

# Take My Life And Let It Be

Paul Baloche

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 from 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 it's treasure store.  
Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, all for Thee  
Ever, only, all for thee.