

Nearer My God to Thee

Sarah F. Adams

My Song in the Night

American Folk Song
Michael D. Young

Near er my God to thee, near er to thee. Ev'n though it
Though like a wand er sun gone done. Dark ness be
There let the way ap pear, the heav'n; All that thou
Then with my wak ing thoughts, bright steps un to praise; Out of my
Or if, on joy ful wing cleav ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

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be a cross that rais eth me. Still all my song my song shall
o ver me, my rest a stone. Yet in, yet in my dreams, I'd
send est me, In mer cy giv'n; An gels, An gels to beck on
ston y griefs Beth el I'll raise; So by, so by my woes to
stars for got, up ward I fly, Still all, still all my song shall

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be. Near er my God to thee, near er to thee! To thee!
be.
me.
be.
be.