

Have Thine Own Way, Lord

*But now, O Jehovah, thou art our Father; we are the clay,
and thou our potter; and we all are the work of thy hand. - Isa. 64:8*

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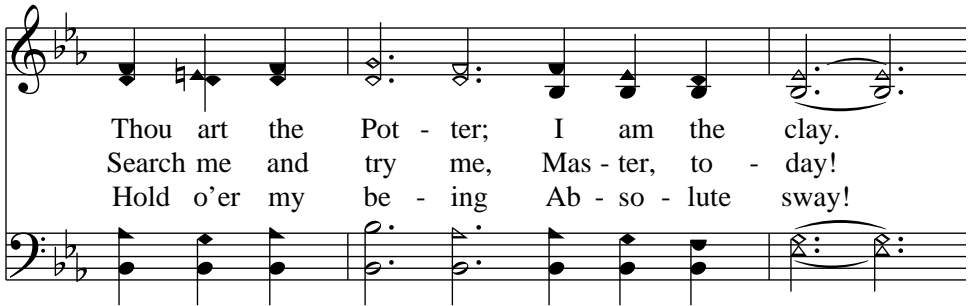
Adelaide Pollard, 1902

George C. Stebbins, 1907

Slowly



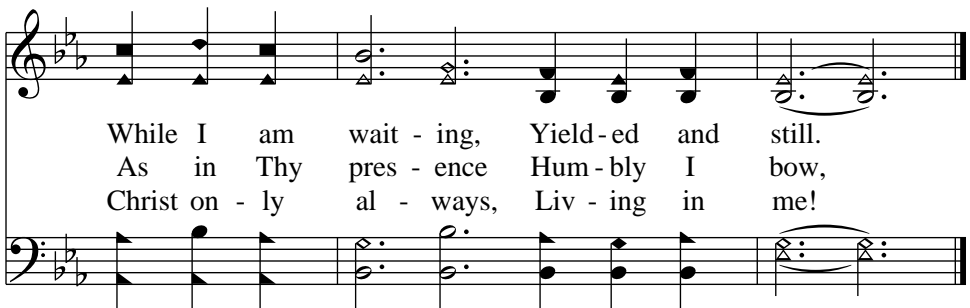
1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!



Thou art the Pot-ter; I am the clay.
Search me and try me, Mas-ter, to-day!
Hold o'er my be-ing Ab-so-lute sway!



Mould me and make me Aft-er Thy will,
Whit-er than snow, Lord, Wash me just now,
Fill with Thy Spir-it Till all shall see



While I am wait-ing, Yield-ed and still.
As in Thy pres-ence Hum-bly I bow,
Christ on-ly al-ways, Liv-ing in me!