

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might:
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

4 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

5 Choose, Lord, for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

6 Not mine, not mine the choice
In things both great and small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89