

My God, My Father, while I stray

Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1864

Wimbledon
88.84

My God, my Father, while I stray
far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done!

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
let me be still and murmur not,
or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done!

What though in lonely grief I sigh
for friends beloved, no longer nigh,
submissive still would I reply,
Thy will be done!

If Thou should'st call me to resign
what most I prize, it ne'er was mine:
I only yield thee what is thine;
thy will be done!

Let but my fainting heart be blest
with thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
my God, to thee I leave the rest;
thy will be done!

Renew my will from day to day;
blend it with thine, and take away
all that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!

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

Charlotte Elliott