

451 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 var-ies with the wind;
 if it would reach a mon-arch'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 clash-ing strife,

im-pris-on 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 bos-om it has leant and found in thee its life.