

"NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE."

Psalm 42.

As pants the thirsting doe
To reach the cooling streams,
When round it, fiercely glow
The noon-day's searching beams,
So pants my soul to be,
Nearer my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Oh when, my God, shall I
Appear within thy courts,
Where foes no more defy,
Where God, my God, resorts?
For sore has been my shame,
When foes reproached Thy Name,
My God, Thy Name.

When I recall those days—
Sweet seasons of content—
Which I, in prayer and praise,
Within Thy courts have spent,
My soul in sorrow sore,
Longs thus to joy once more—
My God, once more.

Yet, why should I repine,
Or sink in deep distress,
While I can call *Thee* mine,
While I *such* hope possess?
For well I know thou'lt be
A Refuge sure for me—
My God, for me.

Deep calleth unto deep,
And all their billows roll,
Their onward march to keep,
To overwhelm my soul.
Yet still I know I'll see
Thy kindness, Lord, to me—
My Lord, to me.

Aye, all the livelong day,
And thro' the darksome night,
To Thee I'll calmly pray,
Who art my Life and Light;
And still my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee.

To God, my Hope, my Rock,
I'll lift my longing eye,
When foes deride and mock,
And tauntingly do cry,
With boastful air and nod,
"Where now is He, thy God?"
My soul, thy God.

Oh! why art thou, my soul,
Within me thus cast down?
Why sink beyond control
Beneath a *creature's* frown?
For yet I know I'll be
In heaven, my God, with thee—
In heaven with Thee.