Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh







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

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows, The solemn hush of nature newly born; Alone with Thee in breathless adoration, In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

Still, still with Thee, as to each newborn morning, A fresh and solemn splendor still is given, So does this blessèd consciousness, awaking, Breathe each day nearness unto Thee and Heaven. When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber, Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer; Sweet the repose beneath the wings o'ershading, 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 dawning, Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee.

Harriet B. Stowe