

# Hymns

11 July 2021

**We love the place, O God,**  
wherein thine honour dwells;  
the joy of thine abode  
all earthly joy excels.

It is the house of prayer,  
wherein thy servants meet;  
and thou, O Lord, art there,  
thy chosen flock to greet.

We love the word of life,  
the word that tells of peace,  
of comfort in the strife,  
and joys that never cease.

We love to sing below  
of mercies freely given;  
but O we long to know  
the triumph-song of heaven.

Lord Jesus, give us grace,  
on earth to love thee more,  
in heaven to see thy face,  
and with thy saints adore.

*William Bullock (1787-1874), Henry Williams  
Baker (1821-1877)*

**Take my life, and let it be**  
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;  
Take my moments and my days,  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move  
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;  
Take my lips, and let them be  
Filled with messages from thee.

Take my silver and my gold,  
Not a mite would I withhold;  
Take my intellect, and use  
Every power as thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it thine;  
It shall be no longer mine;  
Take my heart—it is thine own;  
It shall be thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour  
At thy feet its treasure-store;  
Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, all for thee.

*Frances R Havergal (1836–1879)*

**King of Glory, King of Peace,**  
I will love thee;  
And that love may never cease  
I will move thee.  
Thou hast granted my request,  
Thou hast heard me;  
Thou didst note my working breast,  
Thou hast spared me.

Wherefore with my utmost art  
I will sing thee,  
And the cream of all my heart  
I will bring thee.  
Though my sins against me cried,  
Thou didst clear me;  
And alone, when they replied,  
Thou didst hear me.

Seven whole days, not one in seven,  
I will praise thee;  
In my heart, though not in heaven,  
I can raise thee.  
Small it is, in this poor sort  
To enrol thee:  
E'en eternity's too short  
To extol thee.

*George Herbert (1593-1633)*