

LORD, I cannot let Thee go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow;
Do not turn away Thy face
From an urgent, pressing case.

- 2 Thou didst once a wretch behold—
In rebellion blindly bold—
Scorn Thy grace, Thy power defy:
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 3 Once a sinner near despair
Sought Thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Thou didst hear and set him free;
Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 4 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now:
Who could hold me up but Thou?
- 5 Thou hast helped in every need,
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst Thou let me sink at last?
- 6 No—I must maintain my hold,
'Tis Thy goodness makes me bold;
Thou wilt hear the pleas I make,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

John Newton, 1725-1807