

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

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And the word of Samuel came to all Israel. Now Israel went out against the Philistines to battle, and pitched beside Ebenezer: and the Philistines pitched in Aphek. . . . And the Philistines fought, and Israel was smitten, and they fled every man into his tent: and there was a very great slaughter; for there fell of Israel thirty thousand footmen. And the ark of God was taken; and the two sons of Eli, Hophni and Phinehas, were slain. (*I Samuel 4:1, 10-11*)

And the children of Israel said to Samuel, Cease not to cry unto the LORD our God for us, that he will save us out of the hand of the Philistines. And Samuel took a sucking lamb, and offered it for a burnt offering wholly unto the LORD: and Samuel cried unto the LORD for Israel; and the LORD heard him. And as Samuel was offering up the burnt offering, the Philistines drew near to battle against Israel: but the LORD thundered with a great thunder on that day upon the Philistines, and discomfited them; and they were smitten before Israel. And the men of Israel went out of Mizpeh, and pursued the Philistines, and smote them, until they came under Bethcar. Then Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto hath the LORD helped us. (*I Samuel 7:8-12*)

Words: Robert Robinson, 1758. Music: "Nettleton", by John Wyeth, 1813.	Listen to the hymn melody
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[\(midi\)](#) [\(mp3\)](#)

[Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing](#)



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 God's unchanging love.

Here I raise mine Ebenezer; Hither by Thy help I've come;
And I will, by Thy good pleasure, be brought safely to Thy home.

Rescued now from sin and danger, Purchased by the Saviour's blood;

I would walk on earth a stranger, As becomes a son of God.

O to grace how great a debtor daily I'm constrained to be.

Let that grace, now like a fetter, bind my yielded heart to Thee.

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

Here's my heart, LORD Thou hast sealed it, sealed it for Thy courts above.

O that day when freed from sinning, I shall see Thy lovely face;

Clothed then in blood washed linen how I'll sing Thy wond'rous grace;

Come, my Lord, no longer tarry, take my ransomed soul away;

Send thine angels now to carry me to realms of endless day.