

Whate'er My God Ordains Is Right

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
His holy will abideth;
I will be still whate'er He does,
And follow where He guideth.
He is my God, though dark my road;
He holds me that I shall not fall;
And so to Him I leave it all,
And so to Him I leave it all.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
He never will deceive me;
He leads me by the proper path,
I know He will not leave me.
I take, content, what He has sent;
His hand can turn my griefs away;
And patiently I wait His day,
And patiently I wait His day.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
Though now this cup in drinking
May bitter seem to my faint heart,
I take it all, unshrinking.
My God is true, each morn anew
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart;
And pain and sorrow shall depart,
And pain and sorrow shall depart.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
Here shall my stand be taken;
Though sorrow, need, or death be mine,
Yet I am not forsaken.
My Father's care is round me there;
He holds me that I shall not fall;
And so to Him I leave it all,
And so to Him I leave it all.

Words: Samuel Rodigast (1675), tr. Catherine Winkworth (1829-1878) (Public Domain)
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