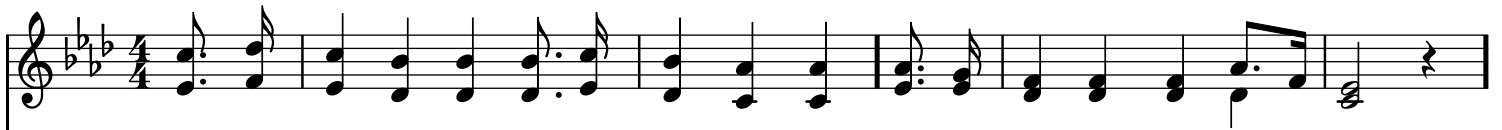


Fanny J. Crosby

W. H. Doane



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



But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clo - ser drawn to Thee.
 Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
 When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee.



REFRAIN



Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;



near - er, near - er



Draw me near - er, near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, wound - ed side.

