

A Light upon the Shore.—Concluded.

straud; The night is almost o'er, brother, The haven's just at hand.

No. 13.

Consecration.

"Ye are not your own."—1 COR. 6: 19.
Miss FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Take my life and let it be Con-se - cra-ted, Lord, to Thee ;
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau-ti - ful for Thee ;
3. Take my lips and let them be Fill'd with mes - sages from Thee ;
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in endless praise ;
5. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no long - er mine ;
6. Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its treasure store ;

Take my hands and let them move At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my voice and let me sing Al-ways—on - ly— for my King.
Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mi'e would I withhold.
Take my in - tel - lect and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

Chorus, after each stanza.

All to Thee, all to Thee, Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee.