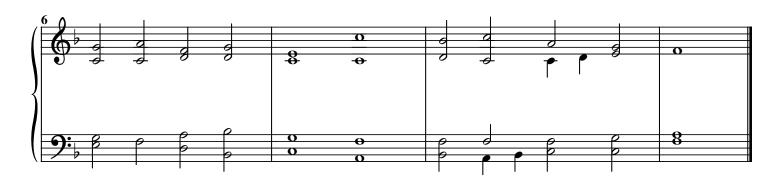
## Thy way, not mine, O Lord





Thy way, not mine, O Lord, However dark it be; Lead me by Thine own hand, Choose out the Path for me.

Smooth let it be, or rough, It will be still the best; Winding or straight it leads Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot; I would not if I might: Choose Thou for me, my God, So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek Is Thine, so let the way That leads to it be Thine, Else I must surely stray. Take Thou my cup, and it With joy or sorrow fill, As best to Thee may seem; Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends, My sickness or my health. Choose Thou my cares for me, My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice, In things both great and small; Be Thou my guide, my strength, My wisdom and my all.

**Horatius Bonar**