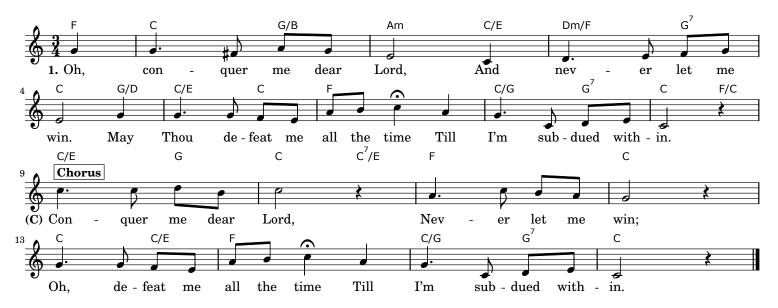
Oh, conquer me dear Lord

Longings—For Deliverance from Self



- 2. I, once Thine enemy, Was captured, Lord, by Thee; Yet Thee I hold, rebelliously, As captive unto me.
- 3. Defeated, Lord, by Thee, Thy prisoner I'd be. Yet when Thou would'st make home in me, I oft imprison Thee.
- 4. Though conquered Lord, by Thee, My old man liveth still.O, come and be my person, Lord, In mind, emotion, will.
- 5. Make me a captive, Lord And then I shall be free; Break through, have Thine own way in me For Thine economy.