Still, Still with Thee

Words: Harriet Beecher Stowe
Music: Felix Mendelssohn

1. Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh, When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee; Fairer than morning, lovelier hush of nature newly born; Alone with Thee in breathless waketh, and life's shadows flee. O, in that hour, fairer than

2. Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows, The solemn

3. When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber, Its closing

4. So shall it be at last, in that bright morning When the soul