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 shad-ows flee;

2. Al- one with Thee, a-mid the mys-tic shad-ows,
   The sol-emn hush of na-ture new-ly born;

3. When sinks the soul, sub-dued by toil to slum-ber,
   Its clos-ing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;

4. So shall it be at last, in that bright morn-ing
   When the soul wak-eth, and life’s shad-ows flee;

   Fair-er than morn-ing, love-li-er than day-light,
   Fair-er than day-light daw-n ing,

   A-lone with Thee in breath-less ad-ora-tion,
   Oh, in that hour, fair-er than day-light daw-n ing,

   Sweet the re-pose be-neath Thy wings o’er shad-ing.
   Dawns the sweet con-scious-ness, I am with Thee.

   In the calm dew and fresh-ness of the morn.
   But sweet-er still, to wake and find Thee there.

   But sweet-er still, to wake and find Thee there.
   Shall rise the glo-ri-ous thought, I am with Thee.