The Will of God

I worship Thee, sweet Will of God,
And all Thy ways adore,
And every day I live, I seem
To love Thee more and more.
I have no cares, O blessed Will!
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumph mine.

He always wins who sides with God,
To Him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to Him when
He triumphs at His cost.
All that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong
If it be His sweet Will.

~ Re.v. Frederick W. Faber ~