

Thy Way, Not Mine, O Lord
by Charles Wesley

1 THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best,
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to thy rest.

2 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might:
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.
The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.

3 Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.