

SUBMISSION

Father of all, we fain would say,
as did Thy only Son,
In every hour of every day,
Oh! let Thy Will be done.
In thought, in word, in deed, in death,
things finished or begun,
Let every transitory breath
whisper, Thy Will be done.
In daily cares to thousands known,
or known perchance to none,
Let this request be heard above,
Oh! Lord, Thy Will be done.
In sickness though some stroke unseen
may oft the senses stun,
Let grace suggestive intervene
to feel Thy Will be done.
In health, when in its full career
the race of man is run,
Let joy be taught by holy fear
to pray, Thy Will be done.
Amid the rocks and shoals of life
which few can ever shun,
Let peace compose each spark of strife
and cry, Thy Will be done.
And when the bow of hope shall blend
all colours into one,
Time with eternity shall end with
LORD, THY WILL BE DONE

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