

## I Am Thine, O Lord

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915

William H. Doane, 1832-1915

1. I am Thine, O Lord; I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy  
 2. Con-se - crate me now to Thy ser - vice, Lord, By the pow'r of  
 3. Oh, the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy  
 4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the

love to me. But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be  
 grace di - vine. Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my  
 throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer and with Thee, my God, I com-  
 nar - row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I

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clos - er drawn to Thee.  
 will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - er, near - er, bless-ed  
 mune as friend with friend! near - er, near - er,  
 rest in peace with Thee.

Lord, To the Cross where Thou hast died. Draw me near - er, near - er,

near - er, bless - ed Lord, To Thy pre - cious, bleed - ing side.