

London Gallery Quire 245

John Newton (1725-1807)

Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near

Triumph, (1813) by William Blundell
 Edited by Ros Clements and Francis Roads

Soprano [Air]

1. Be - gone, un - be - lief, my Sa - viour is near, And
 2. *Though dark be my way, since he___ is my guide, 'Tis*
 3. His love in time past for - bids_ me to think He'll
 4. *De - ter - min'd to save, he watched o'er my path When,*
 5. Why should I com-plain of want_ of dis - tress, Temp-

Alto

Tenor

Bass

4

S

for___ my re - lief___ will___ sure - ly ap - pear;
mine___ to o - bey,___ 'tis___ his___ to pro - vide;
 leave___ me at last___ in___ trou - ble to sink;
Sa - tan's blind slave, I spor - ted with death,
 ta - tion or pain?___ he___ told___ me no less;

A

T

for___ my re - lief___ will___ sure - ly ap - pear;
mine___ to o - bey,___ 'tis___ his___ to pro - vide;
 leave___ me at last___ in___ trou - ble to sink;
Sa - tan's blind slave, I spor - ted with death,
 ta - tion or pain?___ he___ told___ me no less;

B

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5

S
By pray'r let me wres - tle, and he will per - form, With
Though cis - terns be bro - ken, and crea - tures all fail, The
Each sweet E - be - ne - zer I have in re - view, Con -
And can he have taught me to trust in his name, And
The heirs of sal - va - tion, I know from his word, Through

A

T
8
By pray'r let me wres - tle, and he will per - form,
Though cis - terns be bro - ken, and cre - a - tures all
Each sweet E - be - ne - zer I have in re - view,
And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
The heirs of sal - va - tion, I know from his word,

B

8

S
Christ in the ves - sel, With Christ in the ves - sel I smile at the storm.
word he has spo - ken, The word he has spo - ken shall sure - ly pre - vail.
firms his good plea - sure, Con - firms his good plea - sure to help me quite through.
thus far have brought me, And thus far have brought me, to put me to shame?
much tri - bu - la - tion, Through much tri - bu - la - tion must fol - low their Lord.

A

T
8
With Christ in the ves - sel I smile at the storm.
The word he has spo - ken shall sure - ly pre - vail.
Con - firms his good plea - sure to help me quite through.
And thus far have brought me, to put me to shame?
Through much tri - bu - la - tion must fol - low their Lord.

B

6. 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?

7. Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song.

Edited from William Blundell's *Sacred Music* (1813)

BL H.1663.(49.)

Transposed down a tone;

Circled numbers correspond with lines of text.