Hymn

Make me a captive, Lord Piano Sheet Music / Guitar Sheet Music

聖歌

我願作主俘虜 鋼琴樂譜/簡譜/吉他樂譜





風火網頁 Webpage: https://www.feng-huo.ch/

Date: July 18, 2023



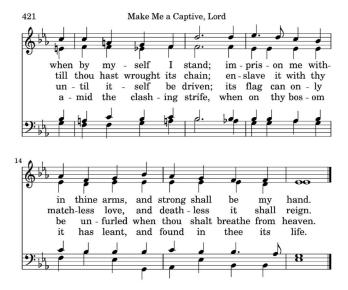
【我願做主俘虜】

詩集: 生命聖詩, 357 歌詞由 Sau 提供, 謹此致謝!

- 1. 主, 願你俘虜我, 才可得自由, 主命我放下手中劍, 才可得勝凱旋。 當我剛愎自恃, 我便下沉危急, 惟主聖臂將我拘跟, 我手反得強健。
- 2. 我心未交主前,多麼軟弱可憐, 欠振作能力,無衝勁,隨風搖擺不定。 若主未加鎖鍊,不能自由進前, 當主慈愛將我捆綁,才能永遠作王。
- 3. 前我未服事主,心靈衰微無力, 須靠我主靈火燃燒,柔風煥發生機。 不能推動世界,除非主加能力, 當主從天吹下靈氣,才能展開旌旗。
- 4. 我無自由意志,直到歸降於你, 如要榮登寶座為王,先將冠冕捨棄。 面臨危機爭戰,若要堅定不移, 必須緊靠我主懷中,從主獲新生機。



United Methodist Hymnol 421 WORDS: George Matheson, 1890 (Eph. 3:1) MUSIC (DIADEMATA, SMD): George J. Elvey, 1868



LEOMINSTER DSM

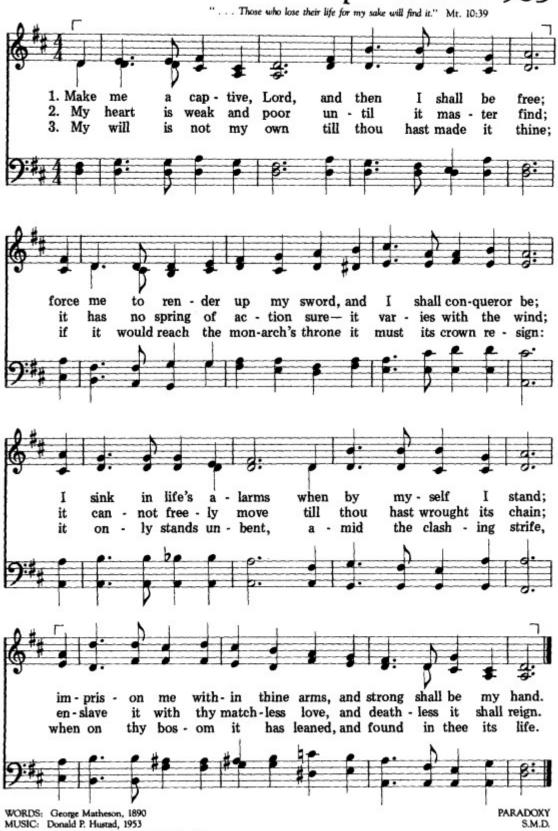
Words: George Matheson (1842-1906) Music: George William Martin (1828-81)



604



*wind, as in a spring-driven clock or music box



Music © 1953. Renewal 1981 Hope Publishing Company

Longings — For Freedom

422

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Thine

Α

2. My heart is weak and poor
Until t master find:
It has no spring of action sure,
It varies with the wind;
It cannot freely move
TI Thou hast wrought ts chain;

Enslave t with Thy matchess bye,

And deathless t shall reign.

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D

3. My power is faint and bw

The large barned to serve:

It wants the needed fire to gbw,

It wants the breeze to nerve;

It cannot drive the world

Untitsef be driven;

Its flag can only be unfurled

When Thou shat breathe from heaven.

4. My wis not my own

In Thou hast made t Thine;

If t would reach the monarch's throne

It must ts crown resign;

It only stands unbent

Am if the clashing strfe,

When on Thy bosom t has bant,

And found in Thee ts fe.

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Longings — For Freedom



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And found in Thee ts fe.

Lyrics: George Matheson

Scripture:Psalm 68:18; Romans 6:12-22

Meter: 6.6.8.6 D

Make me a captive, Lord,
And then I shall be free;
Force me to render up my sword,
And I shall conqu'ror 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 pow'r 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 driv'n;
Its flag can only be unfurled
When Thou shalt breathe from heav'n.

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.