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. And my will be lost in Thine. Draw me nearer, 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 pow'r of grace divine; Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, I commune as friend with friend. Till I rest in peace with Thee.

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, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; 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 Chorus

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