

CONSECRATION

455

I Am Yours, O Lord

Ps. 119:94

Fanny Crosby, 1874; alt.

1 I am yours, O Lord, I have heard your voice, and it
 2 O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour that be -
 3 Con - se - crate me now to your ho - ly work by the
 4 There are depths of love that I can - not know till I

told your love to me; But I long to rise in the
 fore your throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with
 power of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a
 cross the nar - row sea; There are heights of joy that I

arms of faith, drawn to you e - ter - nal - ly.
 you, my God, I com - mune as friend with friend! Draw me
 stead - fast hope; let your will be done, not mine.
 may not reach till I rest e - ter - nal - ly.

near - er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, to the cross where you have died;
 near - er, near - er

Fanny Crosby, blind from infancy, wrote more than 8,500 gospel hymns. On a speaking tour, she composed this hymn while she was a guest in the Cincinnati home of William Doane, a wealthy manufacturer, amateur musician, and gospel songwriter.

Tune: I AM YOURS 10.7.10.7. with refrain
 William H. Doane, 1874