

The Inward Warfare

To the tune of "Solid Rock"

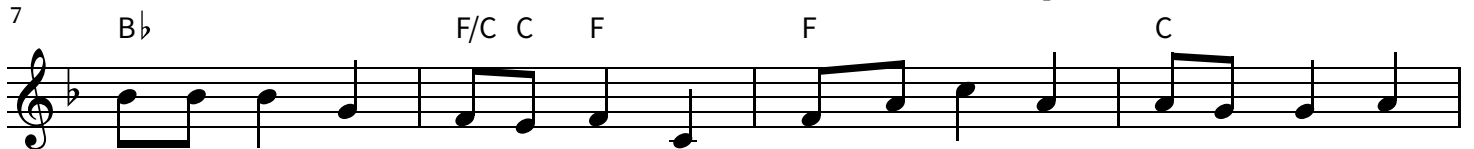
Lyrics by John Newton

Tune by: William Bradbury

♩=100



1.Strange and mys - ter - ious is my life. What
2.I prize the pri - vi - lege of prayer, But
3.I call the pro - miss - es my own, And
4.I love the ho - ly day of rest, When
5.While on my Sa - vior I re - ly, I
6.Thus dif - ferent powers with - in me strive, And



op - po - sites I feel with - in! A sta - ble peace, a con - stant strife; The
oh! what back - ward - ness to pray! Though on the Lord I cast my care, I
prize them more than mines of gold; Yet through their sweet - ness I have known, They
Je - sus meets His gath - ered saints; Sweet day, of all the week the best! For
know my foes shall lose their aim, And there - fore dare their power de - fy, As -
grace and sin by turns pre - vail; I grieve, re - joice, de - cline, re - vive, And



rule of grace, the power of sin: Too oft - en I am cap - tive led, Yet
feel its bur - den ev - ery day; I seek His will in all I do, Yet
leave me un - im - pressed and cold; One hour up - on the truth I feed, The
its re - turn my spi - rit pants; Yet oft - en, through my un - be - lief, It
sured of con - quest through His name, But soon my con - fi - dence is slain, And
vic - tory hangs in doubt - ful scale; But Je - sus has His prom - ise passed, That



dai - ly tri - umph in my Head, Yet dai - ly tri - umph in my Head.
find my own is work - ing too, Yet find my own is work - ing too.
next I know not what I read, The next I know not what I read.
proves a day of guilt and grief, It proves a day of guilt and grief.
all my fears re - turn a - gain, And all my fears re - turn a - gain.
grace shall o - ver - come at last, That grace shall o - ver - come at last.