

“Still with Thee.”

Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the first consciousness, I am with Thee.

Still, still with Thee as to each new-born morning,
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness, awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and heav'n.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer:
Sweet the repose, beneath Thy wing o'er-shad'wing,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee;
O! in that hour, fairer than daylight's dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

"Still with Thee."

(Harriet Beecher Stowe.)

Moderato.

ARTHUR WHITING.

Contralto.
(Bass.)

Still, still with

Organ.

p e legato *mf*
Ped.

Thee, when pur-ple morn-ing break-eth, When the bird wak-eth, and the

shad-ows flee; Fair-er than morn-ing, lovelier than the day-light,

rall.

Dawns the first consciousness, I am with Thee.

Still, still with Thee as to each new-born morn-ing — A fresh and

sol-ern splen-dor still is giv - en, So doth this bless - ed

rall.

consciousness, a - wak - ing, Breathe, each day, near-ness un-to Thee and heav'n.

When sinks the

soul, sub - dued by toil to slum - ber, Its clos - ing

eye looks up to Thee in prayer: Sweet the re - pose, be -

Ped.

neath Thy wings o'er - shad - ed, But sweet - er still to wake and find Thee

there. *f* So shall it be at last, _____ in that bright morn-ing,

mf

When the soul wak-eth, and life's shad - ows flee; O! in that hour,

f

fair-er than day light's dawning, Shall rise the glorious thought,

ff *dim.*

rall.
I am with Thee!

p *rall.* *pp*