

I Would, but Cannot Sing

Words: John Newton, 1779. Music: William Daman, 1579.

I would, but cannot sing,  
Guilt has untuned my voice;  
The serpent sin's envenomed sting  
Has poisoned all my joys.

I know the Lord is nigh,  
And would, but cannot, pray;  
For Satan meets me when I try,  
And frights my soul away.

I would but can't repent  
Though I endeavor oft;  
This stony heart can ne'er relent  
Till Jesus make it soft.

I would but cannot love,  
Though wooed by love divine;  
No arguments have pow'r to move  
A soul so base as mine.

I would, but cannot rest  
In God's most holy will;  
I know what He appoints is best,  
Yet murmur at it still!

Oh could I but believe!  
Then all would easy be;  
I would, but cannot, Lord relieve,  
My help must come from Thee!

But if indeed I would,  
Though I can nothing do,  
Yet the desire is something good,  
For which my praise is due.

By nature prone to ill,  
Till Thine appointed hour  
I was as destitute of will,  
As now I am of pow'r.

Wilt Thou not crown, at length,  
The work Thou hast begun?  
And with a will, afford me strength  
In all Thy ways to run.