

And can I yet delay, My little all to give?

1840 Manchester Hymnal, #19

And can I yet delay,
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive.

Nay, but I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more;
I sink by dying love compelled,
And own Thee conqueror.

Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine!

Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

My life, my portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art;
My hope, my heavenly treasure now,
Enter and keep my heart.