

## A Light upon the Shore.—Concluded.

strand; 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 mite 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.