My God, My Father, Though I Stray

1. My God, my Father, tho’ I stray Far from my home, on life’s rough way,
   O teach me from my heart to say, “Thy will be done!”

2. Tho’ 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. 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!”

4. Then, when on earth I breathe no more The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
   I’ll sing up-on a happier shore, ”Thy will be done!” Amen.

Words: Charlotte Elliot
Music: Arthur S. Sullivan

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