



- 2. Toys my heart away have carried, here and there I oft have tarried, now my purpose shall not swerve; all my life to God I tender, to his Will my own surrender, him both day and night to serve.
- 3. Lord, to thee I yield sincerely all that here I prize most dearly, see, from thee I nothing keep; search my reins and heart all over, shouldst thou there deceit discover, root it out, though hidden deep.
- 4. No fatigue or pain declining, all my heart to thee resigning, I will go where thou dost lead; if my every word and action in thy sight give satisfaction, nothing more I then can need.

- 5. One thing first and only knowing, elsewhere not a thought bestowing, now I quit the paths I trod; stranger now to worldly pleasure, here I lay not up my treasure, hid my life with Christ in God.
- 6. This the lot I would inherit; let my heart, and soul, and spirit in thy service, Lord, be bowed; thine henceforth, O blessed Saviour, may I, in my whole behaviour, practise what my lips have vowed.

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