

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 to thee.

5 And when 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 to thee.

HYMN 30. L. M.

THE DOXOLOGY.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise him, all creatures here below !
 Praise him above, ye heav'nly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !