Take My Life, and Let It Be Consecrated

1. Take my life, and let it be Consecrated,
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beautiful,
3. Take my silver and my gold, Not a mite would I withhold,
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no longer mine,

Lord, to Thee; Take my hands and let them move useful for Thee; Take my voice and let me sing
I withhold; Take my moments and my days, longer mine, Take my heart, it is Thine own,

At the impulse of Thy love, Always, only, for my King, Let them flow in ceaseless praise, It shall be Thy royal throne,

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