

## COME, MY SOUL

(Seymour. 7s.)

John Newton

C. M. Von Weber

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare! Je - sus loves to ans - wer pray'r;  
 2. With my bur - den I be - gin; Lord, re - move this load of sin;  
 3. Lord, I come to Thee for rest, Take pos - sess - ion of my breast;

He Him - self has bid thee pray, There - fore will not say thee nay.  
 Let Thy blood, for sin - ners spilt, Set my con - science free from guilt.  
 There, Thy sov - erign right main - tain, And with - out a ri - val reign.

“Let Jesus into the soul temple to preside there,  
 and all things will then be after the order of God.”