Begone, unbelief
Comfort in Trials — By Trusting the Lord

(Guitar)

D G D G D7 G D D7 G D G C G D

1. Be-gone, un-belief, My Sav-i-or is near, And for my re-lief Will sure-ly ap-pear; By prayer let me wrestle, And He will perform; With Christ in the ves-sel, I smile at the storm.

2. 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 hath spoken Shall surely prevail.

3. 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.

4. 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.

5. How bitter that cup No heart can conceive, Which He drank quite up, That sinners might live! His way was much rougher And darker than mine; Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, And shall I repine?

6. Since all that I meet Shall work for my good, The bitter is sweet, The medicine, food; Though painful at present, 'Twill cease before long, And then, oh, how pleasant The conqueror’s song!