

I Have Not Faith

I have not faith to walk up - on the win - dy storm - tossed sea So.
Then How rare - ly does He call us out to know walk up - on a wave But

from my fra - gile boat's safe seat his com - ing I will see. Though
ma - ny weak and us wear - y souls in His my poor boat sheep do to dwell! The So
pleads to keep us at the oars, His wear - y sheep to save.

seat - ted i - dle I am not the Lord can use me still! Both
Lord's strong arm I'll ev - er be in to help - ing them sur - vive. The
in my craft I am con - tent to serve with all my might O

hands are firm - ly on the oars with all my strength and skill.
storms and tri - als *rit.* of this life while for His shore I strive.
Sav - ior, ev - er guide my way through mor - tal life's dark night.

Lyrics: Bruce T. Forbes
Music: Mark Richins