

Come my soul thy suit prepare Jesus loves to

Come, my soul, thy suit prepare:
 Jesus loves to answer prayer;
 He Himself has bid thee pray,
 |: Therefore will not say thee nay;:|

Thou art coming to a King,
 Large petitions with thee bring;
 For His grace and power are such,
 |: None can ever ask too much; :|

With my burden I begin:
 Lord, remove this load of sin;
 Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
 |: Set my conscience free from guilt;:|

Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
 Take possession of my breast;
 There Thy blood bought right maintain,
 |: And without a rival reign ;:|

Ere I call, the answer comes,
 Bringing peace 'mid earth's alarms,
 God my inmost thought doth read;
 |: Yes, his grace is all I need. :|

As the image in the glass
 Answers the beholder's face;
 Thus unto my heart appear,
 |:Print Thine own resemblance there,:|

While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
 As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
 |: Lead me to my journey's end; :|

Show me what I have to do,
 Every hour my strength renew:
 Let me live a life of faith,
 |: Let me die Thy people's death. :|

---Alternative verses---

Come, my soul, thy suit prepare:
 Jesus loves to answer prayer;
 He Himself has bid thee pray,
 |: Rise and ask without delay; :|

Lord, I bring my burdens all,
 On thy name in faith I call;
 Trusting in the blood once spilt
 |: For release from all my guilt. :|

Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
 Take possession of my breast;
 There thy sov'reign right maintain,
 |: And without a rival reign ;:|

When I come to thee for rest,
 With thy favor I am blest,
 Lord, thy blood-bought right maintain,
 |: And without a rival reign. :|

Meter:7 7 7 7 extended

Author:John Newton (b. 1725)

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Bible Refs:1 Ki 3:5

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Music:HENDON

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