

Thou Sweet, Beloved Will of God
Gerhard Tersteegen, 1729.
George Hews, 1835.

Thou sweet, beloved will of God,
My anchor ground, my fortress hill,
My spirit's silent, fair abode,
In thee I hide me and am still.

O will, that willest good alone,
Lead thou the way, thou guidest best;
A little child, I follow on,
And, trusting, lean upon thy breast.

Thy beautiful, sweet will, my God,
Holds fast in its sublime embrace
My captive will, a gladsome bird,
Prisoned in such a realm of grace.

Within this place of certain good,
Love evermore expands her wings,
Or, nestling in thy perfect choice,
Abides content with what it brings.

O lightest burden, sweetest yoke!
It lifts, it bears my happy soul,
It giveth wings to this poor heart,
My freedom is thy grand control.

Upon God's will I lay me down,
As child upon its mother's breast;
No silken couch, nor softest bed,
Could ever give me such deep rest.

Thy wonderful grand will, my God,
With triumph now I make it mine;
And faith shall cry a joyous Yes!
To every dear command of thine.