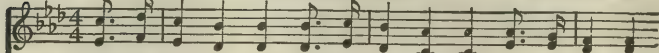


I Am Thine, O Lord.

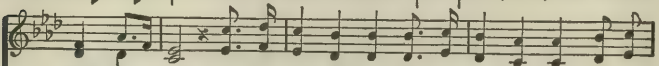
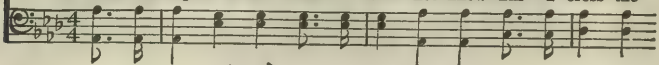
Fanny J. Crosby.

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FANNIE T. DOANE, OWNER.

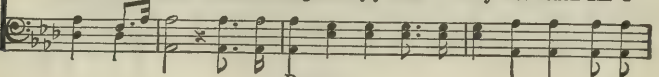
W. H. Doane.



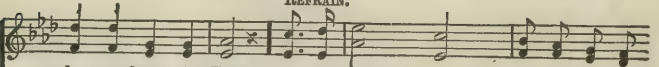
1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Un-se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the



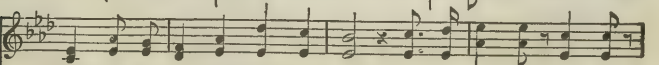
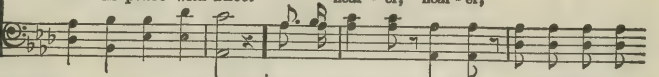
love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
 grace di-vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my
 throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com-
 nar-row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I



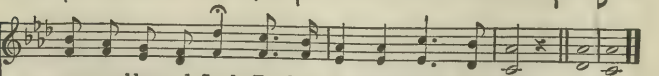
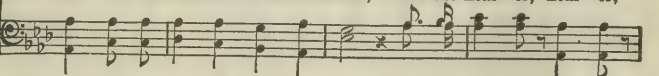
REFRAIN.



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



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. A-MEN.

