I Would, but Cannot Sing

Doh is Ab · 4/4 Tune: AYLESBURY

| l, - - - m - r - | d - t, - l, - - - |
I would, but cannot sing,

| m - - - s - f - | m - r - m - - - |
Guilt has un- tuned my voice;

| _ _ d - t, - l, - | m - d - r - d - |
The serpent sin's envenomed

| t, - l, - m - r - | d - - - t, - - - |
sting Has poisoned all my

| l, - - - - - - - |
joys.

The other verses

2 I know the Lord is nigh,
And would, but cannot, pray;
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away.

3 I would but can't repent
Though I endeavor oft;
This stony heart can ne'er relent
Till Jesus make it soft.

4 I would but cannot love,
Though wooed by love divine;
No arguments have pow'r to move
A soul so base as mine.

5 I would, but cannot rest
In God'S most holy will;
I know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still!

6 Oh could I but believe!
Then all would easy be;
I would, but cannot, Lord relieve,
My help must come from thee!

7 But if indeed I would,
Though I can nothing do,
Yet the desire is something good,
For which my praise is due.

8 By nature prone to ill,
Till thine appointed hour
I was as destitute of will,
As now I am of pow'r.

9 Wilt thou not crown, at length,
The work thou hast begun?
And with a will, afford me strength
In all thy ways to run.

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