

KING OF PEACE. 7s.

395

F. Price

1. Lord, I can-not let Thee go, Till a bless-ing Thou be-stow; Do not turn a-way Thy face, Mine's an ur-gent, press-ing case.

2. Dost Thou ask me who I am? Ah! my Lord, Thou know'st my name; Yet the ques-tion gives a plea To sup-port my suit with Thee.

3. Thou didst once a wretch be-hold, In re-bel-lion blind-ly bold, Scorn Thy grace, Thy pow'r de-fy; That poor reb-el, Lord was I.