Still, Still with Thee

1. Still, still with Thee, when purple morning break-eth, 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 words: Harriet Beecher Stowe
Music: Felix Mendelssohn

Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

ad o ra tion, In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

wings o'er shadowing, But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

day light dawn ing, Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee.

Words: Harriet Beecher Stowe
Music: Felix Mendelssohn

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