

Yourself Alone, My Treasure

What is this, Lord Jesus,
That You should make an end
Of all I cannot keep, for all I cannot lose?
So that there is nothing that now I call my own,
But You; Yourself alone, my Treasure.
Taking all, You give full measure of Yourself
With all things else eternal;
Things unlike the worthless gain by earth possessed.
But as to life and godliness, all things are mine,
And in Your garments dressed I am;
With You, an heir to riches in the spheres divine!
Strange, I say, that suff'ring loss,
I have so gained ev'rything in getting me a Friend,
A Friend who bore a cross.

Text by Jim Elliot; adapted by Paul Keew, from the diary of Jim Elliot.