

All as God wills, who wisely heeds

English Traditional Melody

St. Austin
C.M.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs,
Than all my prayers have told.

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That, wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back.

And so the shadows fall apart.
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

That more and more a providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good.

John G. Whittier