

My God my Father while I stray Far from

My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way
Oh, 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."

Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,
"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."

Then, 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."

Meter:8 8 8 4 and refrain
Author:Charlotte Elliott
1789 - 1871
Bible Refs:Mt 6:10
SSS number: 718
Music:THY WILL BE DONE
Meter:8 8 8 4 and refrain
Author:James McGranahan
1840 - 1907