

Take Me as Thy Tool, O Lord
Josiah Carley, 2012.

Take me as Thy tool, O Lord;
Use me as thou wilt.
Wash me with Thy cleansing power,
Thy blood so freely spilt.
I ask no other thing,
No other fervent plea,
But this one thing I ask, O Lord:
Let me be ruled by Thee.

Take me as Thy tool, O Lord;
Sanctify my all.
Take my life, my love, my will,
Tune me to hear Thy call.
My life is lived in vain,
If it is not for Thee;
So let me die to self today,
And come Thou, live in me.

Take me as Thy tool, O Lord;
Purge me in Thy flame.
Use me by Thy skillful hand,
Bring glory to Thy name.
No work do I desire,
No thing in all the earth,
But that which Thou dost give to me,
Of true, eternal worth.

Take me as Thy tool, O Lord;
Mold me for Thy tasks.
Here I lie, to wait to do
All that Thy service asks.
Lord, I am not mine own,
For Thou hast purchased me;
So take control of all I am,
And so I shall be free.

Take me as Thy tool, O Lord;
Lead me to the skies;
Make my life all that Thou seest
As best in Thine own eyes.
If I should live or die,
It matters not as long
As my whole life doth make Thee smile,
A sweet and pleasing song.

Take me as Thy tool, O Lord;
When my work is done,
Let my life be well to Thee,
And let the prize be won.
For Thee I live today,
For Thee I glad shall be
Laid down, if I may one day sing
Thy praise eternally.