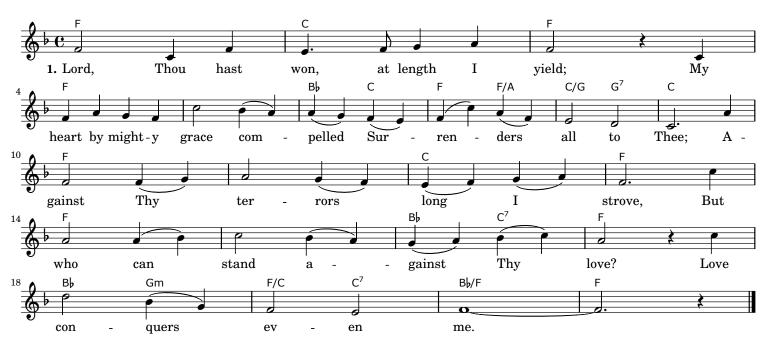
Lord, Thou hast won, at length I yield

Consecration — Constrained by the Lord's Love



- 2. If Thou hadst bid Thy thunders roll, And light'nings flash, to blast my soul, I still had stubborn been; But mercy has my heart subdued, A bleeding Savior I have viewed, And now I hate my sin.
- 3. Now, Lord, I would be Thine alone, Come, take possession of Thine own, For Thou hast set me free; Released from Satan's hard command, See all my powers waiting stand, To be employed by Thee.

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