Father, whate'er of earthly bliss





Father, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign will denies, Accepted at Thy throne, let this My humble prayer, arise:

Give me a calm and thankful heart, From every murmur free; The blessing of Thy grace impart, And make me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My life and death attend, Thy presence through my journey shine, And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele

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