LORD, when our hearts perceive Thy worth, Desires unknown before take place, Our spirits cleave no more to earth, But long for holiness and grace.

- 2 And dost Thou say, 'Ask what thou wilt'?* Lord, I would seize the golden hour;
 I pray to be released from guilt, And freed from sin and Satan's power.
- 3 More of Thy presence, Lord, impart, More of Thine image let me bear; Erect Thy throne within my heart, And reign without a rival there.
- 4 Give me to read my pardon sealed, And from Thy joy to draw my strength, To have Thy boundless love revealed, Its height, and depth, and breadth, and length.
- 5 Grant these requests, I ask no more, But to Thy care the rest resign; Living or dying, rich or poor, All shall be well if Thou art mine.

John Newton, 1725-1807