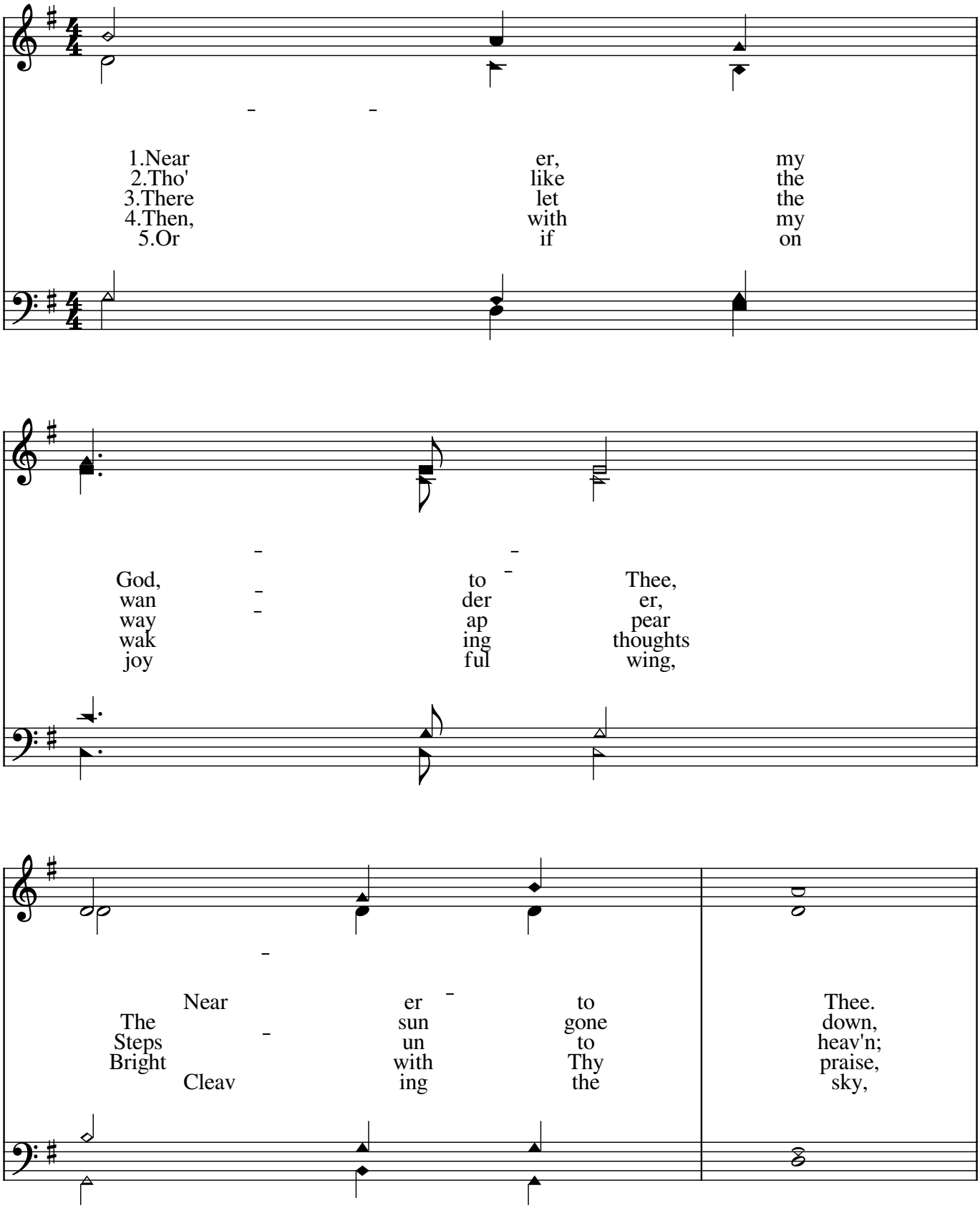
