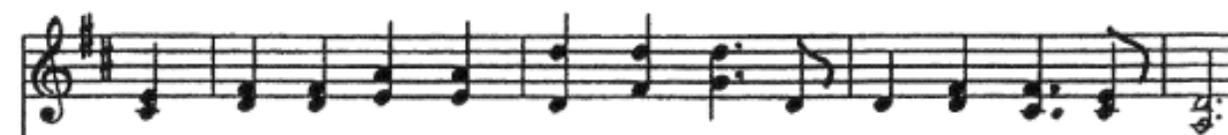


Make Me a Captive, Lord



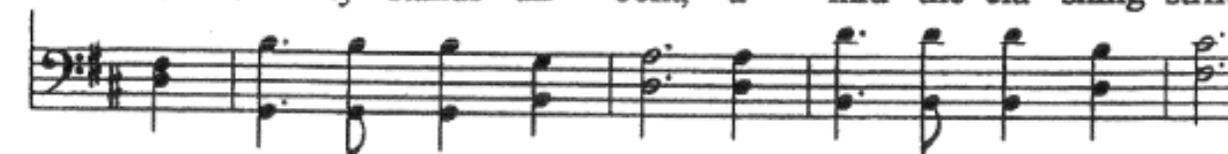
1. Make me a cap - tive, Lord, and then I shall be free;
2. My heart is weak and poor un - til it mas - ter find;
3. My will is not my own till Thou hast made it Thine;



Force me to ren - der up my sword and I shall con - queror be.
It has no spring of ac - tion sure, it va - ries with the wind;
If it would reach the mo - narch's throne it must its crown re - sign;



I sink in life's a - larms when by my - self I stand;
It can - not free - ly move till Thou hast wrought its chain,
It on - ly stands un - bent, a - mid the cla - shing strife,



Im - pri - son me with - in Thine arms and strong shall be my hand.
En - slave it with Thy match - less love, and death - less it shall reign.
When on Thy bo - som it has leant and found in Thee its life.

