Approach, My Soul, The Mercy-Seat

SPOHR C. M.

1. Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat, Where Jesus answers pray'r;
2. Thy promise is my only plea, With this I venture nigh;
3. Bow'd down beneath a load of sin, By Satan sorely press'd,
4. Be Thou my shield and hiding place; That, shelter'd near Thy side,
5. O wondrous love, to bleed and die, To bear the Cross and shame,

There humbly fall before His feet, For none can perish there.
Thou call'st burden'd souls to Thee, And such, O Lord, am I.
By war without, and fears within, I come to Thee for rest.
I may my fierce accuser face, And tell him Thou hast died!
That guilty sinners, such as I, Might plead Thy gracious Name. Amen.

Words: John Newton
Music: L. Spohr, 1839

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