I Am Thine, O Lord

1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, and it
   told thy love to me; but I long to rise in the
   arms of faith and be closer drawn to thee.
   Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, to the

2. Consecrate me now to thy service, Lord, by the
   power of grace divine; let my soul look up with a
   steadfast hope, and my will be lost in thine.
   I may not reach till I rest in peace with thee.

3. O the pure delight of a single hour that be-
   fore thy throne I spend, when I kneel in prayer, and with
   there are heights of joy that I

4. There are depths of love that I cannot know till I
   may not reach till I rest in peace with thee.
   friend, my God, I commune as friend with friend!
   friend!

Text: Fanny J. Crosby, 1875
Tune: William H. Doane, 1875

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cross where thou hast died. Draw me nea- rer, nea- rer,

nea- rer, bles- sed Lord, to thy pre- cious, bleed- ing side.