

Thy Will Be Done

Lyrics by Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871)

Music by Andrew Moore

Solemnly ♩ = 84

1. My God and Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home in
 2. Though dark my path and sad my lot, Let me 'be still' and
 3. Re - new my will from day to day. Blend it with Thine and
 4. Let but my faint - ing heart be blessed, With Thy sweet Spir - it

life's rough way, Oh! Teach me from my heart to say,
 mur - mur not; Or breathe the prayer di - vine - ly taught,
 take a - way All that now makes it hard to say,
 for its guest. My God, to Thee I leave the rest:

'Thy will be done!' 'Thy will be done!'
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 'Thy will be done!' 'Thy will be done!'

5. What though in lonely grief I sigh
 For friends belov'd, no longer nigh,
 Submissive still would I reply,
 'Thy will be done!'

6. Should grief or sickness waste away
 My life in premature decay;
 My Father, still I'll strive to say,
 'Thy will be done!'

7. Tho' 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!'

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!'