

Thy Will Be Done

Jennie Hussey, 1902.

Charles Lewis.

Out of earth's heart breaking sorrow and anguish
Into eternity's rapture and calm;
Out of the doubts and the fears where we languish
Into the triumph of victory's psalm;
Gone is a leader and friend of the people,
Home with the ransomed and numberless throngs,
There to receive the reward of his labors,
Who in the ranks of the martyrs belongs.
Whisper it tenderly sorrowing one,
This was God's way, His will ever be done.
This was God's way, this was God's way,
This was God's way, His will ever be done.

Out of the battle of life sorely wounded
Into the joy of the victory won;
Now face to face with his king and commander
His the promotion for what he has done;
Ours the loss of a true standard bearer,
His the bright crown and eternal reward,
Called from earth's strife to become a blest sharer,
Now and henceforth in the joy of the Lord.
Lovingly, tenderly, joyfully say,
His will be done, we believe 'tis God's way.
His will be done, His will be done,
His will be done, We believe 'tis God's way.

Out of the noise and the tumult of battle
Into the rest and the infinite peace;
Out of earth's bondage and wearisome exile
Into the joy of the spirit's release;
Ours the loss and the grief beyond measure,
Confidence broken and hopes crushed for aye,
Lord God of hosts if it be Thy good pleasure,
Help us to trust and believe 'tis Thy way.
Like him for whom we know Heav'n is begun,
We would say earnestly, His will be done.
His will be done, His will be done,
This is God's way, His will ever be done.