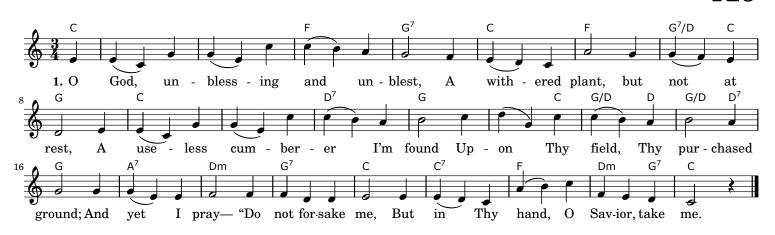
O God, unblessing and unblest

Longings — For Breaking

419



- 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."