms out-stretched a - bove. Crowned as saints, we ev - er shall be lost in won-der, love, and praise.

This hymn is said to have been suggested by a "Song of Venus" from Dryden's King Arthur. It is one of 6,500 written by Charles Wesley, the "sweet singer of Methodism," who was skilled at interweaving literary and scriptural images.

Tune: BEECHER 8.7.8.7.D.

John Zundel, 1855

Alternate tune: HYFRYDOL

For another harmonization, see 368, 495



Thomas Troeger has provided the following commentary on this text: "It was written as a polemical poem to counter spurious ideas of freedom as undisciplined license, and to affirm how the profoundest liberty involves a sense of boundaries and structure."

Tune: KEDRON L.M.
Attrib. to Elkanah Kelsay Dare in
Amos Pilsbury's United States Harmony, 1799

Words Copyright © 1989, Oxford University Press, Inc.

459

Come, O Fount of Every Blessing

Ps. 36:7-9

Robert Robinson, 1758; alt.

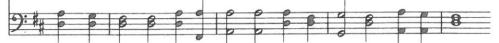
- 1 Come, O Fount of ev-ery bless-ing, tune my heart to sing your grace; 2 Here I pause in my so-journ-ing, giv-ing thanks for hav-ing come,
- 3 O to grace how great a debt-or dai-ly I am drawn a new!



streams of mer - cy, nev-er ceas - ing, call for songs of end-less praise.

come to trust, at ev-ery turn - ing, God will guide me safe-ly home.

Let that grace now, like a fet - ter, bind my wan-dering heart to you.





Teach me some me-lo-dious son - net, sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove.

Je - sus sought me when a strang-er, wan-dering from the fold of God,

Prone to wan - der, I can feel it, wan-der from the love I've known:





Praise the mount; I'm fixed up - on it, mount of God's un - fail-ing love. Came to res - cue me from dan - ger, bless - ed bod - y, pre-cious blood. Here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it for your ver - y own.



Converted to Methodism at age twenty, Robert Robinson soon became a Calvinistic Methodist preacher and later gained great popularity. The melody, associated with this text since 1813, is an American folk tune. Tune: NETTLETON 8.7.8.7.D.

John Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music, 1813