

I Have Not Faith

1 I have not faith to walk up - on the win - dy storm - tossed sea So
 The How rare - ly does He call us out to know I serve him well, For
 But

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

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

13 hands are firm - ly on the oars with all my strength and skill.
 storms and tri - als 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