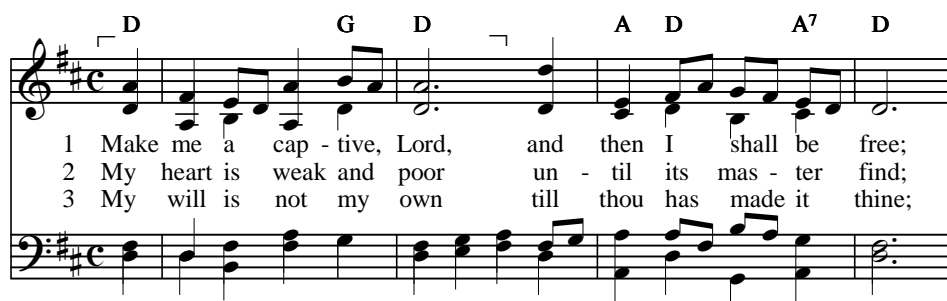


HYMN

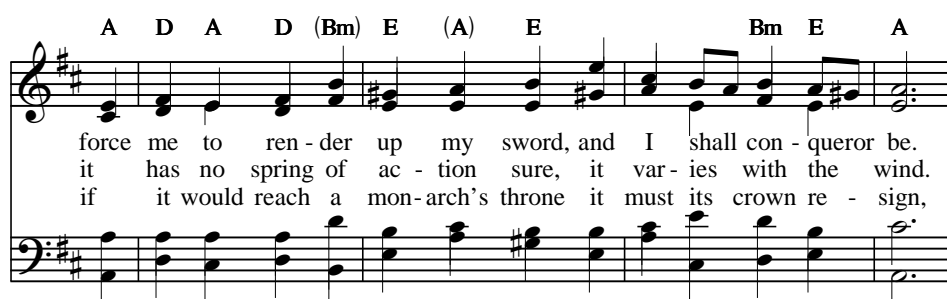
Make me a captive, Lord

D G D A D A⁷ D



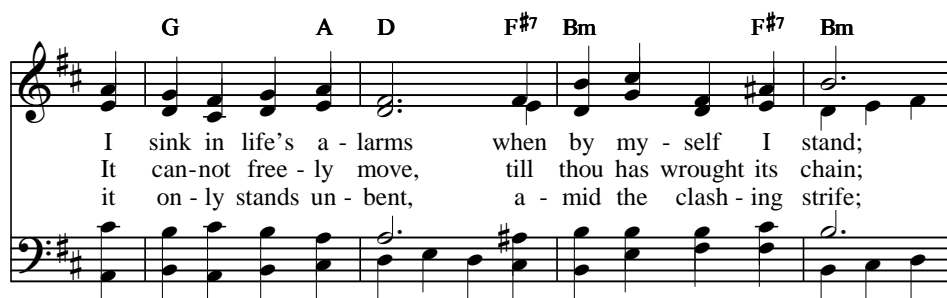
1 Make me a cap - tive, Lord, and then I shall be free;
2 My heart is weak and poor un - til its mas - ter find;
3 My will is not my own till thou has made it thine;

A D A D (Bm) E (A) E Bm E A



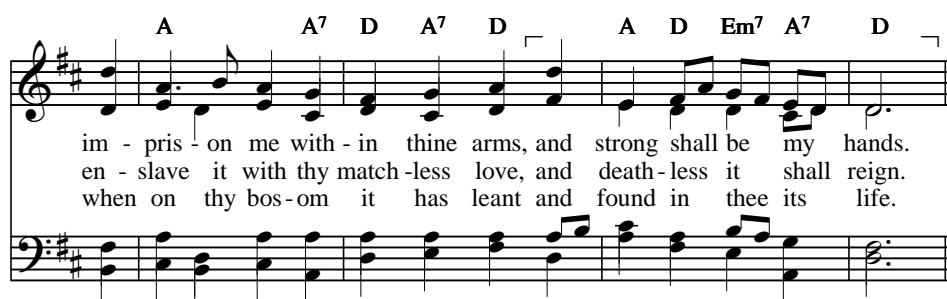
force me to ren - der up my sword, and I shall con - queror be.
it has no spring of ac - tion sure, it var - ies with the wind.
if it would reach a mon - arch's throne it must its crown re - sign,

G A D F^{#7} Bm F^{#7} Bm



I sink in life's a - larms when by my - self I stand;
It can-not free - ly move, till thou has wrought its chain;
it on - ly stands un - bent, a - mid the clash - ing strife;

A A⁷ D A⁷ D A D Em⁷ A⁷ D



im - pris - on me with - in thine arms, and strong shall be my hands.
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.

Text: George Matheson, 1842–1906

Tune: attributed to J. S. Bach, 1685–1750

66 86 66 86

ICH HALTE TREULICH STILL