Take My Life, O Father, Mold It

Words: Unknown
Music: I. B. Woodbury

1. Take my life, O Father; mold it in obedience to Thy will; And as rip'ning years unfold it, Help me keep it child-like still.

2. Father, keep it pure and holy, Strong and brave, yet free from strife; Turn-ing from the paths un-holy Of a vain or sinful life.

3. Ever let Thy might surround it; Girding well the inner mind, Till the chords of love have bound it, Father, wholly unto Thine.