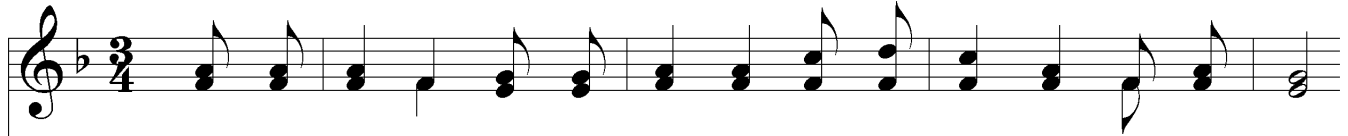
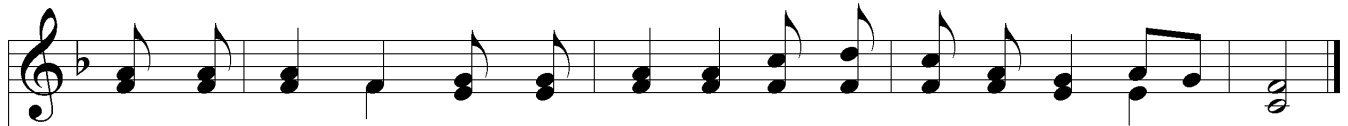
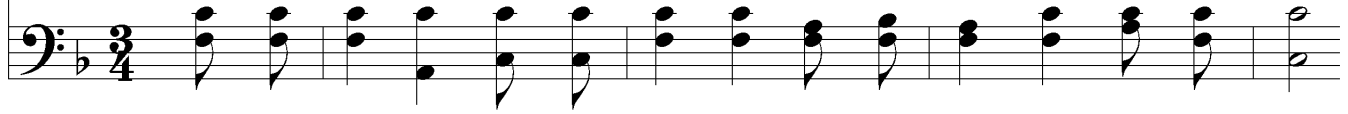


Take My Life, O Father, Mold It



1. Take my life, O Fa - ther; mold it In o - be - dience to Thy will;
2. Fa - ther, keep it pure and ho - ly, Strong and brave, yet free from strife;
3. Ev - er let Thy might sur - round it; Gird - ing well the in - ner mind,



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 the chords of love have bound it, Fa - ther, whol - ly un - to Thine.

