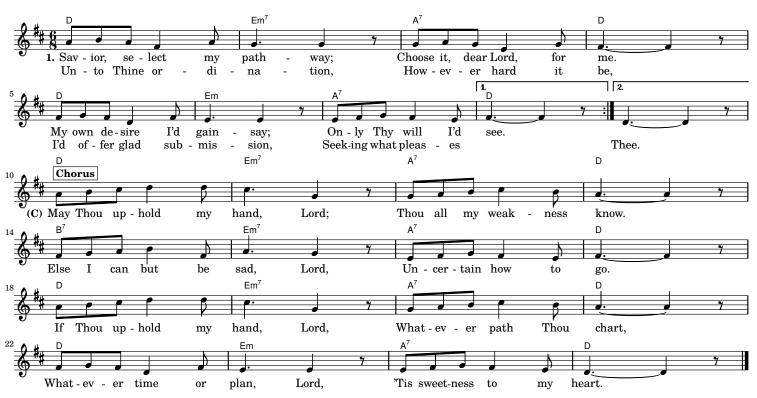
Savior, select my pathway

Longings — For Christ's Leading





2. Level or rough the path, Lord, If it's Thy choice for me, My full consent it hath, Lord; No other way I'd see. I dare not choose my way, Lord, Though Thou grant liberty; Come Thou, my path select, Lord— I wait for words from Thee.

3. My time is Thine to use, Lord, No matter fast or slow.
What brings Thee joy, do choose, Lord; I would no preference show.
If destined for endurance, For many years or days,
I would not seek swift clearance Of obstacles Thou place. 4. Fill all my life remaining, Howe'er it pleases Thee; Sorrow or joy containing, I'd let Thee reign in me. Every distress is precious, If it's Thy will for me; Every delight's obnoxious, If not Thy gift to me.

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5. Choose Thou my path, dear Master; Through sickness, health, support, Through falling tears or laughter, Evil or good report.
Though great or small each dealing, My choice I would refuse.
I'd reject all my feeling, Only Thy glory choose.