

Whate'er It Be

Words: Elta Lewis, 1893

Music: William Kirkpatrick

I take my portion from Thy hand,
And do not seek to understand;
For I am blind, while Thou dost see,
Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.

Refrain

Whate'er it be! whate'er it be!
I do not fear, whate'er it be;
Thy love divine sustaineth me,
Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.

When darkness doth Thy face obscure,
And many sorrows I endure,
I think of Christ's Gethsemane;
Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.

Refrain

When tender joys to me are known,
I render thanks to Thee alone;
I know my cup is filled by Thee;
Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.

Refrain

Thus calmly do I face my lot,
Accept it, Lord, and doubt Thee not;
Lo! all things work for good to me;
Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.

Refrain