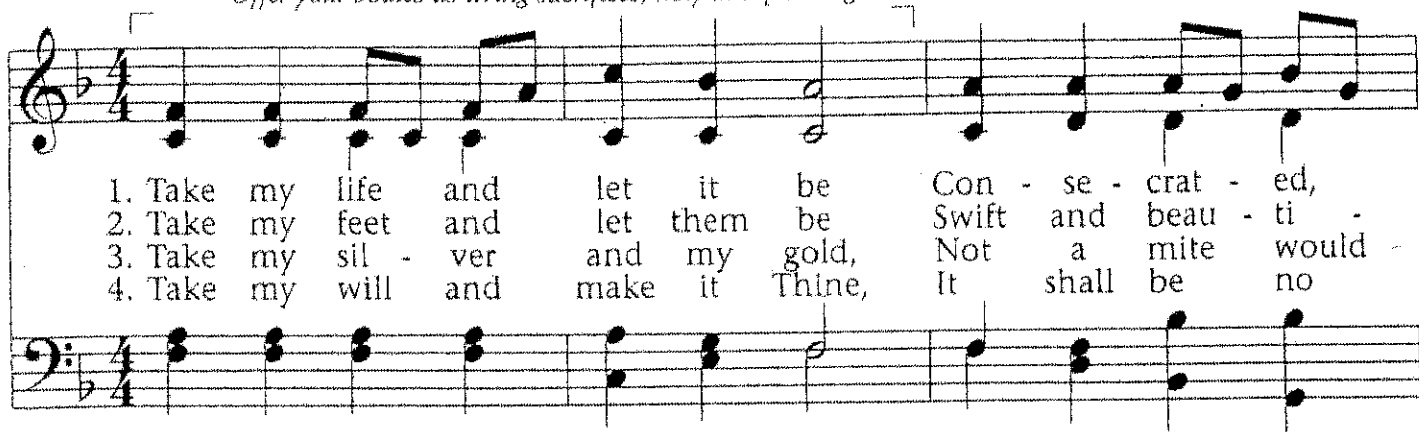
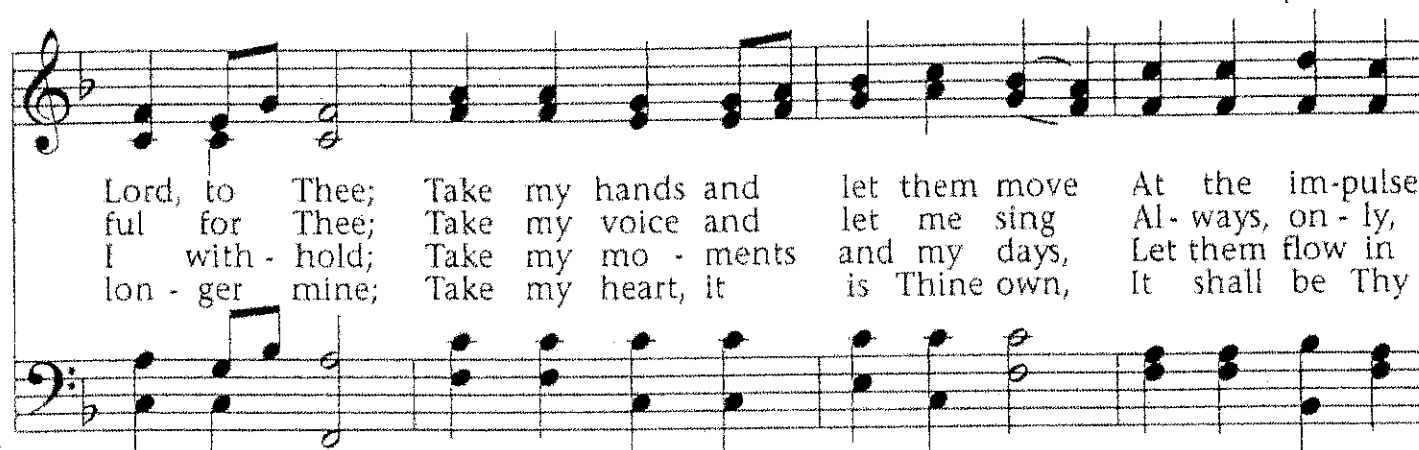


