

I ASKED the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace,
Might more of His salvation know,
And seek, more earnestly, His face.

2 'Twas He that led me thus to pray,
And He, I know, has answered prayer;
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hoped that in some favoured hour,
My Lord would answer my request,
And would by His constraining power
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

4 Instead of this, He made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

5 Then, with His own strong hand, He seemed
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Thwarted the fair designs I schemed,
Withered my pleasures; laid me low.

6 'Lord, why is this?' I trembling cried,
'Wilt Thou pursue my soul to death?'
'This is the way,' the Lord replied,
'I answer prayer for grace and faith . . .

7 'These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set you free;
And break your schemes of earthly joy,
That you may find your all in Me.'