Begone! Unbelief, My Savior Is Near

1. Be - gone! un - be - lief, my Sa - vior is near,
   And for my re - lief will sure - ly ap - pear;
   With Christ on my ves - sel, I smile thro’ the storm.

2. Though dark be my way, yet he is my guide:
   Tis mine to o - bey, ’tis his to pro - vide;
   The word he has spo - ken shall sure - ly pre - vail.

3. His love in time past for - bids me to think
   He’ll leave me at last in trou - ble to sink;
   Con - firms his good plea - sure to bring me quite through.

4. Why should I com - plain, when sor - rows op - press,
   Temp - ta - tion, or pain, or want, or dis - tress?
   Through much tri - bu - la - tion must fol - low their Lord.

5. The pro - mise se - cure through a - ges hath stood,
   That all we en - dure shall work for our good:
   It leads where true plea - sures for - ev - er a - bound.

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Text: John Newton (1725–1807), 1779
Music: Catholisch-Paderbornisches Gesangbuch, 1765; harmony by Sydney Hugo Nicholson (1875–1947), 1916
Lyric arrangement: Mark Hamilton Dewey (b. 1980), 2007