

# I Asked The Lord

*Words by John Newton (1779) and Randall Goodgame. Music by Randall Goodgame  
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G C  
I asked the Lord that I might grow  
Am D  
In faith, and love, and every grace;  
G C  
To more of His salvation know,  
Am D  
And seek, more earnestly, His face.

B7 Em C  
I hoped that in some favored hour,  
Am D  
At once He'd answer my request;  
B7 Em C  
And by His love's constraining power,  
Am G  
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

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

Yea more, with His own hand He seemed  
Intent to aggravate my woe;  
Doomed all the fair designs I schemed,  
Capsized my heart, and laid me low.

Lord, why is this, I trembling cried,  
Wilt thou pursue thine own to death?  
"Tis in this way, the Lord replied,  
I answer prayer for grace and faith.

These inward trials I employ,  
From self, and pride, to set thee free;  
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,  
That thou may find thine all in Me

G C  
For earthly joy is but a cloud  
A D  
All blown apart by earthly winds  
G C  
But Mine's the joy that bore the shroud  
A D  
To ever wash away your sins

Now whoso'er takes up their cross  
To find their hope and rest in Me  
All join the saints of Pentecost  
Filled, now, with faith and love and peace.