I Am Thine, O Lord

1 I am thine, O Lord— I have heard thy voice, and it told thy grace divine; but I long to rise in the arms of faith, and be closer drawn to thee. and my will be lost in thine. I commune as friend with friend. Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, to the cross where thou hast died; draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, to thy precious, bleeding side.

2 Consecrate me now to thy service, Lord, by the power of love and joy, and at the close of the service, let me kneel in prayer and with thee, my God, thy will be done. I will rest in peace with thee. Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, to thy precious, bleeding side.

3 O the pure delight of a single hour that before thy throne I spend, when I kneel in prayer and with thee, my God, the cross is near; draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, to thy precious, bleeding side.

4 There are depths of love that I cannot know till I cross the narrow sea; there are heights of joy that I may not reach. I will rest in peace with thee. Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, to thy precious, bleeding side.

Text: Fanny J. Crosby (1820-1915)
Tune: William H. Doane (1832-1915)

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