## THE BELIEVER'S CONFLICT



- 2. My sin, O Lord, is now my grief, against my will it rages: –
  thy grace alone can bring relief, while sin its warfare wages.
  All that I need is known to thee, and now a part myself can see, help, Jesus, the sin-burdened!
- 3. Good Shepherd, bearest thou the weak?
  Sustain me in my weakness!
  Thou Great Physician of the sick,
  heal thou my moral sickness!
  A prey to Death I helpless fall, –
  for health and strength to thee I call,
  save, Jesus, or I perish!
- 4. To those who trust thee "Nothing fear!"
  "I am the life!" thou criest.
  Seeks not my soul, with strong desire,
  the life which thou suppliest?
  Through all my sorrows thou canst lead,
  in death provide for every need –
  help, Jesus, the confiding.
- 5. I would do good, but still I fail, —
  must I thus always waver?
  What grief it gives thou knowest well.
  Who shall my soul deliver,
  and set the slave forever free
  from sin and death to live with thee? —
  I thank thee, God, through Jesus!

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