

Though dark my path or sad my lot,  
 Let me be still, and murmur not ;  
 But breathe the prayer divinely taught :  
 "Thy will be done. Thy will be done."

If thou should'st call me to resign  
 What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine ;  
 I only yield thee what was Thine,—  
 "Thy will be done. Thy will be done."

Control 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. Thy will be done."

And when on earth I breathe no more  
 The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,  
 I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
 "Thy will be done. Thy will be done."

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**GOD SPEED THE RIGHT !—(23.)**

*TUNE—God Speed the Right.*

Now to heaven our prayers ascending,  
     God speed the right !  
 In a noble cause contending,  
     God speed the right !  
 Be their zeal in heaven recorded,  
 With success on earth rewarded,  
     God speed the right !

Be that prayer again repeated,  
     God speed the right !  
 Ne'er despairing, though defeated,  
     God speed the right !  
 Like the good and great in story,  
 If they fall, they fall with glory,  
     God speed the right !

Patient, firm, and persevering,  
     God speed the right !  
 Ne'er the event nor danger fearing,  
     God speed the right !  
 Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,  
 But in heaven's own time succeeding,  
     God speed the right !