Make me a captive, Lord



- 1. Make me a captive, Lord,
 And then I shall be fre;
 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 though 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 wants the needed fire to glow,
 It wants 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 a 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.