Oh To Be Like Thee

1. Oh to be like Thee! Blessed Redeemer; This is my constant long-ing and prayer; Glad-ly I’ll for-feit all of earth’s treas-ures,
   ten-der and kind. Help-ing the help-less, cheer-ing the faint-ing,
   noint-ing di- vine; All that I am and have I am bring-ing;

2. Oh to be like Thee! full of com-pas-sion, Lov-ing, for-giv-ing.
   Chorus
   Je-sus, Thy per-fect like-ness to wear.
   Seek-ing the wan-d’ring sin-ner to find.
   Oh to be like Thee!

3. Oh to be like Thee! Lord, I am com-ing, Now to re-ceive th’a-
   Lord, from this mo-ment all shall be Thine.
   Oh to be like Thee, Blessed Re-deem-er, pure as Thou art; Come in Thy
   sweet-ness, come in Thy full-ness; Stamp Thine own im-age deep on my heart.

Words by T. O. Chisholm
Music by William J. Kirkpatrick