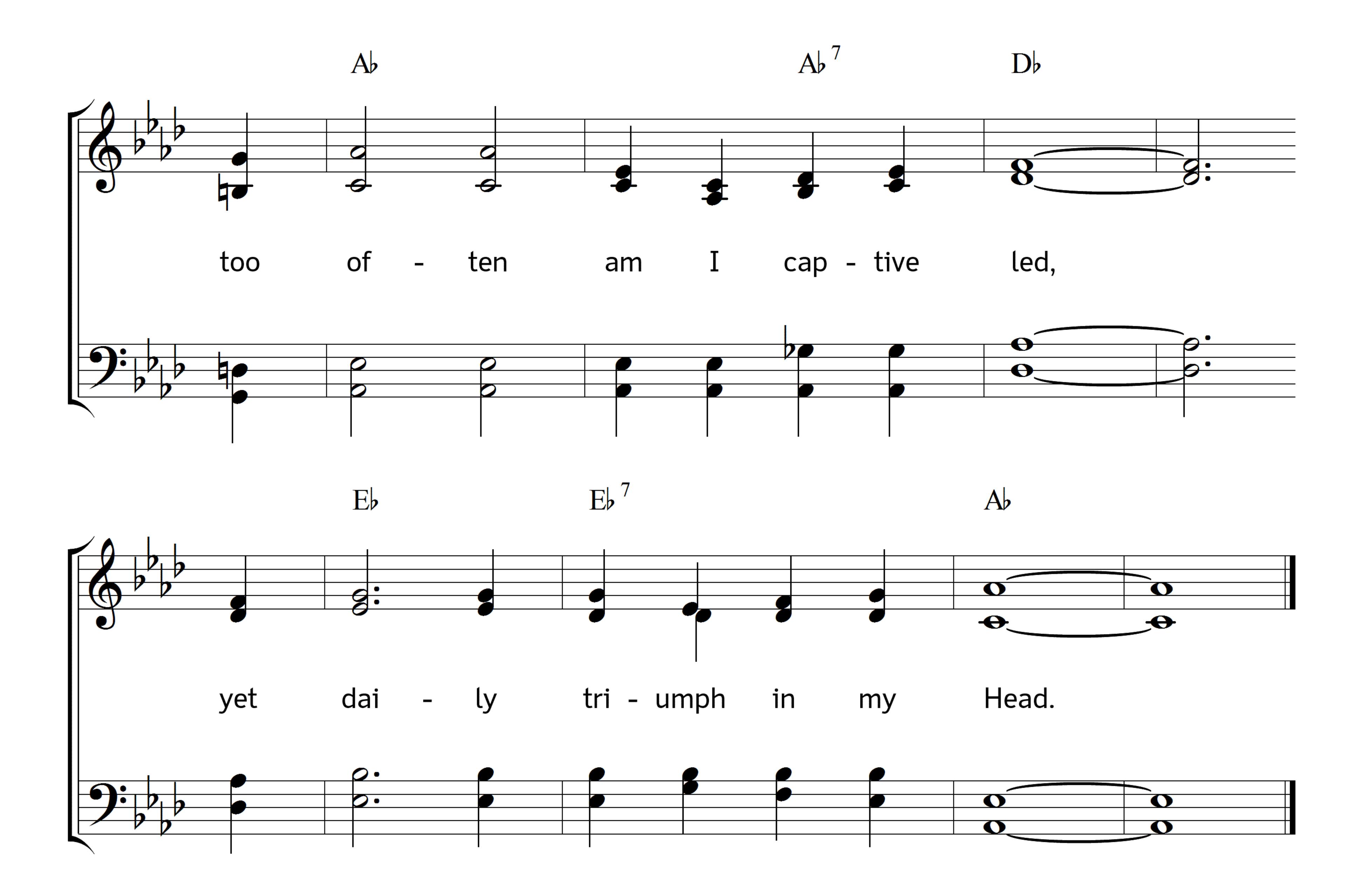
THE INWARD WARFARE





- 2. I prize the privilege of prayer,but, oh! what backwardness to pray!Though on the Lord I cast my care,I feel its burden every day;I seek His will in all I do,yet find my own is working too.
- 3. I call the promises my own, and prize them more than mines of gold; yet, though their sweetness I have known, they leave me unimpressed and cold: one hour upon the truth I feed, the next I know not what I read.
- 4. I love the holy day of rest,
 when Jesus meets his gathered saints;
 sweet day, of all the week the best!
 for its return my spirit pants:
 yet often, through my unbelief,
 it proves a day of guilt and grief.

- 5. While on my Saviour I rely,
 I know my foes shall lose their aim;
 and therefore dare their power defy,
 assured of conquest through his name:
 but soon my confidence is slain,
 and all my fears return again.
- 6. Thus different powers within me strive, and grace and sin by turns prevail; I grieve, rejoice, decline, revive, and vict'ry hangs in doubtful scale: but Jesus has his promise passed, that grace shall overcome at last.

Words: John Newton. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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