

One Sweetly Solemn Thought

Phoebe Cary, 1852.

Robert Ambrose, 1876.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
Nearer to my home today am I
Than e'er I've been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer today, the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the heavy cross,
Nearer to gain the crown.

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the deep and unknown stream
To be crossed ere we reach the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abysm,
Closer death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

Feel as I would my feet,
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be, I'm nearer home
Nearer now than I think.

Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen my power of faith!
Nor let me stand, at last, alone
Upon the shore of death.

Be Thee near when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think.