Come, My Soul, Thy Suit Prepare

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: VIENNA

| m - r - d - m - | s - f - m - - - |
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,

| l, - t, - d - r - | t, - l, - s, - - - |
Jesus loves to answer prayer,

| d - t, - l, - d - | f - m - r - - - |
He himself has bid thee pray,

| s - f - m - r - | d - t, - d - - - |
Therefore will not say thee nay.

The other verses

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and pow'r 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 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face;
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there.

6 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.

7 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy peoples death.

Tune VIENNA by Justin Heinrich Knecht (died undefined); 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.