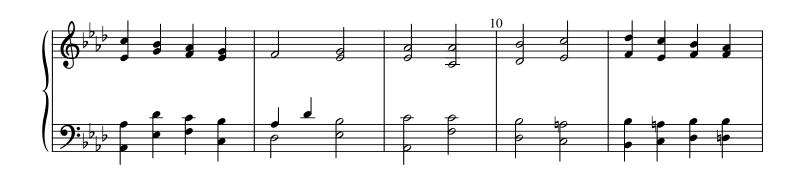
Abide in me, O Lord, and I in Thee







Abide in me, O Lord, and I in Thee, From this good hour, oh, leave me nevermore; Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed, The lifelong bleeding of the soul be o'er.

Abide in me; o'ershadow by Thy love Each half formed purpose and dark thought of sin; Quench ere it rise each selfish, low desire, And keep my soul as Thine, calm and divine.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay, Pervades it with a fragrance not its own, So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul, All Heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown. Abide in me; there have been moments blest When I have heard Thy voice and felt Thy power; Then evil lost its grasp; and passion, hushed, Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare; Abide in me, and they shall ever be; Fulfill at once Thy precept and my prayer, Come, and abide in me, and I in Thee.

Harriet Stowe