It may not be on the mountain's height

Carrie E. Rounsefell, 1861-1930



But if by a still, small voice He calls to paths I do not know, I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Yours, I'll go where You want me to go.

Refrain

I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea; I'll say what You want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what You want me to be.

It may not be on the mountain's height, or over the stormy sea; Perhaps today there are loving words which Jesus would have me speak; It may not be at the battle's front my Lord will have need of me; There may be now, in the paths of sin, some wand'rer whom I should seek. O Savior, if You will be my Guide, though dark and rugged the way, My voice shall echo the message sweet, I'll say what You want me to say.

Refrain

There's surely somewhere a lowly place in earth's harvest fields so wide, Where I may labor through life's short day for Jesus, the Crucified. So, trusting my all unto Your care, I know You always love me! I'll do Your will with a heart sincere, I'll be what You want me to be.

Mary Brown

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