

Take My Life and Let It Be

Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord to Thee.
Take my hands and let them move,
At the impulse of Thy love,
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.
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages for Thee.
Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold,
Not a mite would I withhold.

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.

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Channels Only

How I praise Thee, precious Savior,
That Thy love laid hold of me;
Thou hast saved and cleansed and filled me
That I might Thy channel be.

Chorus: Channels only, blessed Master,
But with all Thy wondrous pow'r
Flowing thro us, Thou canst use us.
Every day and every hour.

Emptied that Thou shouldest fill me,
A clean vessel in Thy hand;
With no pow'r but as Thou givest
Graciously with each command.

Witnessing Thy power to save me,
Setting free from self and sin;
Thou who boughtest to possess me,
In Thy fullness, Lord, come in.

Jesus, fill now with Thy Spirit
Hearts that full surrender know;
That the streams of living water
From our inner man may flow.

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