

All but Christ

*I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord:
for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ. Php. 3:8*

1. All but Christ, the won - drous se - cret, He, the Bless - or, fills my soul;
2. All but Christ, my soul a - dorn - ing, His own life o'er - spread - ing mine,
3. All but Christ I've free - ly giv - en, I'm in Him to hide a - way;
4. All but Christ, the pearl of trea - sures, All I leave that I may see
5. All but Christ, my heart is sing - ing, Sing - ing forth my hap - py lay;

Like a wa - tered gar - den keeps it In His pre - cious, sweet con - trol.
Like a lus - trous sum - mer morn - ing, When the sun o'er all doth shine.
He's in me for ex - al - ta - tion, While in this vain world I stay.
Him, the source of life and pleas - ures, Liv - ing, reign - ing here in me.
I re - joice while whol - ly liv - ing In His pres - ence eve - ry day.

Refrain

All but Christ I've free - ly giv - en, He is all my heart could crave;

For in Him are stores of wis - dom, He a - lone has pow'r to save.