

# 311 Approach, my soul, the mercy seat

F (Dm F Dm F) C<sup>7</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> (F Dm) Gm C F

1 Ap - proach, my soul, the mer - cy seat, where Je - sus an - swers prayer.  
 2 Your prom - ise is my on - ly plea; with this I ven - ture nigh:  
 3 Bowed down be - neath a load of sin, by Sa - tan sore - ly pressed,

C<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> Gm C C<sup>7</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> C<sup>sus</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F

There hum - bly fall be - fore his feet, for none can per - ish there.  
 you call all bur - dened souls to you, and such, O Lord, am I.  
 by war with - out and fears with - in, I come to you for rest.

4 Lord, be my shield and hiding place,  
 that, sheltered near your side,  
 I may my fierce accuser face,  
 and tell him you have died.

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,  
 to bear the cross and shame,  
 that guilty sinners, such as I,  
 might plead your gracious name!