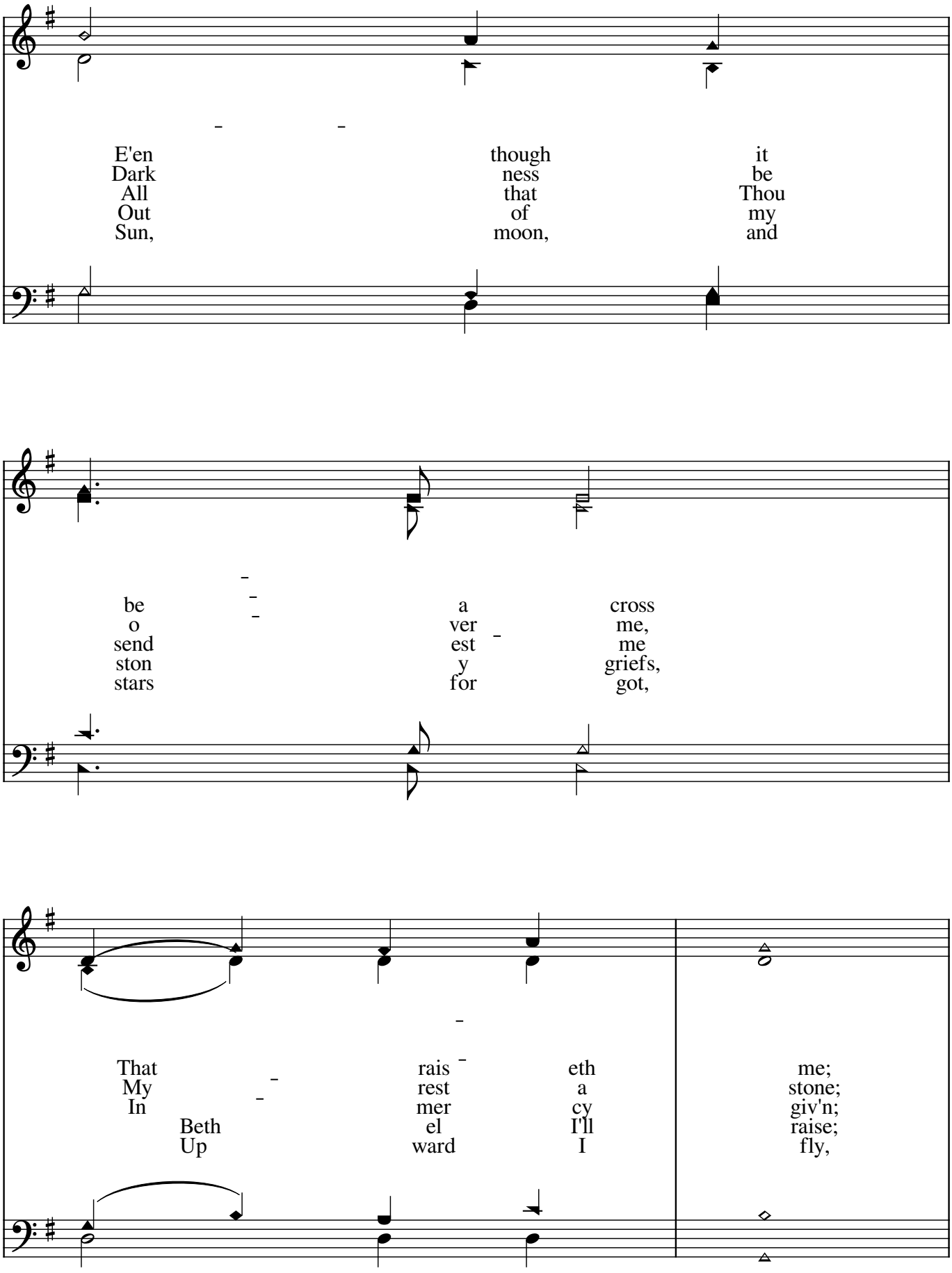
Sarah Adams, 1841

