

I Asked The Lord

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

I hoped that in some favored hour,
At once He'd answer my request;
And by His love's constraining power,
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

For earthly joy is but a cloud
All blown apart by earthly winds
But Mine's the joy that bore the shroud
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.