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,

2. Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow’r of
grace divine; Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,

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,
narrow sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach

4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the

Chorus
And be closer drawn to Thee.
And my will be lost in Thine. Draw me nearer, nearer,
I commune as friend with friend. Till I rest in peace with Thee.
nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me nearer,

near-er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy precious bleeding side.

Words by Frances Jane Van Alstyne
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