

# No mortal tongue can e'er describe

Consecration — Possessing All in the Lord

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1. No mor - tal tongue can e'er des - crite The free - dom of the  
soul, When passed be - yond all earth - ly bribe To God's com - plete con -  
trol. All things are his, yes, life, and death, Things pre - sent or to  
come; In Christ he draws in peace each breath, In Christ he finds his home.

Chords: F, F<sup>7</sup>/A, B $\flat$ , Gm, F/A, Dm, Gm, C<sup>7</sup>, F, F<sup>7</sup>/A, B $\flat$ , Gm, F/C, C<sup>7</sup>, F, C/E, A/C $\sharp$ , Dm, F/A, G, G<sup>7</sup>, C, C<sup>7</sup>, F, F<sup>7</sup>/A, B $\flat$ , G/B, F/C, C<sup>7</sup>, F, B $\flat$ /F, F

2. 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.

3. 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.