

“Begon Unbelief” ~ John Newton

A lady wrote from the Citadel of Cairo to Mr. Stead, ‘It is the hymn that I love best of the hundreds that I know; it has helped me scores of times in the dark days of my life, and has never failed to inspire me with fresh hope and confidence when life looked dark and dreary; and it is dear to me from associations with the memory of the best of fathers. To him, in his many and sore troubles, it was a source of comfort and help, and, I believe, was to him a sort of link by which he held on to God. To me the words are not doggerel at all, they are just lovely. I often go about singing them when alone to help me on the way.’

*Begone unbelief, my Savior is near,
And for my relief will surely appear:
By prayer let me wrestle, and He wilt perform,
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.*

*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 has spoken shall surely prevail.*

*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.*

*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?*

*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.*

*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 Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?*

*Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food;
Though painful at present, wilt cease before long,
And then, O! how pleasant, the conqueror's song!*