

Sweet Will Of God

Amy Grant

My stubborn will at last has yielded
I would be Thine and Thine alone
And this a prayer, my lips are bringing
Lord, let in me Thy will be done

Sweet will of God, still fold me closer
'Til I am wholly lost in Thee
Sweet will of God, still fold me closer
'Til I am wholly lost in Thee

I am tired of sin, footsore and weary
The dark some path hath dreary grown
But now a light has risen to cheer me
I find in Thee my star, my sun

Sweet will of God, still fold me closer
'Til I am wholly lost in Thee
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Thy precious will, O conquering Savior
Doth now embrace and compass me
The storms have ceased, my peace a river
My soul a prisoned bird set free

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