

My Nineveh

Like Your prophet Jonah, Lord, there's a place I don't want to go,

But, I feel You leading me down that dark and distant road.

Though I hear You calling to that still, small voice inside,

Everything within me wants to hide.

Oh, I don't want to go to my Nineveh,

Please, don't make me go to my Nineveh,

Anywhere, oh Lord, but my Nineveh.

All my life I've lived for You, going anyplace You led.

This time, Lord, please let this cup pass to someone else instead.

I don't want to give up all my hopes and dreams and plans,

Oh, how can I make You understand,

That I don't want to go to my Nineveh?

Please, don't make me go to my Nineveh,

Anywhere, oh Lord, but my Nineveh.

But when I think of all You've done for me my whole life through,

How can I refuse the chance to do this thing for You?

Oh, oh, oh,

Lord, I'll go.

Though I know Your will for me is far greater than my own,

Still, it's hard to walk in faith so very far from home.

Help me, Lord, give me the strength I need to live Your plan,

As I travel to that dreaded land.

Though I don't want to go to my Nineveh,

You want me to go to my Nineveh,

So, yes, oh Lord, I'll go to my Nineveh.

Though I don't want to go to my Nineveh,

You want me to go to my Nineveh,

So, yes, oh Lord, I'll go to my Nineveh.

For You, oh Lord, I'll go to my Nineveh.