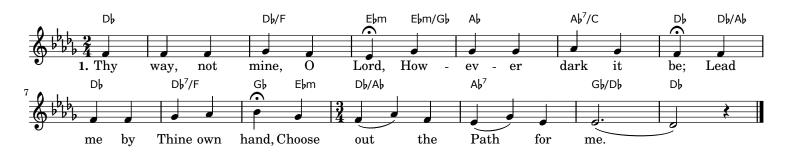
## Thy way, not mine, O Lord

Longings — For Christ's Leading

393



- Smooth let it be, or rough,
   It will be still the best;
   Winding or straight it leads
   Right onward to Thy rest.
- 3. I dare not choose my lot; I would not if I might: Choose Thou for me, my God, So shall I walk aright.
- 4. Take Thou my cup, and it With joy or sorrow fill, As best to Thee may seem; Choose Thou my good and ill.
- 5. Choose Thou for me my friends, My sickness or my health. Choose Thou my cares for me, My poverty or wealth.
- 6. Not mine, not mine the choice, In things both great and small; Be Thou my guide, my strength, My wisdom and my all.