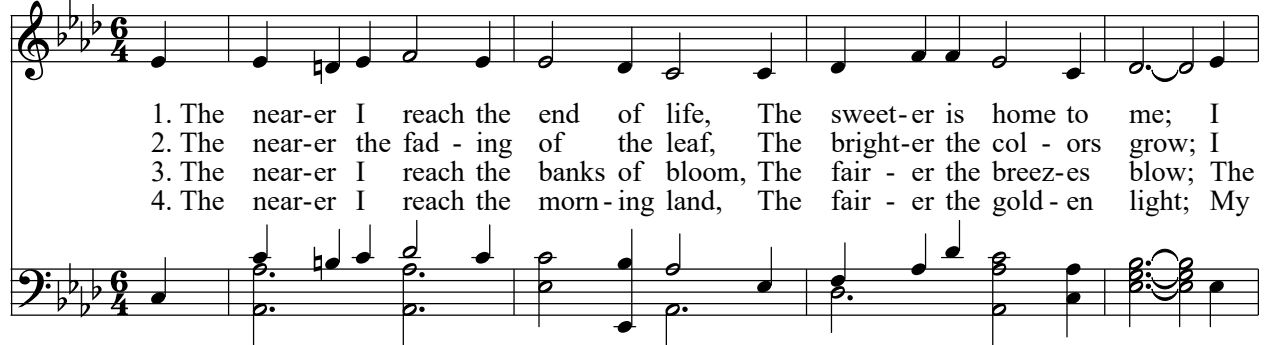


The Nearer, the Sweeter

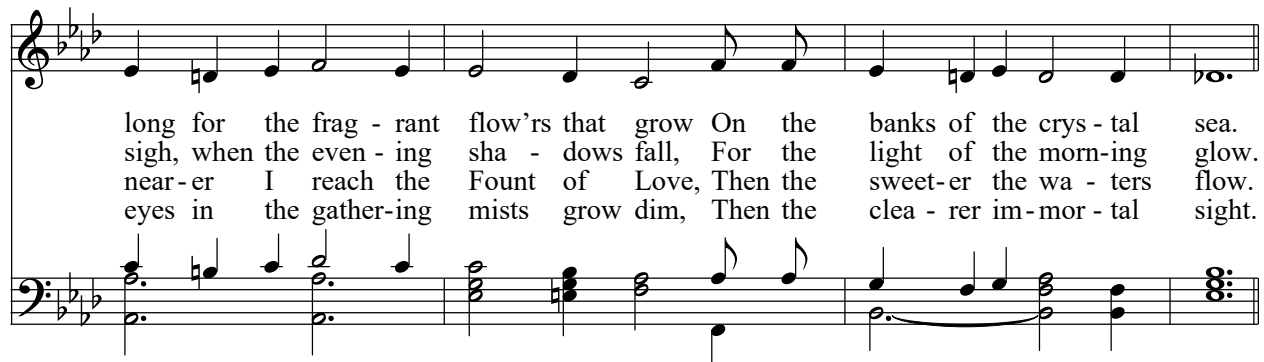
Jesse P. Tompkins, 1916

Bentley DeForest Ackley

$\text{♩} = 130$ *Duet*



1. The near-er I reach the end of life, The sweet-er is home to me; I
2. The near-er the fad - ing of the leaf, The bright-er the col - ors grow; I
3. The near-er I reach the banks of bloom, The fair - er the breez-es blow; The
4. The near-er I reach the morn - ing land, The fair - er the gold - en light; My

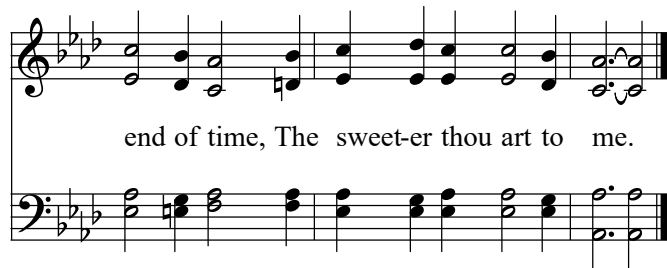


long for the frag - rant flow'rs that grow On the banks of the crys - tal sea.
sigh, when the even - ing sha - dows fall, For the light of the morn - ing glow.
near - er I reach the Fount of Love, Then the sweet - er the wa - ters flow.
eyes in the gather - ing mists grow dim, Then the clea - rer im - mor - tal sight.

Refrain



Home, home, heav-en-ly home, Fair are my dreams of thee; The near-er I reach the



end of time, The sweet-er thou art to me.