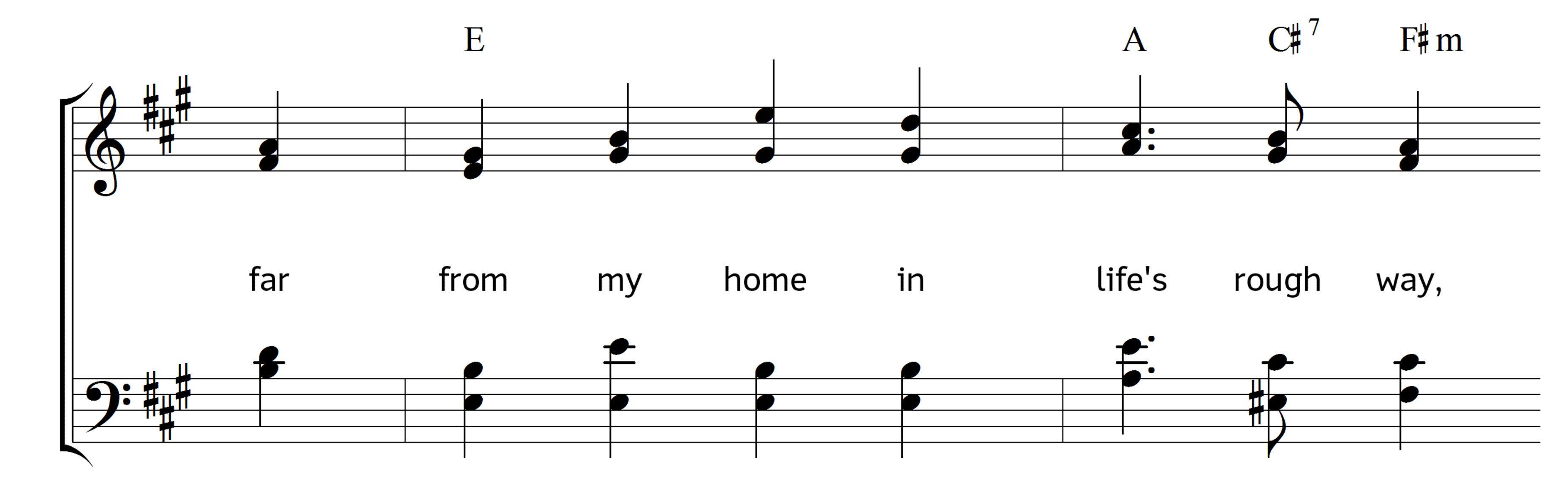
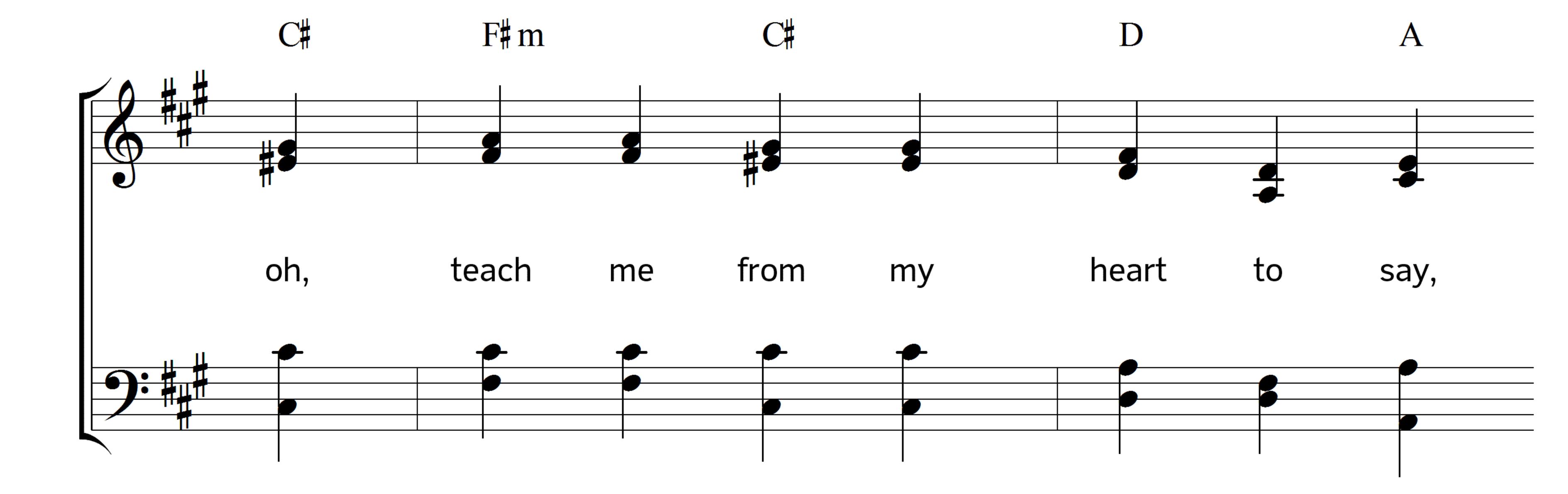
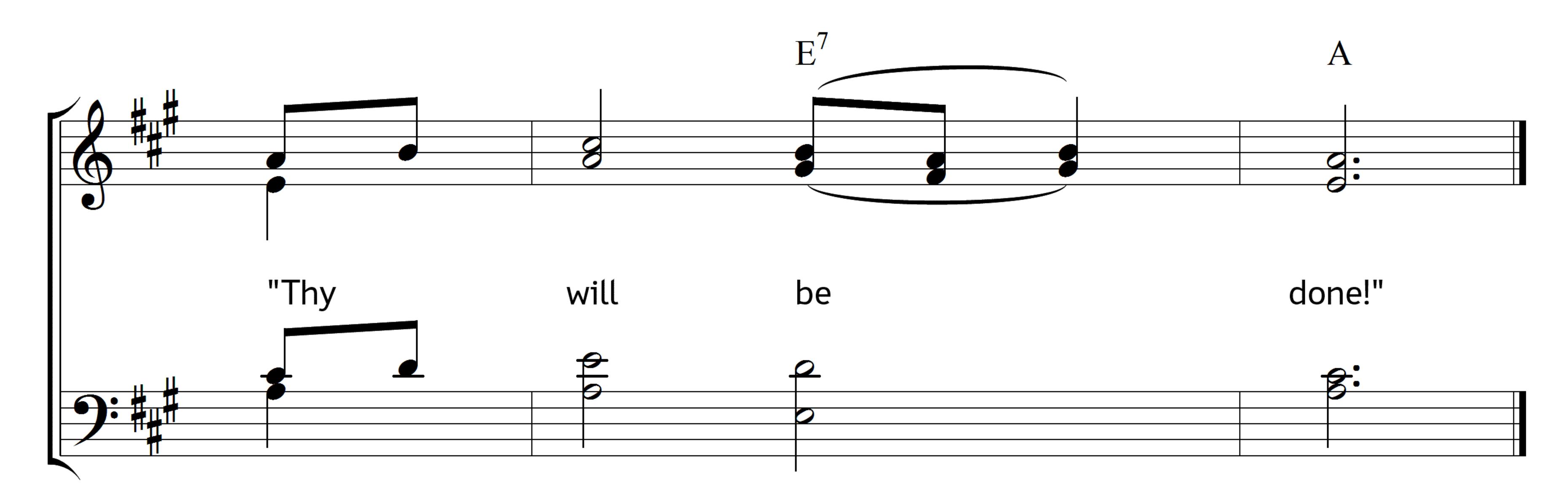
THY WILL BE DONE









- 2. 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!"
- 3. What though in lonely grief I sigh for friends beloved, no longer nigh, submissive still would I reply, "Thy will be done!"
- 4. Though thou hast called me to resign what most I prized, it ne'er was mine:
 I have but yielded what was thine: –
 "Thy will be done!"
- 5. Should grief or sickness waste away my life in premature decay; my Father! still I strive to say, "Thy will be done!"
- 6. Let but my fainting heart be blessed with thy sweet Spirit for its guest; my God! to thee I leave the rest:

 "Thy will be done!"
- 7. 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!"
- 8. 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!"

Words: Charlotte Elliott. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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