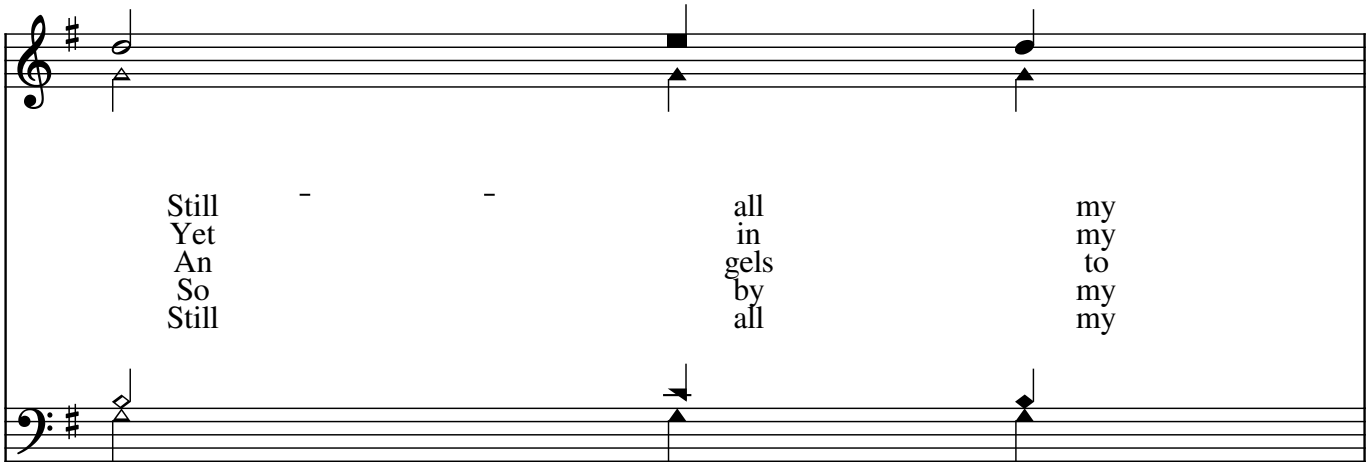
# Nearer, My God, To Thee

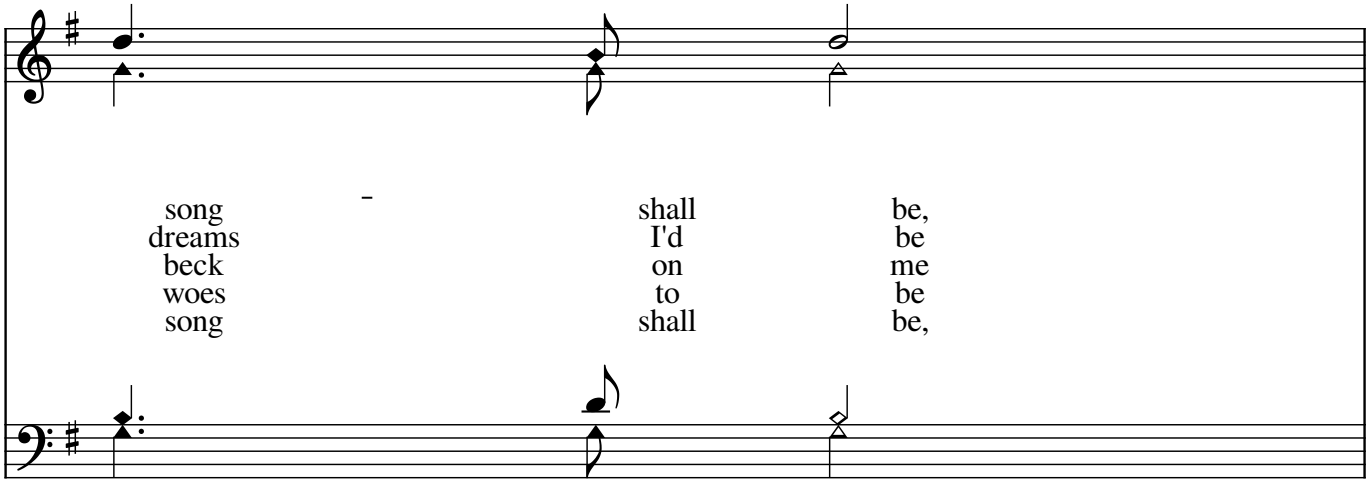
Bethany 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

