

Take My Life and Let it be.

Hymnal #458

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 its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee
Ever, only, all for Thee

The Old Rugged Cross

Hymnal #256

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
the emblem of suffering and shame;
and I love that old cross where the dearest and best
for a world of lost sinners was slain.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
till my trophies at last I lay down;

I will cling to the old rugged cross,
and exchange it some day for a crown.

O that old rugged cross, so despised by the world,
has a wondrous attraction for me;
for the dear Lamb of God left his glory above
to bear it to dark Calvary.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
and exchange it some day for a crown.

In that old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,
a wondrous beauty I see,
for 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,
to pardon and sanctify me.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
and exchange it some day for a crown.

To that old rugged cross I will ever be true,
its shame and reproach gladly bear;
then he'll call me some day to my home far away,
where his glory forever I'll share.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
and exchange it some day for a crown.