

More Like Jesus Would I Be

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1868. Music: Howard Doane.

More like Jesus would I be, let my Savior dwell with me;
Fill my soul with peace and lovemake me gentle as a dove;
More like Jesus, while I go, pilgrim in this world below;
Poor in spirit would I be; let my Savior dwell in me.

If He hears the raven's cry, if His ever watchful eye
Marks the sparrows when they fall, surely He will hear my call:
He will teach me how to live, all my sinful thoughts forgive;
Pure in heart I still would belet my Savior dwell in me.

More like Jesus when I pray, more like Jesus day by day,
May I rest me by His side, where the tranquil waters glide.
Born of Him through grace renewed, by His love my will subdued,
Rich in faith I still would belet my Savior dwell in me.