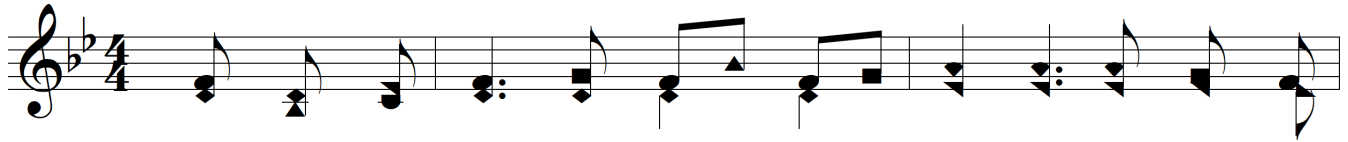


Sweet Will Of God



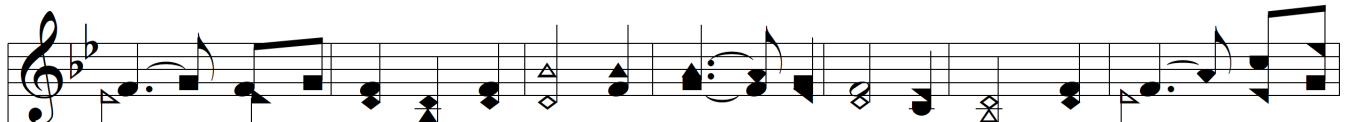
1. My stub - born will at last hath yield - ed; I would be
 2. I'm tired of sin, foot - sore and wea - ry; The dark - some
 3. Shut in with Thee, O Lord, for - ev - er, My way - ward



Thine and Thine a - lone; And this the prayer my lips are bring - ing,
 path hath drear - y grown; But now a light has ris'n to cheer me:
 feet no more to roam; What pow'r from Thee my soul can sev - er?



“Lord, let in me Thy will be done.”
 I find in Thee my Star, my Sun. Sweet will of God, still
 The cen - ter of God's will my home.



fold me clos - er, Till I am whol - ly lost in Thee; Sweet will of



God, still fold me clos - er, Till I am whol - ly lost in Thee.

