



2. Weary, Lord, and heavy laden, sin its sorrow on me lays, O, if it be possible, from my soul the burden raise: or, if thou wilt stoop to share it, helpless though I be alone, if thy will be that I bear it, then, O Lord, "Thy will be done."

3. In thine hour of sore affliction none their faithful watches kept, even friends of thine election through thy deepest sorrows slept: yet the eye that never slumbers lights my darkness, cheers me on, and the voice that never wearies, pleads in me, "Thy will be done."

4. Watching by thee in the garden, O my Saviour! let me feel sweet persuasion of thy pardon into all my spirit steal: and the blessed work completing which thy mercy hath begun, ever keep my heart repeating, "Not my will, but thine, be done."

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