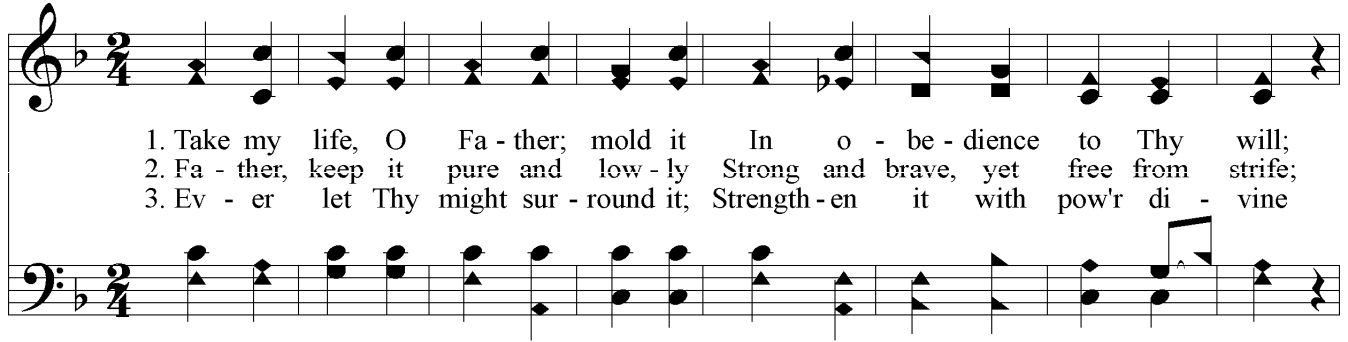
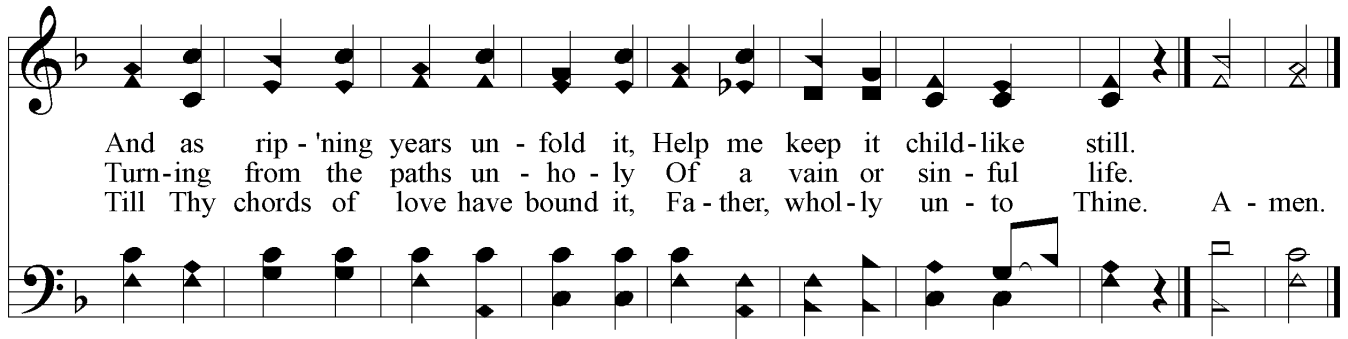


# Take My Life, O Father, Mold It



1. Take my life, O Fa - ther; mold it In o - be - dience to Thy will;  
2. Fa - ther, keep it pure and low - ly Strong and brave, yet free from strife;  
3. Ev - er let Thy might sur - round it; Strength - en it with pow'r di - vine



And as rip - 'ning years un - fold it, Help me keep it child-like still.  
Turn - ing from the paths un - ho - ly Of a vain or sin - ful life.  
Till Thy chords of love have bound it, Fa - ther, whol - ly un - to Thine. A - men.