

THY WILL BE DONE

I do not understand Lord,
The burdens that I see,
But I'm sure that in your wisdom
You know what's best for me.

We all have to muddle through,
Both the good and bad.
The pain we bear, the love we share,
The wants that we can't have.

A thousand rights we soon forget,
And go upon our way.
But just one wrong is with us yet,
Until our dying day.

And though my feelings may get hurt
And maybe make me blue,
I find that all I need the most,
Is to spend some time with You.

I know I ask for many things,
As I'm sure does everyone.
But I also know, that You know best,
And so Thy Will Be Done.

By Barbara Cochran