

# Begone, unbelief

Comfort in Trials — By Trusting the Lord

716

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

Chords: G, D/F#, G, D7/F#, G, D, D7/C, G/B, D, G, C/E, G/D, D, G, D, A/C#, D, A7/E, D/F#, G, D7/A, D, G, D/F#, G, C/E, G/D, D, G

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!