Nearer, Still Nearer

1. Near-er, still near-er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my
2. Near-er, still near-er, noth-ing I bring, Naught as an
3. Near-er, still near-er, Lord, to be Thine; Sin with its
4. Near-er, still near-er, while life shall last, Till safe in

Sav-ior, so pre-cious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me
of-fr'ing to Je-sus, my King, On-ly my sin-ful,
fol-lies, I glad-ly re-sign, All of its pleas-ures,
glo-ry my an-chor is cast; Thru end-less a-ges,

close to Thy breast, Shel-ter me safe in that ha-ven of rest,
now con-trite heart; Grant me the cleans-ing Thy blood doth im-part,
pomp and its pride; Give me but Je-sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied,
ev-er to be Near-er, my Sav-ior, still near-er to Thee,

Shel-ter me safe in that hav-en of rest.
Grant me the cleans-ing Thy blood doth im-part.
Give me but Je-sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied.
Near-er, my Sav-ior, still near-er to Thee.

Words and Music by Lelia N. Morris