

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 sovereign will be done.'

2 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,
All I possess I have made Thine;
 Thy loving will be done.

3 Now let my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest:
 Thy gracious will be done.

4 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
 'Thy perfect will be done.'

5 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 'Thy glorious will be done!'

Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871‡