

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Robert Robinson · 1758 · Tune: Nettleton (John Wyeth (attributed))
Meter: 8.7.8.7 D

Verse 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.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

Verse 2

Here I raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm 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.

Verse 3

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.

History

Robert Robinson, converted at age 17 under George Whitefield's preaching, wrote this hymn at age 22. The familiar tune 'Nettleton' first appeared in John Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music (1813).

Scripture References (KJV)

1 Samuel 7:12

Then Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto hath the LORD helped us.

Psalms 23:6

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.

