

# I take my portion from Thy hand

Anonymous



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**

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