1. Back from the Long Ago,
   Distant and dim,
   Breathing a warning low,

2. Oft in an hour of bliss
   Comes the refrain,
   Bidding me find in this,

3. Thus let me daily rise
   Nearer Thy throne,
   Nearer the lasting prize

Comes a sweet hymn; Fraught with my childhood dreams, Is it for me?
Heavenly gain; E’en in my griefs I say: Father, I flee
Kept for Thine own; E’en when Death’s heralds come, Lord, may they be

Chorus
Sacred and tender seems, “Nearer to Thee;” — “Still all my song shall be,
Out of this clouded way, Nearer to Thee;— “So by my woes to be
Angels to lead me home, Nearer to Thee;— “Angels to beckon me,

Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.”

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