

# Make me a captive, Lord

George W. Martin, 1862

Leominster  
S.M.D.

**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.**

**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 has wrought its chain;  
Enslave it with Thy matchless love, and deathless it shall reign.**

**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.**

George Matheson