Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing 475

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing; tune my heart to sing thy grace;
2 Here I raise my Ebenezer; hither by thy help I’m come;
3 O to grace how great a debt or daily I’m constrained to be!

streams of mercy, never ceasing, call for songs of loudest praise.
and I hope, by thy good pleasure, safely to arrive at home.
Let that grace now, like a fetter, bind my wandering heart to thee.

Teach me some melodiesonnet, sung by flaming tongues above;
Jesus sought me when a stranger, wandering from the fold of God;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love;

praise the mount! I’m fixed upon it, mount of God’s unchanging love!
he, to rescue me from danger, interposed his precious blood.
here’s my heart; O take and seal it; seal it for thy courts above.

Written for Pentecost by a British Baptist pastor, this text is full of biblical terms like “Ebenezer” (1 Samuel 7:12), Hebrew for “a stone of help” set up to give thanks for God’s assistance. The tune name honors hymnal compiler Asahel Nettleton, who probably did not compose it.

TEXT: Robert Robinson, 1758, alt.
MUSIC: Wye’s Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second, 1813
BAPTISM

NETTLETON
8.7.8.7.D