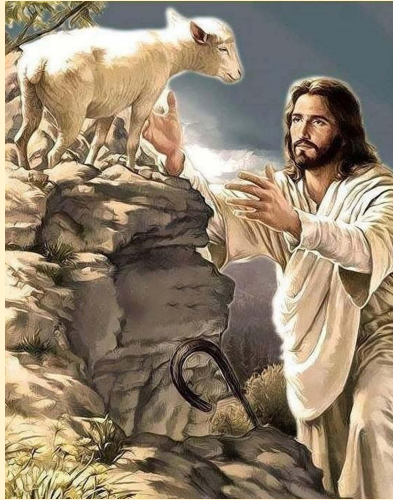


HE HAS DRAWN NIGH



*How could a God so far away
Know my sorrow, know my pain?
How could He my condition know,
He above, and I below?*

*Cease, oh my soul, thy wonderings,
He well knows thy sufferings;
He is not far, not far above,
He draws nigh in His great love.*

*This God of love once became flesh,
Lived as we and suffered death;
He suffered every sting and smart,
In our suffering took a part.*

*He walked this path before us here,
Knows every pain, every tear;
He is a loving, faithful friend,
Will be with us to the end.*

*He once took all our sin and pain
To the Cross, where they were slain;
He rose from death to life anew,
Now draws nigh to me and you.*

*Come, lay thy head upon His breast,
Closer, He, than our own breath;
He hears our faintest, our feeblest cry -*

He is come, He has drawn nigh.