

- 1 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.
- 2 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 power as Thou shalt choose.
- 3 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.