Thy Will Be Done

MATTHEW 26:39
Clara M. Brooks

With feeling

1. The e-ven-tide falls gen-ly now, By Ked-ron’s side, o’er Ol-ive’s brow,
2. In fer-vent prayer for you and me He wres-tled there in ag-o-ny;
3. And then be-fore His vi-sion came The crown of thorns, the cru-el shame,
4. Geth-sem-a-ne! O sa-cred place! Once more I see my Sav-ior’s face;

And through the gloom me-thinks I see A lone-ly form in prayer for me.
With drops of sweat, of crim-son hue, His brow was wet, as with the dew.
The scorn of those He sought to save, The reek-ing cross, the si- lent grave.
It shines a-new with glo-ry now, And an-gels smooth His pal-lid brow.

The gen-tle tone through state-ly trees, Is borne up-on the mur-m’ring breeze,
In tears He knelt, with trou-bled soul, While there He felt death’s sor-rows roll;
“This bit-ter cup, O Lord, I pray, Be-fore I sup take Thou a-way” —
Oh, let me e’er this scene be-hold! Oh, let me hear the sto-ry told

He bowed His head— God’s on-ly Son— And meek-ly said, “Thy will be done.”
Our sins He bore— the Ho-ly One— And said once more, “Thy will be done.”
Yet an-swered still, as there He knelt, “Not as I will, but as thou wilt.”
Of Him who there the vic-t’ry won, Who said in prayer, “Thy will be done!”

Refrain a tempo

Thy will, Thy will, Thy will, Thy will be done.
Thy pre-cious will be done, Thy pre-cious will be done,
Thy will be done.