



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, 1855


J. ARTHUR DEMUTH, 1900




1. Still, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn - ing break - eth,
 2. A - lone with Thee, a - mid the mys - tic shad - ows,
 3. As in the dawn - ing, o'er the wave - less o - cean,
 4. When sinks the soul, sub - dued by toil, to slum - ber,
 5. So shall it be at last, in that bright morn - ing,

When the bird wak - eth, and the shad - ows flee;
 The sol - emn hush of na - ture new - ly born;
 The im - age of the morn - ing star doth rest,
 Its clos - ing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
 When the soul wak - eth, and life's shad - ows flee;

Fair - er than morn - ing, love - lier than the day - light,
 A - lone with Thee, in ho - ly ad - o - ra - tion,
 So in this still - ness Thou he - hold - est on - ly
 Sweet the re - pose be - neath Thy wings o'er - shad - ing,
 Oh, in that glad hour, fair - er than day dawn - ing,

Dawns the sweet con - scious - ness, I am with Thee!
 In the calm dew and fresh - ness of the morn.
 Thine im - age mir - rored in my peace - ful breast.
 But sweet - er still, to wake and find Thee there.
 Shall rise the glo - rious thought, I am with Thee!

