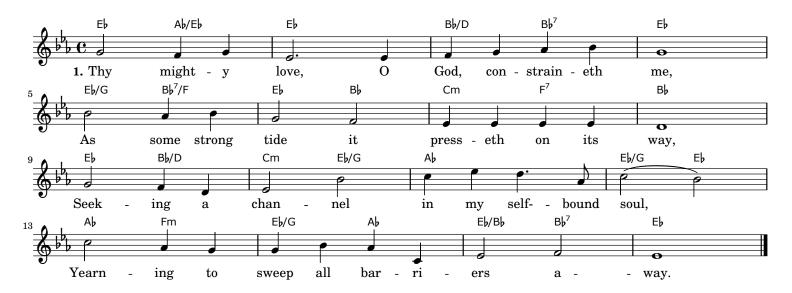
Thy mighty love, O God, constraineth me

Consecration — Constrained by the Lord's Love

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- 2. Shall I not yield to that constraining power?
 Shall I not say, O tide of love, flow in?
 My God, Thy gentleness hath conquered me,
 Life cannot be as it hath hither been.
- 3. Break through my nature, mighty, heavenly love, Clear every avenue of thought and brain, Flood my affections, purify my will, Let nothing but Thine own pure life remain.
- **4.** Thus wholly mastered and possessed by God, Forth from my life, spontaneous and free, Shall flow a stream of tenderness and grace, Loving, because God loved, eternally.