

- 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!