

## "THY WILL BE DONE."\*



Y God and Father, while I stray,  
 Far from my home, on 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 still would I reply,  
 "Thy will be done."

Though thou hast called me to resign  
 What most I prized, it ne'er was mine ;  
 I have but yielded 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."

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\* Hymns for the worship of God, selected and arranged for the use of Congregations connected with the Church of Scotland.