277 Take My Life, and Let It Be Consecrated

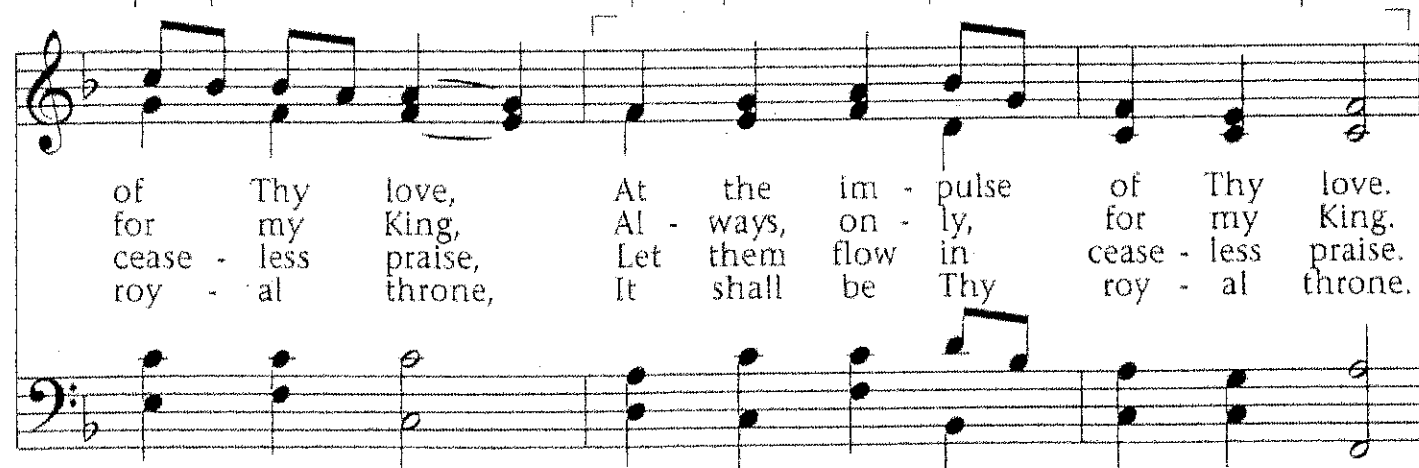
Offer your bodies as living sacrifices, holy and pleasing to God — Romans 12:1 NIV



1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - crat - ed,
 2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti -
 3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would -
 4. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no



Lord, to Thee; Take my hands and let them move At the im-pulse
 ful for Thee; Take my voice and let me sing Al- ways, on - ly,
 I with - hold; Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in
 lon - ger mine; Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy



of Thy love, At the im - pulse of Thy love.
 for my King, Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
 cease - less praise, Let them flow in cease - less praise.
 roy - al throne, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.

WORDS: Frances R. Havergal, 1836-1879

MUSIC: Henri A. C. Malan, 1787-1864; harm. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872

This tune in a higher key, No. 538.

