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BETHANY 6 4. 6 4. 6 6. 6 4.

LOWELL MASON

SARAH F. ADAMS

Not too slow

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee,
2. Though like the wan - der - er,
3. There let the way ap - pear,

Near - er to Thee: E'en though it be a cross
The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou send - est me

That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,
My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be
In . . mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me

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

God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

4. Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise ;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

5. Or if on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.