

Thy Will Be Done

Derek Webb

My God and Father, while I stray,
Far from my home in life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

If Thou shouldst call me to resign,
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine.
I only yield Thee what was Thine;
"Thy will be done!"

If 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!"
"Thy will be done!"

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away,
All now that 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!"
"Thy will be done!"
"Thy will be done!"