Take My Life

D A7 D
Take my life and let it be
D A7 D
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
D A D
Take my hands and let them move
G D G A
At the impulse of Thy love,
D G A D
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 love, my God, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee,
Ever, only, all for Thee.

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