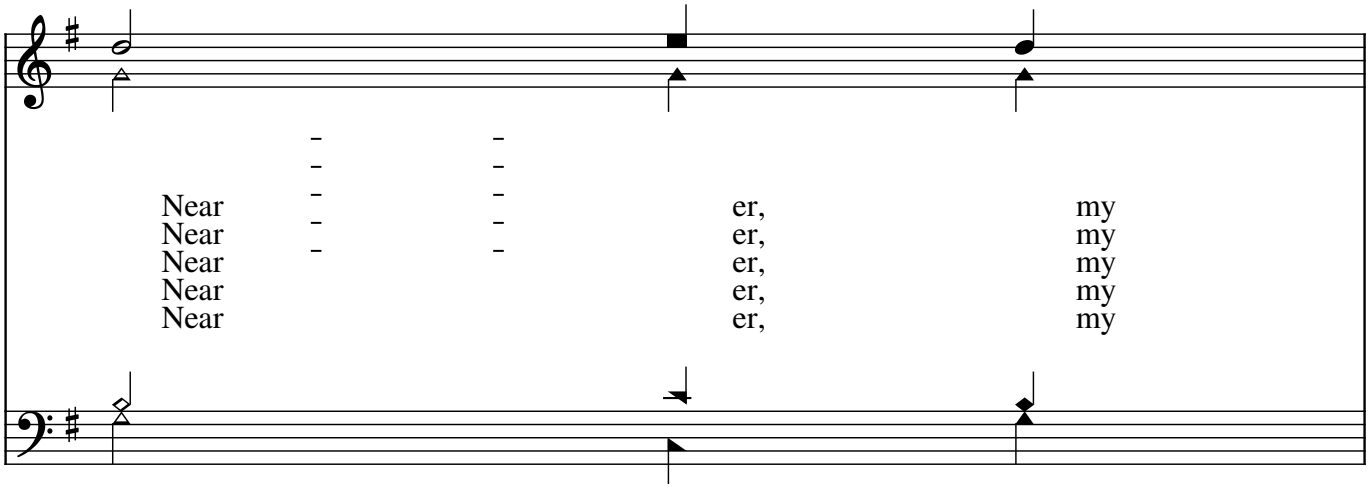
Lowell Mason, 1856

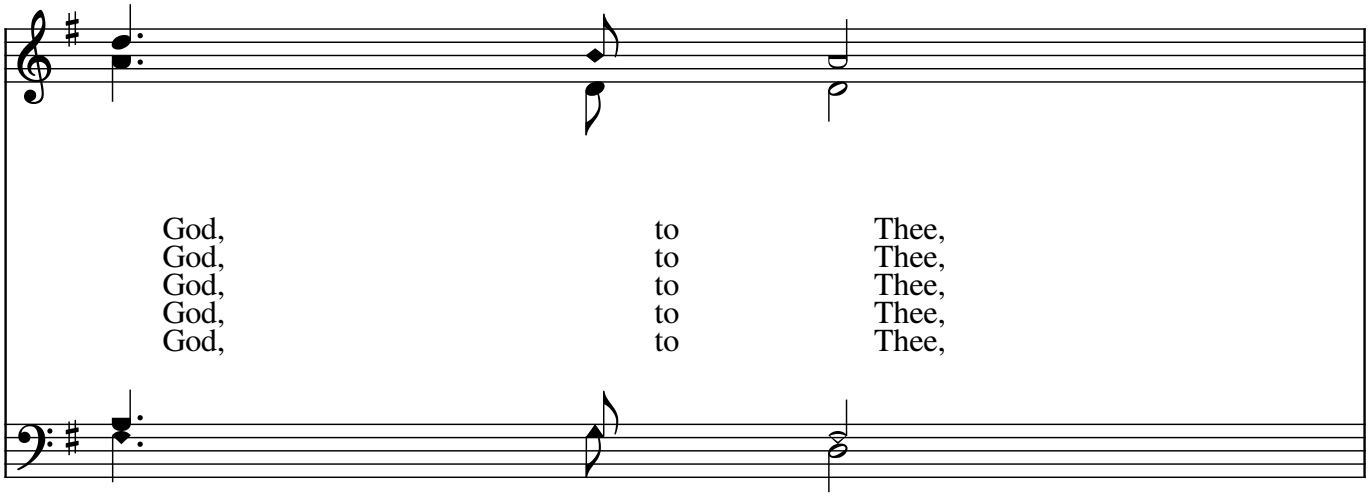


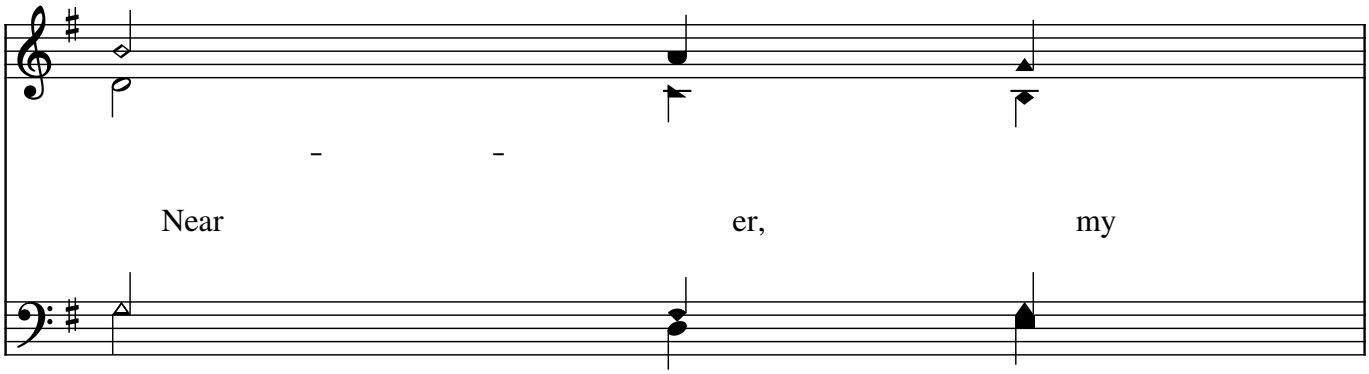

E'en though it
Dark ness be
All that Thou
Out of my
Sun, moon, and
be a cross
o ver me,
send est me
ston y griefs,
stars for got,
That rais eth me;
My rest a stone;
In mer cy giv'n;
Beth el I'll raise;
Up ward I fly,

