

Lord, I Cannot Let Thee Go
Words: John Newton, 1779.
Music: 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.