

# Nina Simone, Nearer Blessed Lord

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.

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,  
To the cross where Thou hast died;  
Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,  
To Thy precious, bleeding side.

Consecrate me now to Thy service,  
By the power of grace divine;  
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,  
And my will be lost in Thine

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,  
To the cross where Thou hast died;  
Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,  
To Thy precious, bleeding side

My soul look up with a steadfast hope,  
my will be lost in Thine

So draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,  
To the cross where Thou hast died;  
Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,  
To Thy precious, bleeding side