

From pray'r that asks that I may be

Longings — For Deliverance from Self

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1. From pray'r that asks that I may be Shel - tered from winds that
beat on Thee, From fear - ing when I should as - pire, From fal - t'ring when I
should climb high'r, From silk - en self, O Cap - tain, free Thy sol - dier who would fol - low Thee.

2. From subtle love of softening things,
From easy choices, weakenings,
(Not thus are spirits fortified,
Not this way went the Crucified),
From all that dims Thy Calvary,
O Lamb of God, deliver me.

3. Give me the love that leads the way,
The faith that nothing can dismay,
The hope no disappointments tire,
The passion that will burn like fire,
Let me not sink to be a clod:
Make me Thy fuel, O flame of God.