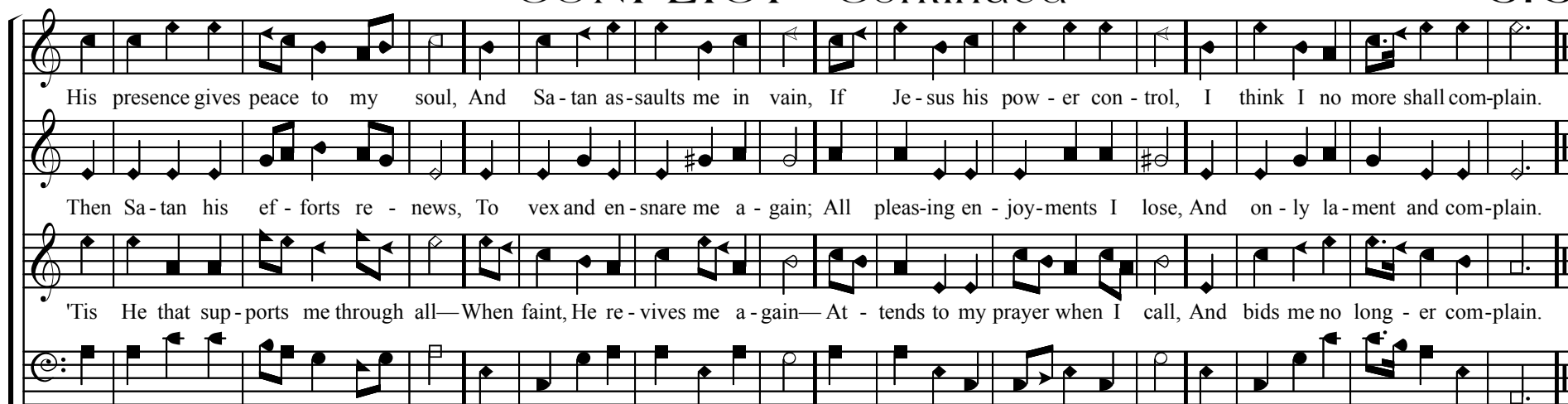


CONFLICT—Continued

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His presence gives peace to my soul, And Sa-tan as-saults me in vain, If Je-sus his pow-er con-trol, I think I no more shall com-plain.

Then Sa-tan his ef-forts re-news, To vex and en-snare me a-gain; All pleas-ing en-joy-ments I lose, And on-ly la-ment and com-plain.

'Tis He that sup-ports me through all—When faint, He re-vives me a-gain—At-tends to my prayer when I call, And bids me no long-er com-plain.