HENDON

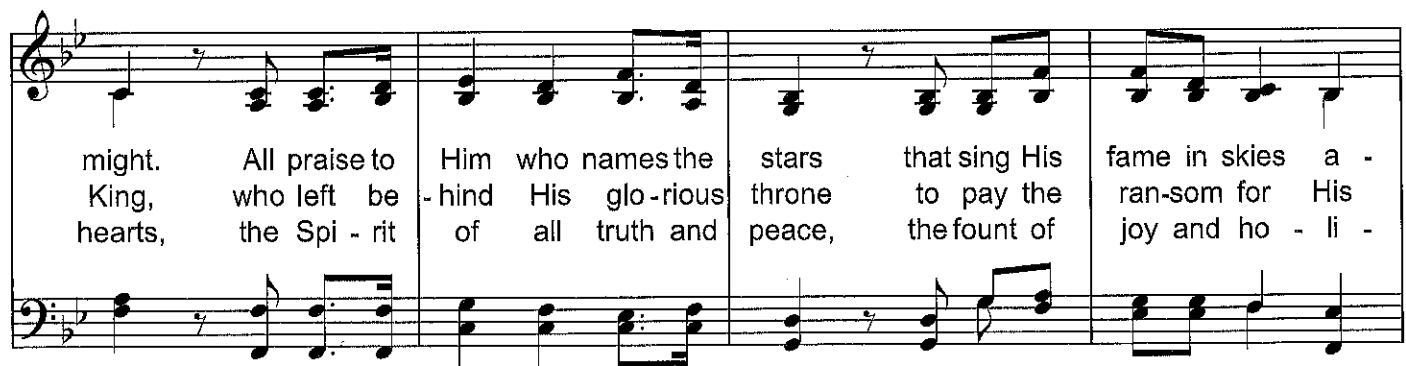
7.7.7.7.7.

ALL PRAISE TO HIM

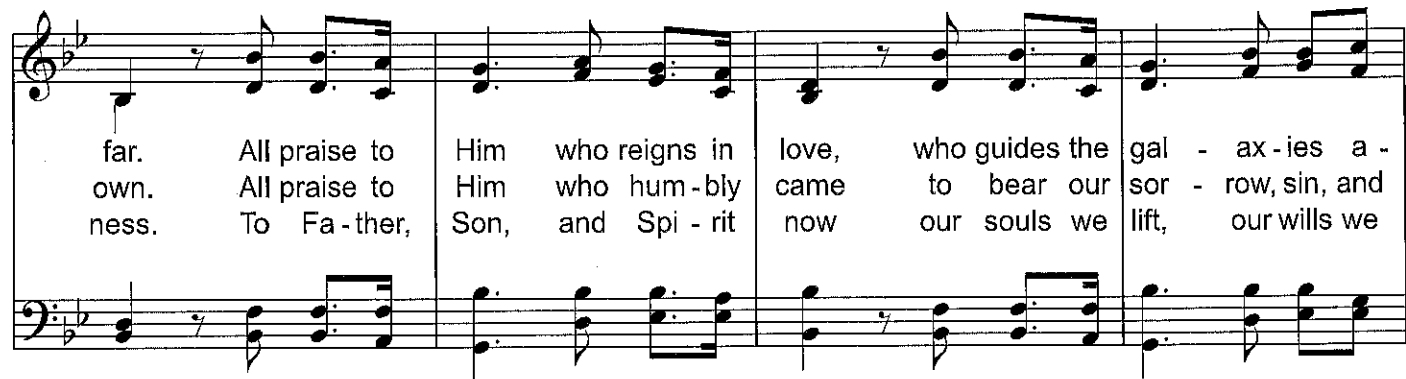
Based on the hymn, "All Praise to Him Who Built the Hills" by Horatius Bonar (1808-1889)
Music and additional words by Matt Merker and Bob Kauflin



