Still, Still with Thee

Words: Harriet B. Stowe
Music: Ira D. Sankey

1. Still, still with Thee, when purple morn ing break eth,
   When the bird wak eth, and the shadows flee;
   Fair er than morn ing, love li er than day light,
   Dawns the sweet conscious ness, I am with Thee.

2. Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shad ows,
   The solemn hush of na ture newly born;
   A lone with Thee in breath less ad o ra tion,
   In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

3. When sinks the soul, sub dued by toil to slumber,
   Its clos ing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
   Sweet the re pose be neath Thy wings o er shad ing,
   But sweet er still, to wake and find Thee there.

4. So shall it be at last, in that bright morn ing
   When the soul wak eth, and life’s shad ows flee;
   Oh, in that hour, fair er than day light dawning,
   Shall rise the glo rious thought, I am with Thee.