

# Hymn Study: Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

"Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing" was written in 1757 by Robert Robinson, a young pastor in England who composed the hymn at just 22 years old.

Robinson had a dramatic spiritual journey. As a teenager, he fell in with a rough crowd and lived a rebellious life. However, after hearing a sermon by the evangelist George Whitefield, he experienced a deep conviction that eventually led to his conversion to Christianity. The hymn reflects this personal story of wandering and returning, and his dependence on God's grace.

"Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing" speaks of God as a source of blessing and guidance. One of the most distinctive lyrics is "Here I raise my Ebenezer," "Ebenezer" being the Hebrew word for "stone of help." This is a direct reference to 1 Samuel 7:12, where the prophet Samuel sets up a stone of remembrance to mark a battle God had won, saying, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." This line serves as a metaphor for remembering God's faithfulness.

Musically, the hymn is most commonly sung today to the tune "Nettleton," an American folk song from the early 19th century. The pairing of Robinson's words with this melody helped the hymn gain widespread popularity, particularly in the United States. Over time, it became a staple in many Protestant traditions and continues to be sung in churches, homes, and gatherings around the world.

Interestingly, some versions of the hymn have altered or omitted certain lines. In recent years, however, many hymnals and modern recordings have restored the original wording, reflecting a renewed appreciation for its theological depth and poetic beauty.

# Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

## **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 my Ebenezer;  
Here by Thy great help I've 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.

O to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,  
Seal it for Thy courts above.

O that day when freed from sinning,  
I shall see Thy Lovely Face;  
Robed then in blood wash-ed linen  
How I'll sing Thy sovereign grace;  
Come, my Lord, no longer tarry,  
Take my ransomed soul away;  
Gather with Your arms and carry  
Me to joys of endless day.

# Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing 37

WORDS: Robert Robinson, 1758

NETTLETON

MUSIC: Wyeth's *Repository of Sacred Music, Part II*, 1813

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1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, tune my heart to  
 2. Here I raise my Eb - e - ne - zer; hith - er by Thy  
 3. O to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con -

sing Thy grace; streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing,  
 help I'm come; and I hope, by Thy good plea - sure,  
 strained to be! Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter,

call for songs of loud - est praise. Teach me some me - lo - dious  
 safe - ly to ar - rive at home. Je - sus sought me when a  
 bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee. Prone to wan - der, Lord, I

son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove. Praise the mount! I'm  
 stran - ger, wan - d'ring from the fold of God; He, to res - cue  
 feel it, prone to leave the God I love; here's my heart, O

fixed up - on it, mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.  
 me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.  
 take and seal it, seal it for Thy courts a - bove.