

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

6

Force me to ren-der up my sword, And I shall con-queror be.
 It has no spring of ac-tion sure It var-ies with the wind.
 If it would reach a mon-arch's throne It must its crown re-sign;

11

I sink in life's la-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 clash-ing strife,

16

Im-pris-on me with-in Thine arms, And strong shall be my hand.
 En-slave it with Thy match-less love, And death-ess it shall reign.
 When on Thy bos-om it has leant And found in Thee its life.