

NETTLETON



1. Come, thou fount of ev - ry blessing, tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 2. Here I raise my *Eb-en - e - zer; hith-er by thy help I've come;
 3. O 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 wand'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, wan-d'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 God's un-chang-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.