Sweet Will Of God

1. My stub - born will at last hath yield - ed; I would be
2. I’m tired of sin, foot - sore and wea - ry; The dark - some
3. Thy prec - ious will, O con - qu’ring Sav - ior, Doth now em -
4. Shut in with Thee, O Lord, for - ev - er, My way - ward

Thine and Thine a - lone; And this the prayer my lips are bring - ing,
path hath drear - y grown; But now a light has ris’n to cheer me:
brace and com - pass me; All dis - cords hushed, my peace a riv - er,
feet no more to roam; What pow’r from Thee my soul can sev - er?
(1. And this the pray’r)

Chorus

“Lord, let in me Thy will be done.”
I find in Thee my Star, my Sun. Sweet will of God, still
My soul, a pris - oned bird set free.
The cen - ter of God’s will my home.

fold me clos - er, Till I am whol - ly lost in Thee; Sweet will of

God, still fold me clos - er, Till I am whol - ly lost in Thee.

Words and Music: Mrs. C. H. Morris