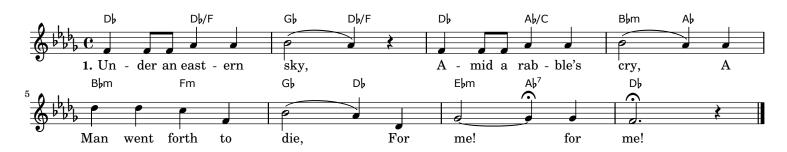
Under an eastern sky

Consecration — Belonging to the Lord

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- 2. Thorn-crowned His blessed head, Blood-stained His every tread; Cross-laden He was led, For me! for me!
- 3. Pierced His hands and feet,
 Three hours o'er Him beat
 Fierce rays of noon-tide heat,
 For me! for me!
- 4. Thus wert Thou made all mine; Lord, make me wholly Thine; Grant grace and strength divine To me! to me!
- 5. In thought and word and deed, Thy will to do, O lead My soul, e'en though it bleed, To Thee, to Thee.