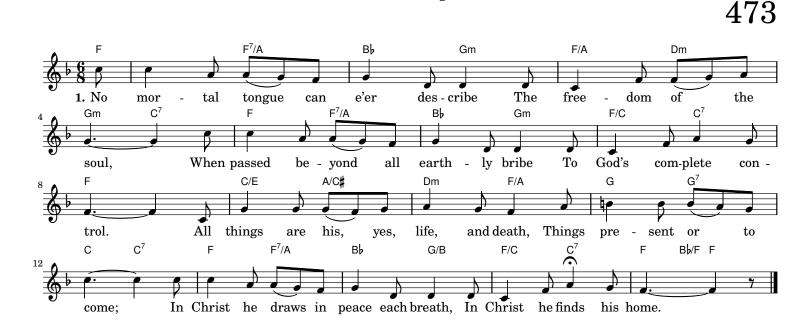
No mortal tongue can e'er describe

Consecration — Possessing All in the Lord



- When such as we the King can choose, To share with Him His throne, 'Tis passing strange that we refuse To be our Lord's alone. O never speak of sacrifice! A privilege untold Is to be His at any price, In Calv'ry's hosts enrolled.
 Arise! the holy bargain strike— The fragment for the whole— All men and all events alike
 - Must serve the ransomed soul. All things are yours when you are His, And He and you are one;
 - A boundless life in Him there is,
 - Whence doubt and fear are gone.