

# O God, unblest and unblest

Longings — For Breaking

419

(Guitar)

**C** **F** **G<sup>7</sup>** **C** **F** **G<sup>7</sup>** **C**  
1. O God, un - bless - ing and unblest, A with - ered plant, but not at  
**G** **C** **D<sup>7</sup>** **G** **C** **G** **D** **G** **D<sup>7</sup>**  
rest, A use - less cum - ber - er I'm found Up - on Thy field, Thy pur - chased  
**G** **A<sup>7</sup>** **Dm** **G<sup>7</sup>** **C** **C<sup>7</sup>** **F** **Dm** **G<sup>7</sup>** **C**  
ground; And yet I pray— "Do not forsake me, But in Thy hand, O Sav-ior, take me.

2. As women take unbroken flax,  
As molders take unshapen wax,  
As smith, the iron, rough and cold,  
A useful instrument to mold,  
So in Thy skillful hands, O take me,  
And never let Thy love forsake me.

3. Like rock uncrushed, the stubborn will,  
Though bearing gold is barren still;  
Like marble in the quarry rough,  
The natural heart is useless stuff;  
And so, I pray—"Do not forsake me,  
But with Thy hand, O Savior, break me.

4. As mortars crush the hardest rock,  
As hammers break the stony block,  
As millstones bruise the finest wheat,  
As nuts are broken for their meat,  
So with Thy mighty hand, O break me,  
And never let Thy love forsake me.

5. Though crushed and broken, yet I'm nought  
But fragments to the furnace brought;  
Though bruised, I have no worth to feed  
The multitudes that die in need;  
And so, I pray—"Do not forsake me,  
But meet for service, Savior, make me.

6. As into useful forms the ore  
From molten scraps the molders' pour;  
As fire doth make the bruised wheat,  
When mixed and molded, fit to eat;  
So, fit for use by fire, O make me,  
And never let Thy love forsake me."