

EMPTIED of earth I long to be,  
Of sin, of self, and all but Thee;  
Wholly reserved for Christ that died,  
Surrendered to the Crucified.

- 2 Withdrawn from all the noise and strife,  
The lust, the pomp and pride of life;  
For Heaven alone my heart prepare,  
And have my conversation there.
- 3 Nothing, save Jesus, would I know;  
My friend and my companion Thou!  
Lord, seize my heart, assert Thy right,  
And put all other loves to flight.
- 4 All idols—tread beneath Thy feet,  
And to Thyself the conquest get:  
Let sin no more oppose my Lord,  
Slain by the Spirit's two-edged sword.
- 5 Greater communion let me prove  
With Thee, blest object of my love;  
But O, for this no power have I;  
My strength is at Thy feet to lie.

*Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-78*