

*rallentando*

moth - er's hands this bi - ble clasped, She dy - ing gave it me. . . .  
 they are with the si - lent dead, Here are they liv - ing still. . . .  
 gain that lit - tle group is met With - in the halls of home! . . .  
 teach - ing me the way to live, It taught me how to die. . . .

### Nearer, My God, to Thee

S. F. ADAMS

L. MASON

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross  
 2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,  
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou send - est me  
 4. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,

That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,  
 My rest a stone, — Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,  
 In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me, Near - er, my God, to Thee,  
 Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,

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