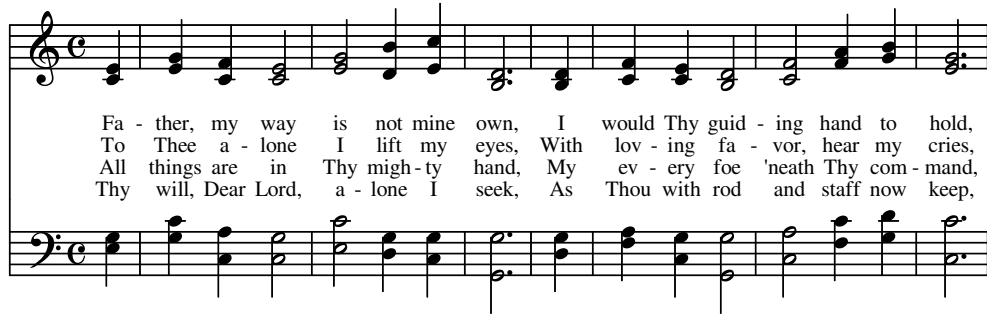


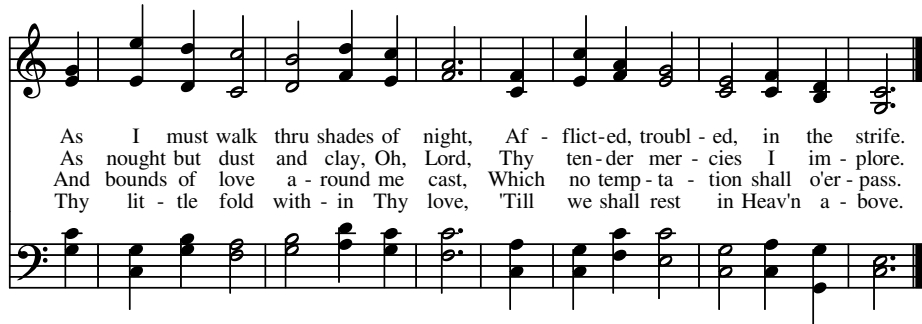
# Father, My Way Is Not Mine Own

S.E. Anderson

"Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me," Psalm 138:7



Fa - ther, my way is not mine own, I would Thy guid - ing hand to hold,  
To Thee a - lone I lift my eyes, With lov - ing fa - vor, hear my cries,  
All things are in Thy migh - ty hand, My ev - ery foe 'neath Thy com - mand,  
Thy will, Dear Lord, a - lone I seek, As Thou with rod and staff now keep,



As I must walk thru shades of night, Af - flict-ed, troubl - ed, in the strife.  
As nought but dust and clay, Oh, Lord, Thy ten - der mer - cies I im - plore.  
And bounds of love a - round me cast, Which no temp - ta - tion shall o'er - pass.  
Thy lit - tle fold with - in Thy love, 'Till we shall rest in Heav'n a - bove.

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