

COME, my soul, your plea prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid you pray,
Therefore will not turn away.

- 2 You are coming to a King;
Large petitions with you bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 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.
- 6 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.

John Newton, 1725-1807