Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

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.
Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it, Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2. Here I'll raise my Ebenezer; Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed His precious blood.

3. Oh, to grace how great a debt or Dearly I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter, Bind my feeble heart to Thee.
"Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it," Long I cried to be made pure;
"Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Work in me Thy double cure."

4. Hal-le-lujah! 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.
I am sealed by Thy sweet Spirit, Prone no longer now to roam;
And Thy voice, I'll humbly hear it, For Thy presence is my home.

Robert Robinson, c.1758; arr.; v.4 Joel A. Erickson, 2006

attr. to Asahel Nettleton, pub. 1813