

NETTLETON

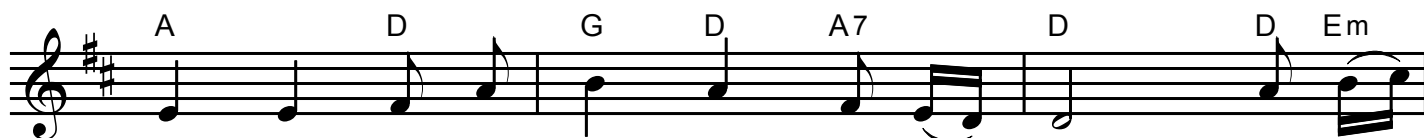
Guitar



1. Come, thou fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, tune my
 raise my *Eb - en - e - zer; hith - er
 grace how great a debt - or dai - ly



heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mer - cy, nev - er
 by thy help I've come; And I hope, by thy good
 I'm con - strained to be; Let thy good - ness, like a



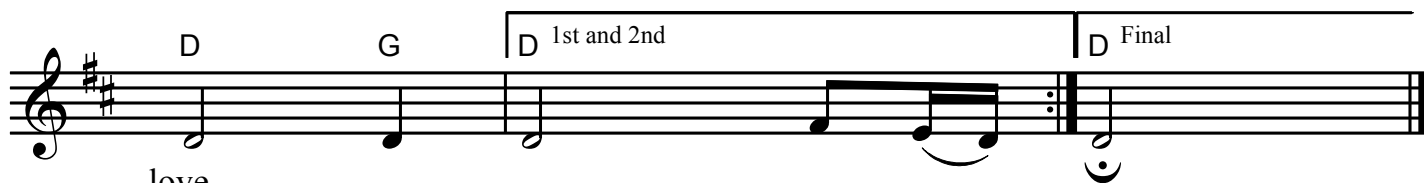
ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise. Teach me
 plea - sure, safe - ly to ar - rive at home. Je - sus
 fet - ter, bind my wan - d'ring heart to thee. Prone to



some me - lo-dious son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
 sought me when a strang - er, wan-d'ring from the fold of God:
 wan - der, Lord I feel it, prone to leave the God I love:



Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, mount of God's un - chang - ing
 He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious
 Here's my heart, O, take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a -



love.
 blood.
 bove.

2. Here I...
 3. O to...