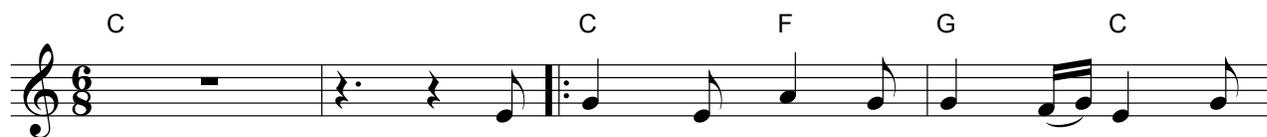


THY WILL BE DONE

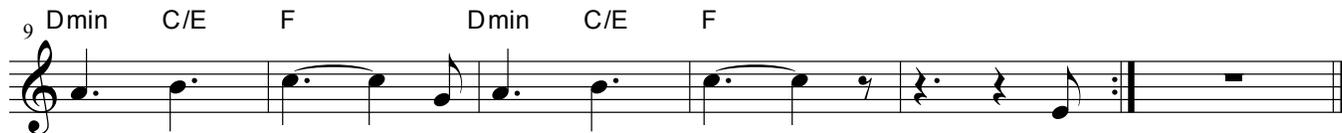
Words by Charlotte Elliot
Music by Justin Smith



1. My God and Fa - ther! while I stray, far
 thou shouldst call me to re - sign, what
 but my faint - ing heart be blest, with
 new my will from day to day, blend
 when on earth I breathe no more, the



from my home in life's rough way, Oh! teach me from my heart to say, "Thy
 most I prize, it ne'er was mine. I on - ly yield thee what was thine; "Thy
 thy sweet Spir - it for its guest, my God! to thee I leave the rest, "Thy
 it with thine, and take a - way, all now that makes it hard to say, "Thy
 prayer oft mixed with tears be - fore, I'll sing up - on a hap - p'er shore, "Thy



will	be	done!"	"Thy will	be	done!"	2.If
will	be	done!"	"Thy will	be	done!"	3.If
will	be	done!"	"Thy will	be	done!"	4.Re
will	be	done!"	"Thy will	be	done!"	5.Then
will	be	done!"	"Thy will	be	done!"	