

Approach, My Soul, the Mercy Seat

Words: John Newton (1725-1807)

Music: Steven Tomer (1977-)

Gratefully

Ap - proach, my soul, the mer - cy seat, where Je - sus an - swers pray'r;
Bowed down be - neath a load of sin, by Sa - tan sore - ly pressed,
O won - drous love, to bleed and die, to bear the cross and shame,

8
there hum - bly fall be - fore His feet, for none can per - ish there.
by wars with - out, and fears with - in, I come to Thee for rest.
that guil - ty sin - ners such as I, might plead Thy gra - cious name.

15
Thy pro - mise is my on - ly plea, with this I ven - ture nigh;
Be Thou my shield and hi - ding place, that, sheltered near Thy side,
"Thy tem - pest tossed soul, now be still, my promised grace re - ceive;"

22
Thou call - est bur - dened souls to Thee, and such, O Lord, am I.
I may my fierce ac - cu - ser face, and say for us, Thou died.
'tis Je - sus voice; I must, I will, I can, I do be - lieve.