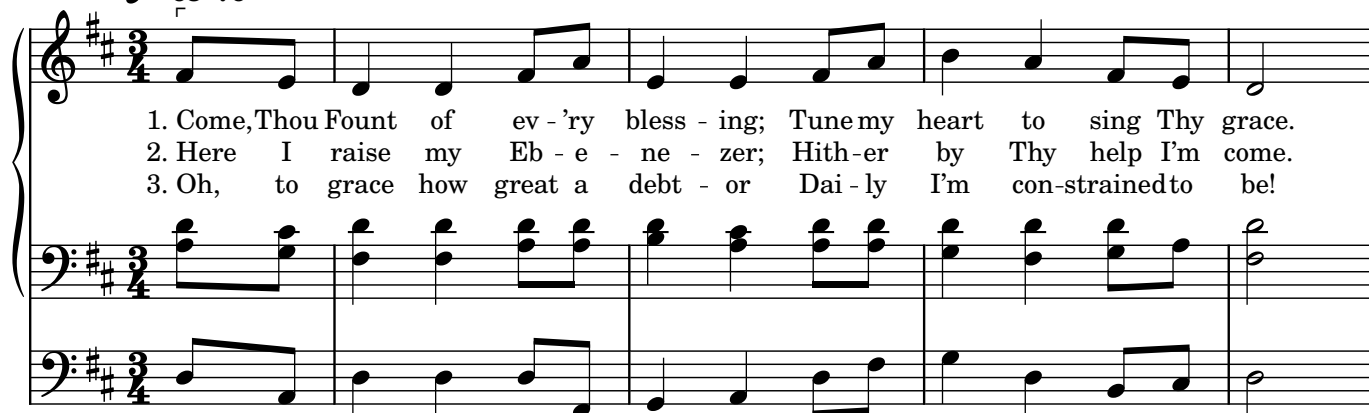


Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

1 Samuel 7:7-12 | Alma 5:26-27

♩ = 63-76



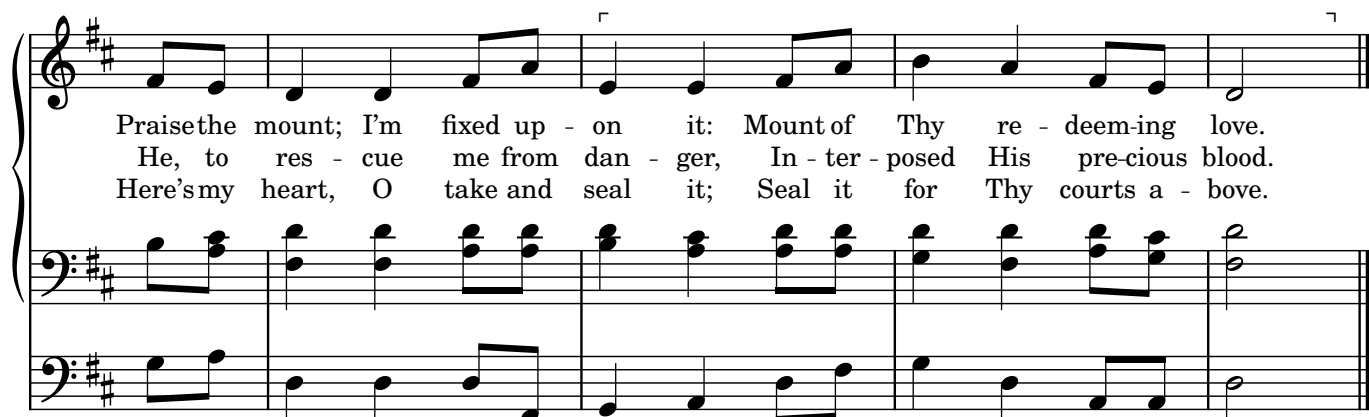
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing; Tune my heart to sing Thy grace.
 2. Here I raise my Eb-e-ne-zer; Hith-er by Thy help I'm come.
 3. Oh, to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm con-strained to be!



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 Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wan-d'ring 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-d'ring 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 Thy re-deem-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.

2

The prophet Samuel set up a great stone as a memorial to remind his people that God had saved them in battle. He called the stone “Eben-ezer,” or “stone of help.” (See 1 Samuel 7:10–12.)

Text: Robert Robinson, 1758; alt.

Music: American folk tune; *Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music*,

Part Second, 1813; alt.; arr. 2024 | NETTLETON

Music arr. © 2024 IRI