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 unholy 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.

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