

Have Thine Own Way, Lord

[Marty Robbins](#)

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

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