

Let Me Be, My Maker

(96)

1. { Let me be, my Mak - er, Not a vain par - tak - er
On my heart now show - er Thine own Spir-it's pow - er,

Of life here be - low; } So that there Thine im - age clear,
And Thy love be - stow; }

Fair - er by Thy con-stant fa - vor May shine bright-ly ev - er!

2. There in Thy high places, We shall many faces,
Bright with glory, see;
Who as children tender Here did once surrender
Youthful years to Thee!
Therefore they Now shine as day
In the mansions to them given With the blest in heaven.

3. Children's Friend, dear Savior, Thou didst sinners favor
When Thou cam'st to earth;
Oh, how pure and lowly Was Thy heart, and holy
From Thy very birth!
Savior, we Should also be
More like Thee in thought and spirit Through Thy saving merit.

4. Blest who loves Thee ever, Whose sincere endeavor
Is God's child to be!
Through Thy love now shower On my heart Thy power,
E'er to dwell in me;
So that there Thine image fair
In the heav'nly courts of glory Ever may shine o'er me!