

FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING

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Depiction of the outdoor tent meeting with George Whitefield preaching in 18th century London.

"Fount of Every Blessing"

The story of the hymn "Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing," written by Robert Robinson, begins in 1735 in the small town of Swaffham, Norfolk, England, where Robinson was born into a world of modest means and significant challenges. Losing his father at a young age, Robinson's early life was marked by financial struggle and uncertainty.

But fate—or perhaps divine intervention—had extraordinary plans for this young man. In 1752, at just 17 years old, Robinson attended a sermon by the legendary evangelist George Whitefield that would completely alter the trajectory of his life. Interestingly, Robinson didn't arrive with reverent intentions. He and his friends had come to mock the preacher, but something extraordinary happened that day.

Evangelist George Whitefield's message was drawn from the biblical passage found in Matthew 3:7 where John the Baptist confronts the Pharisees and Sadducees, with the stark warning: "O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?"

This verse from the Bible, in the book of Matthew, Chapter 3, verse 7, reads as follows:

“But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism, he said unto them, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?” End of quote.

Whitefield was renowned for his passionate and dramatic preaching style, which went far beyond mere theological discourse. He sought to deeply convict his listeners of their sinful nature and the imminent spiritual danger they faced. The phrase "wrath to come" would have been a central, thundering theme, designed to shake his audience out of spiritual complacency and into a state of urgent self-reflection. The sermon likely emphasized the critical distinction between superficial religious observance and genuine spiritual transformation. Whitefield would have challenged his listeners to move beyond external religious practices and seek a profound, personal conversion experience. Known for his ability to connect doctrinal truths with practical application, he urged his audience to recognize their spiritual bankruptcy and turn to Christ for salvation.

Whitefield's powerful sermon on Matthew 3:7 struck Robinson like a thunderbolt.

Instead of ridicule, he experienced profound spiritual conviction. For three intense years, he wrestled with his own sinfulness and searched for meaning. This internal struggle culminated in a transformative moment on December 10, 1755, when Robinson experienced what he described as "full and free forgiveness through the precious blood of Jesus Christ."

Two years later, at the age of 22, Robinson penned the now-legendary hymn "Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing." This wasn't just a song—it was an intimate musical autobiography. Every lyric reflected his personal spiritual journey, capturing the human struggle between wandering and redemption. The now-famous line, "Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love," wasn't just poetry—it was Robinson's raw, honest confession.

Robinson's life continued to evolve. He became a Methodist preacher, then an Independent, and finally settled as a Baptist pastor in Cambridge. He wasn't just a spiritual leader but also a scholar, writing extensively on theological topics and Baptist history. His intellectual curiosity matched his spiritual passion.

Throughout his career, Robinson served a congregation that grew to over a thousand members. He was a farmer, a merchant, a writer, and a deeply contemplative soul. His hymn "Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing" became a timeless piece of Christian worship, transcending generations and touching countless hearts.

On June 9, 1790, Robert Robinson passed away in Birmingham, leaving behind a legacy that continues to inspire generations. His hymn remains a testament to the transformative power of grace, the human tendency to wander, and the persistent love that calls us back. "Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing" is just as relevant today as it was when it was written by Robert Robinson in 1757.

From a young man intending to mock a preacher to a renowned hymn writer and pastor, Robert Robinson's journey reminds us that life's most significant transformations often begin in moments we least expect. His story is a powerful narrative of redemption, artistic expression, and spiritual discovery.

This hymn continues to resonate with people seeking hope and understanding.

The end.

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing"
by Robert Robinson

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.

Sorrowing I shall be in spirit,
Till released from flesh and sin,
Yet from what I do inherit,
Here Thy praises I'll begin;
Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Here by Thy great help I've come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood;
How His kindness yet pursues me
Mortal tongue can never tell,
Clothed in flesh, till death shall loose me
I cannot proclaim it well.

O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, 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 my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

O that day when freed from sinning,
I shall see Thy lovely face;
Clothed then in blood washed linen
How I'll sing Thy sovereign grace;
Come, my Lord, no longer tarry,
Take my ransomed soul away;
Send thine angels now to carry
Me to realms of endless day.