

Take my Life and Let it Be

Words by Frances R. Havergal

Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days
Let them flow in ceaseless praise,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee
Swift and beautiful for Thee

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold
Not a mite would I withhold
Take my intellect and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose
Every power as Thou shalt choose

Take my will and make it Thine
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee
Ever, only, all for Thee