Take My Life and Let It Be
Frances R. Havergal

Take my life and let it be Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my hands and let them move At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my voice and let me sing Always, only, for my King;
Take my silver and my gold Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my will and make it Thine It shall be no longer mine;
Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treasure store;

Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise,
Take my feet and let them be Swift and beautiful for Thee,
Take my lips and let them be Filled with messages from Thee,
Take my intellect and use Ev'ry pow'r as Thy royal throne,
Take my heart it is Thine own, It shall be Thy choice,
Take my self and I will be Ev'ry, only, all for Thee.