

NOT IN THE WAY I ASKED HIM

K. B. A.

Katharine B. Anderson

1. No word He said up-braid-ing, When Je-sus heard my plea-  
 2. He heard my stom-m'ring sen-tence, He knew I groaned with-in;

3. At length we knelt in si-lence, And all the world stood stil-  
 4. My life was of His pur- pose, His plan for me was larg-  
 5. The peace of un- der-stand-ing, Pro- vi- sion to en- joy

He sim- ply lis- tened thought-ful- ly, In- tent on help- ing me.  
 He seemed to un- der- stand each word, The sobs, the sighs, the sin.

(3) He asked me to ac- cept my lot, And all His ho- ly will.  
 (4) Just yield- ing was ev- ery part of it— "My child, you are my charge  
 (5) Em- brac- ing sure, What can His child an- noy?

Not in the way I asked Him, Not by the means I chose.

But in His hid- den wis- dom His an- swer brought re- pose.