

# Would You Subdue My Soul

Longings — For Deliverance from Self

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Would You Subdue My Soul'. It is written in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and consists of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score is divided into six systems, each with a measure number (1, 5, 11, 15, 19, 23) at the beginning. Chord symbols (C, Am, F, G, Em, C7) are placed above the notes to indicate the harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: '1. Would You sub - due my soul? Would You in - crease in me? For years Your life has been so bound, O Lord, with-in my soul! Grow in me! Would You break forth a - gain? Would You flow un - re - strained? Di - vide my spir - it from my soul! O may my spir - it reign! O Lord! O may my spir - it reign! O Lord!'

2. Soften my hardened heart,  
Touch all its calloused sense,  
Till You gain ground in all my heart;  
O Lord! Revive my being and dispense!  
Soulish love, Lord, recede,  
Nat'ral strength, Lord, deplete,  
Fill more with Spirit, Lord, I plead!  
This cost I'd hourly meet! O Lord!  
This cost I'd hourly meet! O Lord!

3. Shine on my life and work,  
Reveal my Christlessness;  
The flesh expose that loves to boast  
In vanity, its own righteousness.  
In all things great or small,  
Sever me from the fall—  
Deliver me from right and wrong  
Till tree of life is all! O Lord!  
Till tree of life is all! O Lord!

4. Lord, break my outer man;  
All independent traits  
To death confine by pow'r divine;  
Each feeling, thought and word regulate.  
Quiet soul reinstate,  
Every part saturate;  
Upon Your gentle voice I'd wait;  
Your move initiate! O Lord!  
Your move initiate! O Lord!

5. Grant me the grace to bear  
What's measured by Your hand;  
Lest I be blind and You withstand,  
Lord, do what pleases You—I consent!  
From my wounded heart raise  
Sacrifices of praise;  
I'd worship You in all Your ways  
And You as God appraise! O Lord!  
And You as God appraise! O Lord!

6. O Lord, mature in me,  
Channel of life make me;  
That long before my days shall end,  
Life from my being flow constantly.  
Help us learn earnestly  
Skills to fight corporately,  
Perpetuate Your victory,  
Subdue Your enemy! O Lord!  
Subdue Your enemy! O Lord!