I Gave My Life for Thee

Sheep (and Goats) at Ramot Rachel in Southern Jerusalem
Here we were able to catch a quick picture of some sheep (and goats) being led by Arab boys across a Jewish resort. Not to miss their opportunity, they immediately each demanded a “dollah.” They were well paid, but we took this as a warning to be wary of what we do!

The time was the week before Pesach (Passover would begin April 9, 2009), and had there been a temple in Jerusalem, the lambs (without blemish, Ex. 12:3) would have been already set aside for the Passover. In God’s calendar it was the pivotal week, when, in the first century, the Passover Lamb, the Lord Jesus Christ, offered Himself to take away the sin of the world.

“I gave My life for thee... What hast thou given for Me?” Frances Ridley Havergal, writer of the words of this hymn, mentions that some give their lives to Him at salvation, not living thenceforth unto themselves, but unto Him Who died for them. Then she continues on another page:

So, dear friends, when once He has wrought in us the desire to be altogether His own, and put into our hearts the prayer, “Take my life,” let us go on our way rejoicing, believing that He has taken our lives, our hands, our feet, our voices, our intellects, our wills, our whole selves, to be ever, only, all for Him.

Suppose you make over a piece of ground to another person. You give it up, then and there, entirely to that other; it is no longer in your own possession; you no longer dig and sow, plant and reap, at your discretion or for your own profit. His occupation of it is total; no other has any right to an inch of it; it is his affair thenceforth what crops to arrange for and how to make the most of it.

Just so is it with our lives.

In her chapter on “Our Hands Kept for Jesus,” Miss Havergal says:

Look at your hand... How perfectly fitted for what it has to do; how ingeniously connected with the brain, so as to yield that instantaneous and instinctive obedience without which its beautiful mechanism would be very little good to us!... It is the Lord Jesus Christ’s. It is not your own at all; it belongs to Him. He made it... And He has the added right of purchase—He has bought it that it might be one of His own instruments... Have we ever simply and sincerely asked Him to keep them for His own use?

A Christian schoolgirl loves Jesus; she wants to please Him all day long, and so she practices her scales carefully and conscientiously. It is at the impulse of His love that her fingers move so steadily through the otherwise tiresome exercises. Some day her Master will find a use for her music; but meanwhile it may be just as really done unto Him as if it were Mr. Sankey at his organ, swaying the hearts of thousands.

In speaking of singing always, only, for the King, she exclaims: “If you only tasted the solemn happiness of knowing that you have indeed a royal audience, that the King Himself is listening as you sing!”

May we listen to the appeal of this hymn as coming from the suffering Christ Himself. “I did all this for thee: What hast thou done for Me?”

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2. Ibid., p. 10.  3. Ibid., p. 20.  4. Ibid., p. 21.  5. Ibid., p. 35.  6. Ibid., p. 36.  7. Ibid., p. 53.
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To Dinah

Frances R. Havergal, 1836-1879

Arr. by Glenda Macomber

Philip P. Bliss, 1838-1876

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