

Jesus, While Our Hearts Are Bleeding
Thomas Hastings, 1834.
Moravian melody.

Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would at this solemn meeting
Calmly say, "Thy will be done."

Though cast down, we're not forsaken,
Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give, and Thou hast taken;
Blessed Lord, "Thy will be done."

Though today we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With Thy smiles and love returning,
We can sing, "Thy will be done."

By Thy hands the boon was given;
Thou hast taken but Thine own;
Lord of earth, and God of Heaven,
Evermore, "Thy will be done."