

Ashby

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G Major
Oliver Holden, 1803

1. Come, hap-py souls, ap-proach your God, with new mel-o-dious songs!

Come ten-der to Al-migh-ty love, Come ten-der to Al-migh-ty love,
ten-der to Al-migh-ty love, Come ten-der to Al-migh-ty love,
Come ten-der to Al-migh-ty love, Come ten-der to Al-migh-ty love

love,
love, Come ten-der to Al-migh-ty love The tri-bute of your tongues.
love,
love,

2. So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

4. But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

6. See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

3. Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

5. Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Savior's name,
And you shall never die.