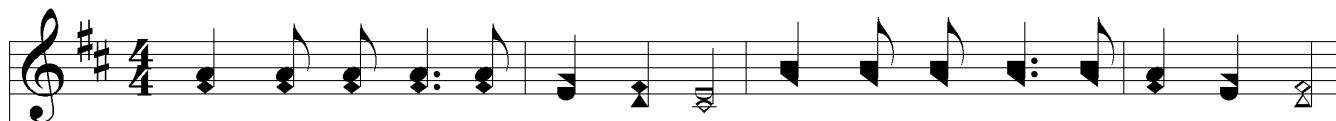


# My God, My Father, Though I Stray



1. My God, my Fa - ther, tho I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,  
2. Tho dark my path, and sad my lot, Let me be still and mur - mur not,  
3. Re - new my will from day to day; Blend it with Thine, and take a - way  
4. Then, when on earth I breathe no more The prayer oft mixed with tears be - fore,



O teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"  
Or breathe the prayer di - vine - ly taught, "Thy will be done!"  
All that now makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"  
I'll sing up - on a hap - pier shore, "Thy will be done!" A - men.

