



I Cannot Give It Up

I cannot give it up,
The little world I know,
The innocent delights of youth,
The things I cherish so.
'Tis true I love my Lord,
And want to do His will,
But oh, I may enjoy the world,
And be a Christian still!

And yet outside the camp,
'Twas there my Saviour died.
It was the world that cast Him out,
And saw Him crucified.
Can I take part with those
Who nailed Him to the Tree?
And where His name is never praised,
Is there the place for me?

Farewell! Henceforth my place
Is with the Lamb Who died.
My sovereign, while I have Thy love,
What should I want beside?
Thyself dear Lord art now
My free and loving choice.
In whom, though now I see Thee not,
Believing, I rejoice.

Shame on me that I sought
Another joy than this,
Or dreamt a heart at rest with Thee
Could crave for earthly bliss.
These vain and worthless things
I put them all aside.
Thy goodness fills my longing soul,
And I am satisfied.

... *Unknown*

So it ought to be with the Christian life. We should be willing to part with the old so that the new abundant life in Christ might shine forth for His glory.