









- 2. I would not murmur, Lord; before thee I am dumb; lest I should breathe one murmuring word, to thee for help I come.
- 3. My God thy name is love, a Father's hand is thine; with tearful eyes I look above, and cry, "Thy will be mine!"
- 4. I know thy will is right, though it may seem severe; thy path is still unsullied light, though dark it oft appear.
- 5. Jesus for me hath died; thy Son thou didst not spare: his piercèd hands, his bleeding side, thy love for me declare.
- 6. Here my poor heart can rest; my God, it cleaves to thee: thy will is love, thine end is blessed; all work for good to me.

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