

OR,

MY GOD, my FATHER, while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive would I still reply,
"Thy will be done!"

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine;
"Thy will be done!"

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet SPIRIT for its guest;
My GOD, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done!"

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!" Amen.

Priest. Let us pray.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Answer. Christ, have mercy upon us.

Priest. Lord, have mercy upon us.

O GOD, Who wouldest not the death of a sinner, but
rather that he should be converted and live;

Have mercy upon us.

Thou that sparedst not the Angels that sinned, but
didst cast them down to hell;

Have mercy upon us.