Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Hitherto hath the LORD helped us. 1 Sam. 7:12 And he said, My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest. Ex. 33:14 In thy presence is fulness of joy. Psa. 16:11

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.

2. Here I’ll raise my Ebenezer; Hither by Thy help I’m come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safe to arrive at home.

3. Oh, to grace how great a debtor I’m constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a letter, Bind my feeble heart to Thee.

4. Hallelujah! I have found it, The full cleansing I had craved,
And to all the world I’ll sound it: They too may be wholly saved.

Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above;
Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God;

“Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,” Long I cried to be made pure;
I am sealed by Thy sweet Spirit, Prone no longer now to roam;

Praise the mount! I’m fixed upon it, Mount of Thy redeeming love.
He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed His precious blood.

“Here’s my heart, O take and seal it, Work in me Thy double cure.”
And Thy voice, I’ll humbly hear it, For Thy presence is my home.

WORDS: Robert Robinson, c.1758; alt.; v.4 Joel A. Erickson, 2006. MUSIC: “Nettleton”; attr. to Asahel Nettleton, pub.1813.