I Asked the Lord That I Might Grow

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

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| s - | d' - s - l - l - | s - f - m - m - |
  I         asked the Lord that          I might grow In

| f - m - r - s - | s - fe - s - s - |
  faith, and love, and          every grace; Might

| d' - r' - m' - d' - | f' - m' - r' - m' - |
  more of his sal-                  vation know, And

| d' - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - |
  seek, more earnest-          ly, his face.
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The other verses

2 '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.

3 I hoped that in some favored hour,
At once he'd answer my request;
And by his love's constraining pow'r,
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 pow'rs of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

5 Yea more, with his own hand he seemed
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

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

7 These inward trials I employ,
From self, and pride, to set thee free;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st find thy all in me."

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