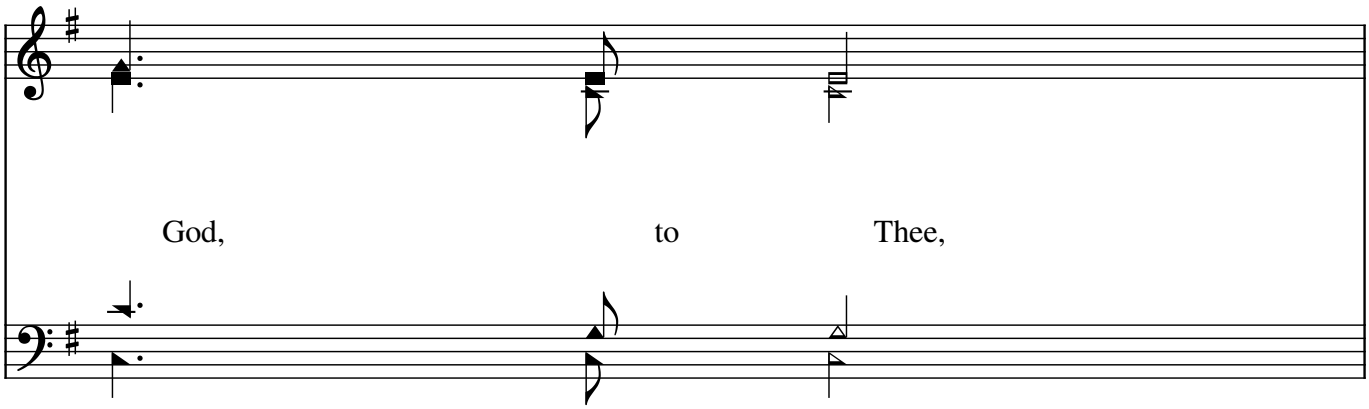

Still all my
Yet in my
An gels to
So by my
Still all my

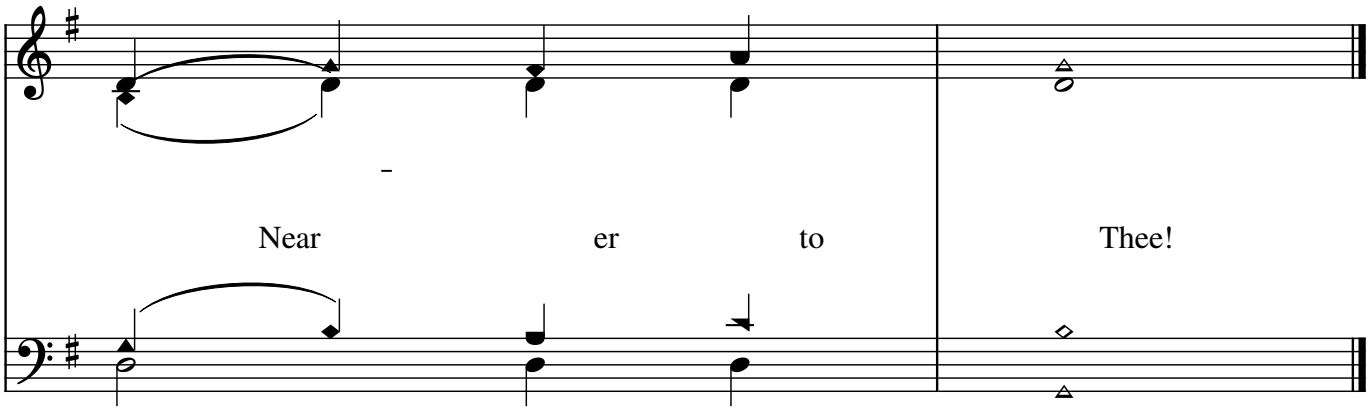

song shall be,
dreams I'd be
beck on me
woes to be
song shall be,


Near er, my
Near er, my
Near er, my
Near er, my
Near er, my


God, to Thee,
God, to Thee,
God, to Thee,
God, to Thee,
God, to Thee,


Near er, my


God, to Thee,


Near er to Thee!