

**Behold the Throne of Grace****Words: John Newton, 1779. Music: Aaron Williams, 1770.**

Behold the throne of grace,  
The promise calls us near,  
There Jesus shows a smiling face  
And waits to answer prayer.

That rich atoning blood,  
Which sprinkled round we see,  
Provides for those who come to God  
An all prevailing plea.

My soul ask what thou wilt,  
Thou canst not be too bold;  
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,  
What else can He withhold.

Beyond thy utmost wants  
His love and pow'r can bless;  
To praying souls He always grants,  
More than they can express.

Since 'tis the Lord's command,  
My mouth I open wide;  
Lord open Thou Thy bounteous hand,  
That I may be supplied.

Thine image, Lord, bestow,  
Thy presence and Thy love;  
I ask to serve Thee here below,  
And reign with Thee above.

Teach me to live by faith,  
Conform my will to Thine;  
Let me victorious be in death,  
And then in glory shine.

If Thou these blessings give,  
And wilt my portion be;  
Cheerful the world's poor toys I leave,  
To them who know not Thee.