

Whitner 10.10.11.11.

To Steve Whitner & his family

John Newton, 1779

JTO, 2019

1. Be gone un - be - lief, My Sav - iour is near, And for my re - lief Will sure - ly ap - pear: By
2. Tho' dark be my way, Since he is my guide, 'Tis mine to ob - ey, 'Tis his to pro - vide: Tho'

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faith let me wrest - le, And he will per - form, With Christ in the ves - sel, I smile at the storm.
cist - erns be brok - en, And creat - ures all fail, The word he has spok - en Shall sure - ly pre - vail.

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 carry me quite through.

4. Determined to save,
He watched o'er my path
When Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death;
And can he have taught me
To trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me
To put me to shame?

5. Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?
He told me no less;
He told me no less;
The heirs of salvation,
We know from his word,
Through much tribulation,
Must follow their Lord.

6. Since all that I meet
Shall work to 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!