Come, my soul, thy suit prepare





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

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.

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.

John Newton

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