

E. MAY GRIMES

Riber. 10.10.10.10.

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Arr. by G. B. BRAMLEY

1. Thy might - y love, O God, con - strain - eth me,
2. Shall I not yield to that con - strain - ing power?
3. Break through my na - ture, might - y, heaven - ly Love;
4. Thus whol - ly mas - tered and pos - sessed by God,

As some strong tide it press - eth on its way,
Shall I not say, O tide of love, flow in?
Clear ev - ery av - e - nue of thought and brain,
Forth from my life, spon - ta - ne - ous and free

Seek - ing a chan - nel in my self - bound soul,
My God, Thy gen - tle - ness hath con - quered me;
Flood my af - fec - tions, pu - ri - fy my will,
Shall flow a stream of ten - der - ness and grace—

Yearn - ing to sweep all har - ri - ers a - way.
Life can - not be as it hath hith - er been.
Let noth - ing but Thine own pure life re - main.
Lov - ing, he - cause God loved, e - ter - nal - ly.