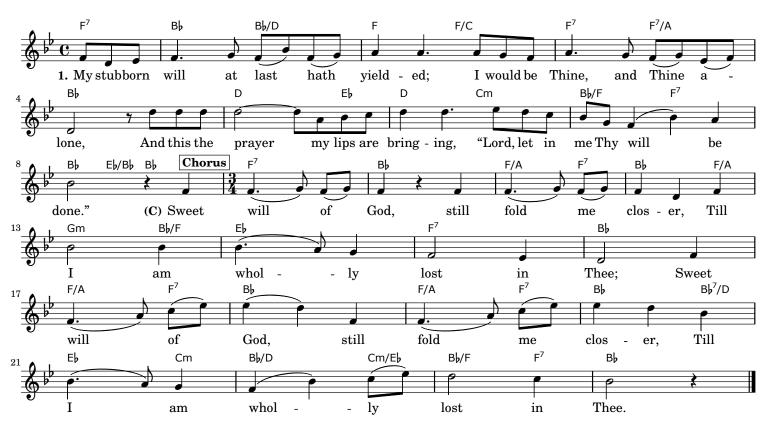
Sweet Will of God

Longings — For Obedience to Christ



- 2. I'm tired of sin, footsore and weary, The darksome path hath dreary grown, But now a light has ris'n to cheer me; I find in Thee my Star, my Sun.
- 3. Thy precious will, O conqu'ring Savior, Doth now embrace and compass me; All discords hushed, my peace a river, My soul a prisoned bird set free.

4. Shut in with Thee, O Lord, forever, My wayward feet no more to roam; What pow'r from Thee my soul can sever? The center of God's will my home.

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