

No. 421 – Make Me a Captive, Lord

- 1 Make me a captive, Lord, and then I shall be free.
Force me to render up my sword, and I shall conqueror be.
I sink in life's alarms when by myself I stand;
imprison me within thine arms, and strong shall be my hand.
- 2 My heart is weak and poor until it master find;
it has no spring of action sure, it varies with the wind.
It cannot freely move till thou hast wrought its chain;
enslave it with thy matchless love, and deathless it shall reign.
- 3 My power is faint and low till I have learned to serve;
it lacks the needed fire to glow, it lacks the breeze to nerve.
It cannot drive the world until itself be driven;
its flag can only be unfurled when thou shalt breathe from heaven.
- 4 My will is not my own till thou hast made it thine;
if it would reach the monarch's throne, it must its crown resign.
It only stands unbent amid the clashing strife,
when on thy bosom it has leant, and found in thee its life.

Hymn: O Savior, Let Me Walk With Thee

O Savior, let me walk with thee in lowly paths of service free;
tell me thy secret; help me bear the strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move by some clear, winning word of love;
teach me the wayward feet to stay, and guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me thy patience; still with thee in closer, dearer company.
in work that keeps faith sweet and strong, in trust that triumphs over wrong.

In hope that sends a shining ray far down the future's broadening way, In
peace that only thou can give, with thee, O Savior, let me live.

No. 419 – I am Thine, O Lord

- 1 I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, and it told thy love to me;
but I long to rise in the arms of faith and be closer drawn to thee.

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, to the cross where thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, to thy precious, bleeding side.

- 2 Consecrate me now to thy service, Lord, by the power of grace divine;
let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, and my will be lost in thine.

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, to the cross where thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, to thy precious, bleeding side.

- 3 O the pure delight of a single hour that before thy throne I spend,
when I kneel in prayer, and with thee, my God, I commune as friend with
friend!

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, to the cross where thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, to thy precious, bleeding side.

- 4 There are depths of love that I cannot know till I cross the narrow sea;
there are heights of joy that I may not reach till I rest in peace with thee.

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, to the cross where thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, to thy precious, bleeding side.