

Take my life and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.  
Take my moments and my days;  
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.

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

Take my silver and my gold;  
Not a mite would I withhold.  
Take my intellect and use  
Every pow'r 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.

Take my love, my Lord, I pour  
At thy feet its treasure store.  
Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, all for thee.