Approach, My Soul, the Mercy-seat

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
Ap- proach, my soul, the mercy seat Where

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
Jesus answers prayer; There

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
humbly fall be- fore his feet, For

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
none can perish there.

The other verses

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed;
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place!
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast died."

5 Oh wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame;
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,
My promised grace receive;"
'Tis Jesus speaks--I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

Tune WINCHESTER OLD by Thomas Este (died undefined) and George Kirbye (died 1634); words by John Newton (1725–1807). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.