

My God, And Father! While I Stray
by Charles Wesley

1 MY God, and Father! while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done!

2 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.

3 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize - it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine;
Thy will be done.

4 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,
Thy will be done.

5 If 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.

6 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.

7 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.