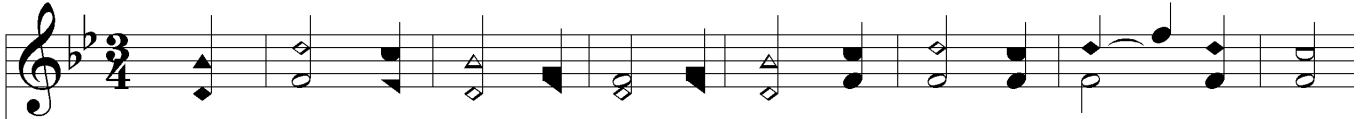
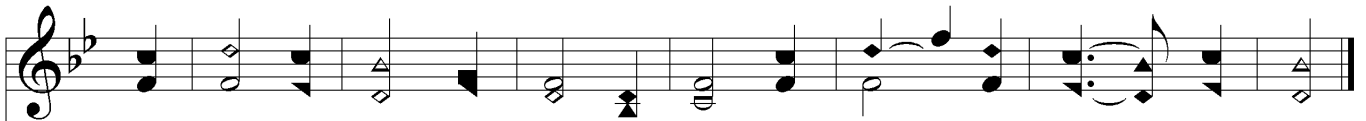
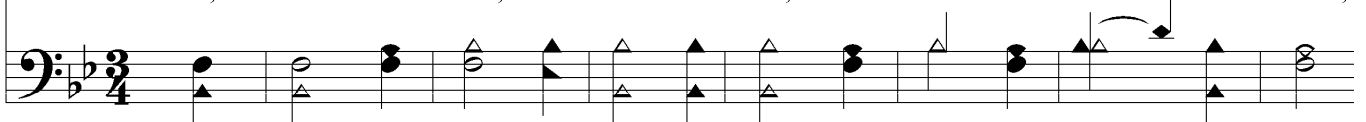


Balerna C. M.



1. Ap - proach, my soul, the mer - cy seat, Where Je - sus an - swers pray'r;
2. Thy 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,
4. Be thou my shield and hid - ing place, That, shel - tered near thy side,
5. Oh, won - drous love, to bleed and die, To bear the cross and shame,



There hum - bly fall be - fore his feet, For none can per - ish there.
Thou call - est bur - dened souls to thee, And such, O Lord, am I.
By war with - out, and fears with - in, I come to thee for rest.
I may my fierce ac - cus - er face, And tell him "thou hast died."
That guilt - y sin - ners, such as I, Might plead thy gra - cious name!