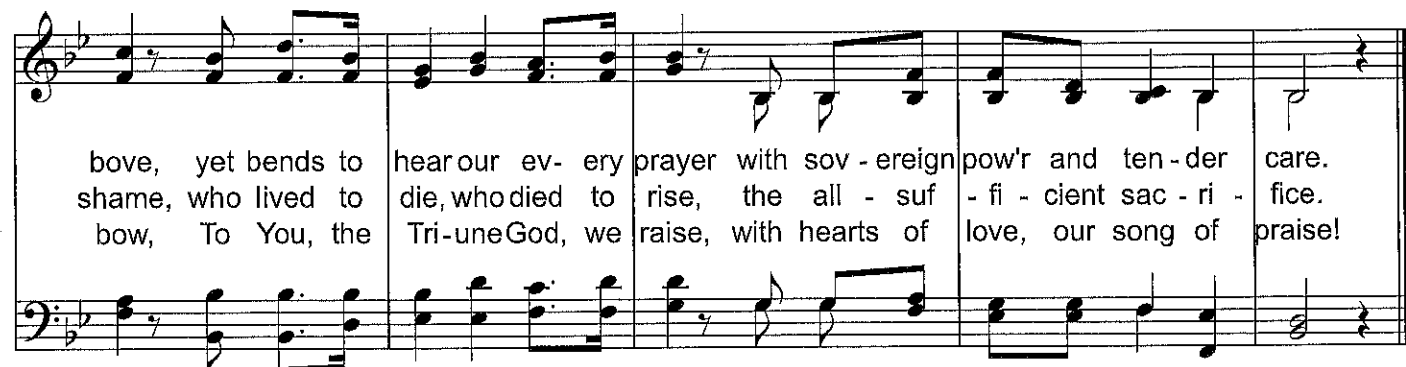
1. All praise to Him, the God of light, who formed the moun - tains by His
 2. All praise to Him whose love is seen in Christ the Son, the Ser - vant
 3. All praise to Him whose pow'r im - parts the love of God with - in our



might. All praise to Him who names the stars that sing His fame in skies a -
 King, who left be - hind His glo - rious throne to pay the ran - som for His
 hearts, the Spi - rit of all truth and peace, the fount of joy and ho - li -



far. All praise to Him who reigns in love, who guides the gal - ax - ies a -
 own. All praise to Him who hum - bly came to bear our sor - row, sin, and
 ness. To Fa - ther, Son, and Spi - rit now our souls we lift, our wills we



bove, yet bends to hear our ev - ery prayer with sov - ereign pow'r and ten - der care.
 shame, who lived to die, who died to rise, the all - suf - fi - cient sac - ri - fice.
 bow, To You, the Tri - une God, we raise, with hearts of love, our song of praise!

In Christ Alone

Words and Music by
Keith Getty and Stuart Townend

♩ = 60

VERSE

A♭

E♭

A♭

B♭

E♭/G

1. In Christ a - lone my hope is found, He is my
 2. In Christ a - lone, who took on flesh, full - ness of
 3. There in the ground His bod - y lay, Light of the
 4. No guilt in life, no fear in death, this is the

3

A♭ E♭/G

Fm7 A♭/B♭

E♭

A♭

E♭

A♭

light, my strength, my song; This Cor - ner - stone, this sol - id
 God in help - less babe! This gift of love and right - eous -
 world by dark - ness slain; Then, burst - ing forth in glo - rious -
 pow'r of Christ in me; From life's first cry to fi - nal

6

B♭

E♭/G

A♭ E♭/G

Fm7 A♭/B♭

E♭

E♭/G

Ground, firm through the fierc - est drought and storm. What heights of
 -ness, scorned by the ones He came to save. Till on that
 Day, up from the grave He rose a - gain! And as He
 breath, Je - sus com - mands my des - ti - ny. No pow'r of

CCLI Song # 3350395

© 2001 Thankyou Music

For use solely with the SongSelect®. Terms of Use. All rights reserved. www.ccli.com

CCLI License # 848560

9 A \flat E \flat /G B \flat ^{sus} B \flat E \flat /G A \flat Cm⁷ B \flat ^{sus} B \flat A \flat

love, what depths of peace, when fears are stilled, when striv-ings cease. My Com-fort-
 cross as Je - sus died, the wrath of God was sat - is - fied. For ev - 'ry
 stands in vic - to - ry, sin's curse has lost its grip on me; For I am
 hell, no scheme of man, can ev - er pluck me from His hand; Till He re -

13 E \flat A \flat B \flat E \flat /G A \flat E \flat /G Fm⁷ A \flat /B \flat

-er, my All in All, here in the love of Christ I
 sin on Him was laid; Here in the death of Christ I
 His and He is mine, bought with the pre - cious blood of
 -turns or calls me home, here in the pow'r of Christ I'll

INSTRUMENTAL

16 E \flat B \flat m⁷ Fm⁷ E \flat E \flat ^{sus} E \flat

stand.
 live.
 Christ.
 stand!