

It may not be on the mountain's height, or over the stormy sea;
It may not be at the battle's front my Lord will have need of me;
But if by a still, small voice He calls to paths I do not know,
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Yours,
I'll go where You want me to go.

Perhaps today there are loving words which Jesus would have me speak;
There may be now, in the paths of sin, some wand'rer whom I should seek.
O Savior, if You will be my Guide, though dark and rugged the way,
My voice shall echo the message sweet,
I'll say what You want me to say.

There's surely somewhere a lowly place in earth's harvest fields so wide,
Where I may labor through life's short day for Jesus, the Crucified.
So, trusting my all unto Your care, I know You always love me!
I'll do Your will with a heart sincere,
I'll be what You want me to be.

*I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord,
O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;
I'll say what You want me to say, dear Lord,
I'll be what You want me to be.*

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