

Begone unbelief, my Saviour is near

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John Newton

1. Be - gone un - be - lief, my Sav - iour is near, And
 2. Tho' dark be my way, since He is my Guide, 'Tis
 3. Why should I com - plain of want or dis - tress, Temp -
 4. How bit - ter that cup, No heart can con - ceive, Which
 5. Since all that I meet shall work for my good, The

for my re - lief will sure - ly ap - pear: By pray'r let me
 mine to o - bey, 'tis His to pro - vide; Tho' cis - terns be
 ta - tion or pain? He told me no less: The heirs of sal -
 he drunk quite up, that sin - ners might live! His way was much
 bit - ter is sweet, the med - i - cine is food; Tho' pain - ful at

wres - tle, and He wilt per - form, With
 bro - ken, and crea - tures all fail, The
 va - tion, I know from His Word, Thro'
 rough - er, And dark - er than mine; Did
 pres - ent, wilt cease be - fore long, And

Christ in the ves - sel, I smile at the storm.
 Word He has spo - ken shall sure - ly pre - vail.
 much trib - u - la - tion must fol - low their Lord.
 Je - sus thus suf - fer, And shall I re - pine?
 then, O! how pleas - ant, the con - quer - or's song!