

Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat

Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,
where Jesus answers prayer;
there humbly fall before his feet,
for none can perish there.

Thy promise is my only plea,
with this I venture nigh:
thou callest burdened souls to thee,
and such, O Lord, am I.

Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
by Satan sorely pressed,
by war without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
that, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
and tell him thou hast died.

O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
to bear the Cross and shame,
that guilty sinners, such as I,
might plead thy gracious Name!

Words: John Newton, 1779

Music: Stracathro.

Meter: CM