Nay, I Cannot Let Thee Go

Doh is Ab · 4/4 Tune: ST. BEES

| d - d - d - - t, | l, - t, - d - - - |
Nay, I cannot let Thee go,

| r - r - m - s, - | l, - r - t, - - - |
Till a blessing thou bestow;

| r - f - m - - d | t, - r - d - - - |
Do not turn a- way thy face,

| d - r - d - d - | d - - t, d - - - |
Mine's an urgent pressing case.

The other verses

2 Dost thou ask me, who I am?
Ah, my Lord, thou know'st my name!
Yet the question gives a plea,
To support my suit with thee.

3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold;
Scorn thy grace, thy pow'r defy,
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a sinner near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free,
Lord, that mercy came to me,

5 Many years have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now,
Who could hold me up but thou?

6 Thou hast helped in every need,
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

7 No--I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesu's sake.

Tune ST. BEES by John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876); words by John Newton (1725–1807). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.