

Lord, I Cannot Let Thee Go

John Newton, 1779.

Carl von Weber, 1826.

Lord, I cannot let Thee go,  
[originally, Nay, I cannot let Thee go]  
Till a blessing Thou bestow:  
Do not turn away Thy face,  
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

Dost Thou ask me who I am?  
Ah! my Lord, Thou know'st my name;  
Yet the question gives a plea  
To support my suit with Thee.

Thou didst once a wretch behold,  
In rebellion blindly bold,  
Scorn Thy grace, Thy power defy:  
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

Once a sinner, near despair,  
Sought Thy mercy seat by prayer;  
Mercy heard, and set him free:  
Lord, that mercy came to me.

Many days have passed since then,  
Many changes I have seen;  
Yet have been upheld till now;  
Who could hold me up but Thou?

Thou hast helped in every need;  
This emboldens me to plead:  
After so much mercy past,  
Canst Thou let me sink at last?

No, I must maintain my hold;  
'Tis Thy goodness makes me bold;  
I can no denial take,  
When I plead for Jesus' sake.