

Come, My Soul, Thy Suit Prepare  
John Newton, 1779.  
Foundery Collection, 1742.

Come, my soul, thy suit prepare:  
Jesus loves to answer prayer;  
He Himself has bid thee pray,  
Therefore will not say thee nay;  
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;  
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;  
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;  
And without a rival reign.

As the image in the glass  
Answers the beholder's face;  
Thus unto my heart appear,  
Print Thine own resemblance there,  
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;  
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;  
Let me die Thy people's death.