

THE Hiding Place Song Lyrics

Have Thine Own Way Lord

Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way.
Thou art the Potter, I am the clay.
Mold me and make me after Thy will,
While I am waiting, yielded and still.

Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way.
Search me and try me, Master, today.
Whiter than snow, Lord, wash me just now,
As in Thy presence humbly I bow.

Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way.
Wounded and weary, help me, I pray.
Power, all power, surely is Thine.
Touch me and heal me, Savior divine.

Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way.
Hold o'er my being absolute sway.
Fill with Thy Spirit 'til all shall see
Christ only, always, living in me.