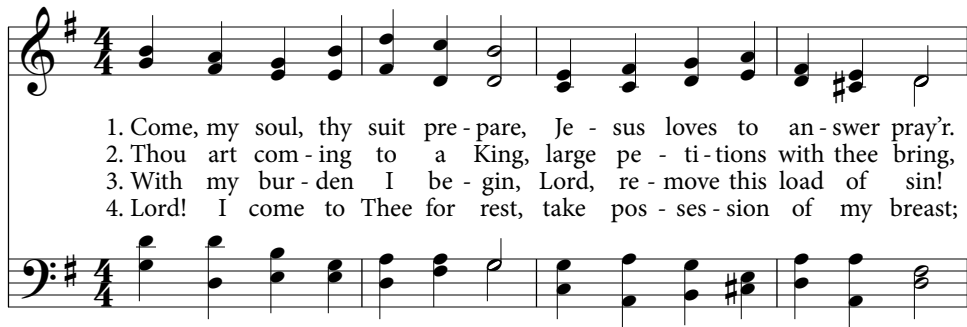
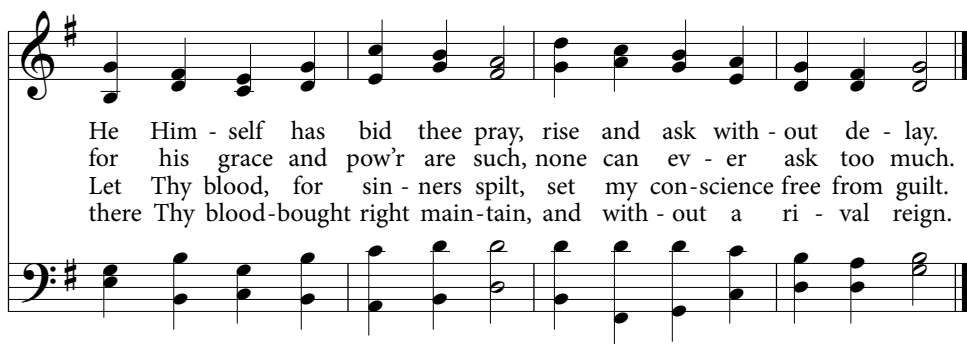


Come, My Soul, Thy Suit Prepare

VIENNA



1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare, Je - sus loves to an - swer pray'r.
2. Thou art com - ing to a King, large pe - ti - tions with thee bring,
3. With my bur - den I be - gin, Lord, re - move this load of sin!
4. Lord! I come to Thee for rest, take pos - ses - sion of my breast;



He Him - self has bid thee pray, rise and ask with - out de - lay.
for his grace and pow'r are such, none can ev - er ask too much.
Let Thy blood, for sin - ners spilt, set my con - science free from guilt.
there Thy blood - bought right main - tain, and with - out a ri - val 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;
ev'ry hour my strength renew;
let me live a life of faith;
let me die Thy people's death.

WORDS: John Newton, 1779
MUSIC: Justin H. Knecht, 1797

7.7.7.7