

even; No star, with its mild, cheer - ing ray, To
 driven, Be - set with treach - erous snares that lay To
 riven, And bit - ter tears of sor - row flow, No
 given; When, borne on an - gels' wings we soar To

chase the gloom, our fears al - lay— How sweet the light of heaven!
 lead our way - ward feet a - stray, How sweet the smiles of heaven!
 sooth - ing balm found here be - low— How sweet the joy of heaven!
 meet the Sav - iour we a - dore— How sweet the home in heaven!

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Still With Thee

Greenwood. S.M.

J. BURNS, 1857

J. E. SWEETSER, 1849

1. Still with Thee, O my God! I would de - sire to be;
 2. With Thee when dawn comes in, And calls me back to care;
 3. With Thee when day is done, And even - ing calms the mind;
 4. With Thee, in Thee, by faith A - bid - ing I would be;

By day, by night, at home, a - broad, I would he still with Thee.
 Each day re - turn - ing to be - gin With Thee, my God, in prayer.
 The set - ting, as the ris - ing sun, With Thee my heart would find.
 By day, by night, in life, in death, I would be still with Thee.