

## I ASKED THE LORD THAT I MIGHT GROW

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.

'Twas He who taught me thus to pray  
And He, I trust, has answered prayer  
But it has been in such a way  
As almost drove me to despair.

I thought that in some favoured 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 powers of hell  
Assault my soul in every part.

Yea more, with His own hand He seemed  
Intent to aggravate my woe,  
Crossed all the fair designs I'd schemed,  
Blasted my plans and laid me low.

"LORD, why is this?" I trembling cried?  
"Will You pursue Your worm to death?"  
"'Tis in this way," the LORD replied,  
"I answer prayer for grace and faith."

"These inward trials I employ  
From self and sin to set you free  
And break your schemes of earthly joy  
That you may find your all in Me."

~ John Newton