

# EFFORT. 10S.

129

A Major. John Newton, 1779.

Boyd.

1. Cheer up, my soul, there is a mer-cy-seat Sprin-kled with blood, where Je-sus an-swears pray'r;  
 2. Lord, I am come! thy pro-mise is my plea, With-out thy word I durst not ven-ture night;

3. Bow'd down be - neath a hea - vy load of sin, By Sa - tan's fierce temp - ta - tions sore - ly press'd,  
 4. Be thou my re - fuge, Lord, my hi-ding- place, I know no force can tear me from thy side;

There humb-ly cast thy - self, be - neath his feet, For ne - ver nee-dy sin - ner pe-rish'd there.  
 But thou hast call'd the bur-den'd soul to thee, A wea - ry bur-den'd soul, O Lord, am I!

Be - set with-out, and full of fears with - in, Trem - bling and faint I come to thee for rest.  
 Un - mov'd I then may all ac - cu - sers face, And an - swer ev'-ry charge, with, "Je - sus died."