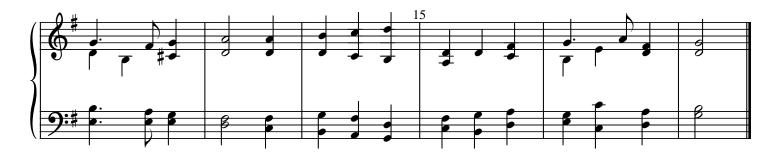
Begone, unbelief; my Saviour is near







Begone unbelief, my Savior is near, And for my relief will surely appear: By prayer let me wrestle, and He wilt perform, With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

Though dark be my way, since He is my Guide, 'Tis mine to obey, 'tis His to provide; Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail, The Word He has spoken shall surely prevail.

His love in time past forbids me to think He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink; Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review, Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through.

Why should I complain of want or distress, Temptation or pain? He told me no less: The heirs of salvation, I know from His Word, Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

Since all that I meet shall work for my good, The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food; Though painful at present, wilt cease before long, And then, O! how pleasant, the conqueror's song!

John Newton