

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, Wand'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