

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.