



- 2. I come, my Lord, to offer up to thee all it now suffers of distress and pain; it is thine own; work thou thy will in me; let me not once resist it, or complain, but meekly in my sufferings acquiesce, assured that thou each pang wilt deign to bless.
- 3. I come, my Lord, to offer up to thee all that that heart can dictate or perform; let thy blessed Spirit its controller be, let thy pure love its every movement warm; and make that heart, once sin's defiled abode, the holy habitation of my God.
- 4. I come, my Lord, to offer up to thee the brief reminder of life's fleeting span; whate'er I have, or am, thine own shall be, without thee I will form no wish nor plan: time, talents, influence, actions, thoughts, and words, all, all be unreservedly my Lord's!
- 5. I come, my Lord, to offer up to thee a creature made thine own by every tie; hast thou not formed, preserved, and ransomed me? Oh, didst thou not to pay my ransom, die? Lord, at thy feet my worthless self I lay, oh, never, never cast me thence away.

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