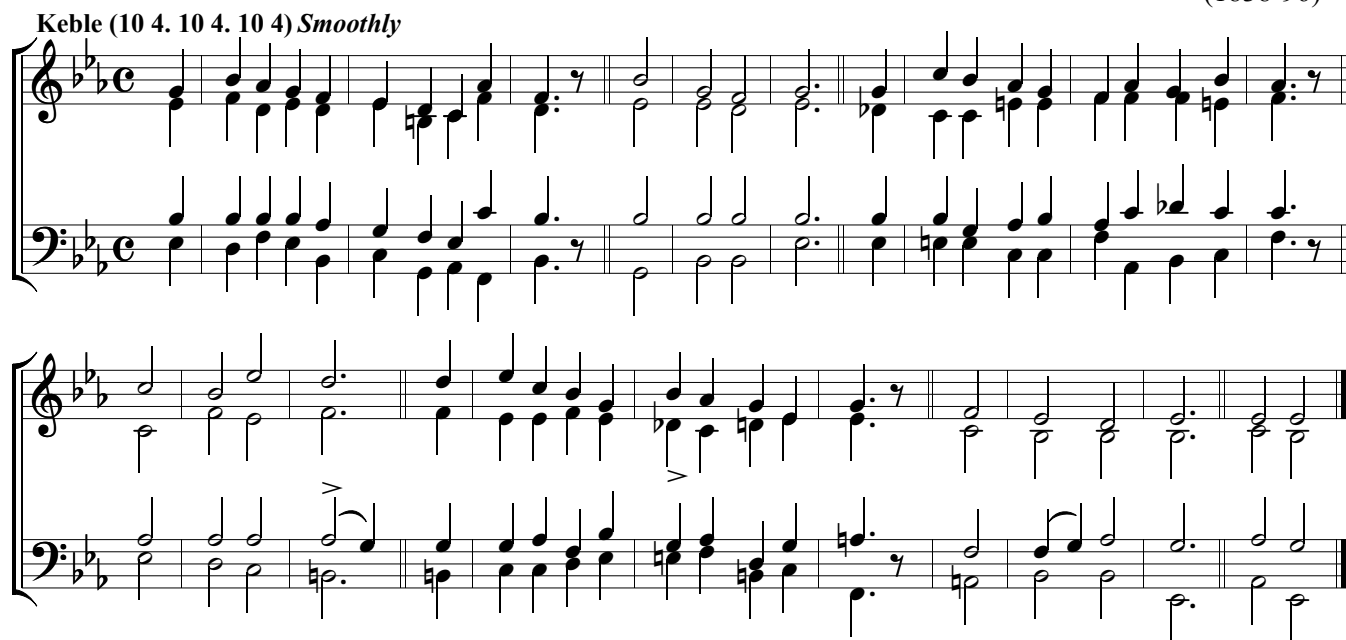


John Keble
(1792-1866)

O Lord my God, do Thou thy holy will

Joseph Barnby
(1838-96)

Keble (10 4. 10 4. 10 4) *Smoothly*



1. O Lord, my God, do Thou Thy holy will:
I will lie still.
I will not stir, lest I forsake Thine arm,
And break the charm
Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast,
In perfect rest.

2. To the still wrestlings of the lonely heart
Doth Christ impart
The virtue of His midnight agony,
When none was nigh,
Save God and one good angel, to assuage
The tempest's rage.

3. "O Father, not my will, but Thine, be done,"
So spake the Son.
Be this our charm, mellowing earth's ruder noise
Of griefs and joys;
That we may cling for ever to Thy breast
In perfect rest.