

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, 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, my God, to thee, Nearer, to thee!