Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing 475

1 Come, thou Fount of ev-ery bless-ing; tune my heart to sing thy grace;
2 Here I raise my Eb-e-ne-zer; hith-er by thy help I'm come;
3 O to grace how great a debt-or dai-ly I'm con-strained to be!

streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, call for songs of loud-est praise.
and I hope, by thy good plea-sure, safe-ly to ar-rive at home.
Let that grace now, like a fet-ter, bind my wan-dering heart to thee.

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, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love;

praise the mount! I'm fixed up-on it, mount of God's un-chang-ing love!
he, to res-cue me from dan-ger, in-ter-posed his pre-cious blood.
here's my heart; O take and seal it; seal it for thy courts a-bove.
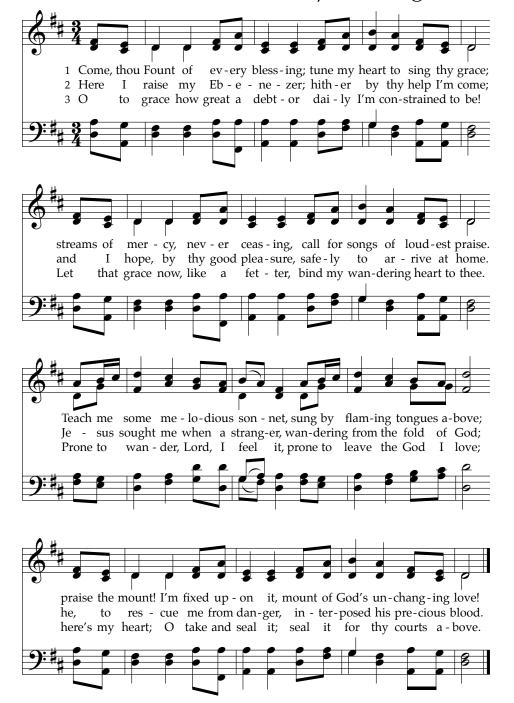
Written for Pentecost by a British Baptist pastor, this text is full of biblical terms like "Ebenezer" (1 Samuel 7:12), Hebrew for "a stone of help" set up to give thanks for God's assistance. The tune name honors hymnal compiler Asahel Nettleton, who probably did not compose it.