

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1841

LOWELL MASON, 1856

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
 2. Though like a wan - der - er, Day - light all gone, Dark - ness be
 3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps up to heaven; All that Thou
 4. Then, with my wak - ing thoughts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
 5. Or if, on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

HOPE AND ASPIRATION

be a cross That rais-eth me! Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
 o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my
 send-est me, In mer-cy given; An - gels to heck-on me Near - er, my
 ston-y griefs Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my
 stars for-got, Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my

God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
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 God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!