



High Voice



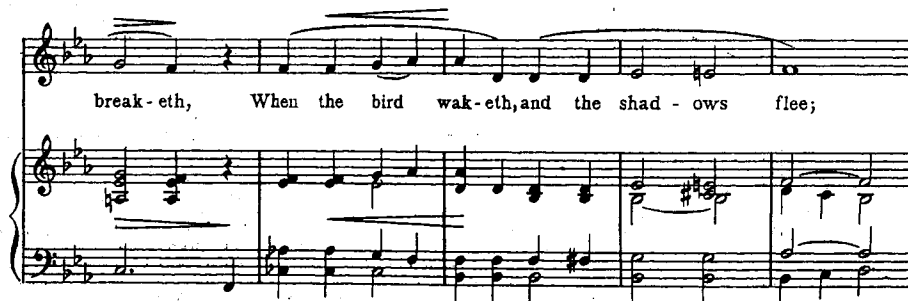
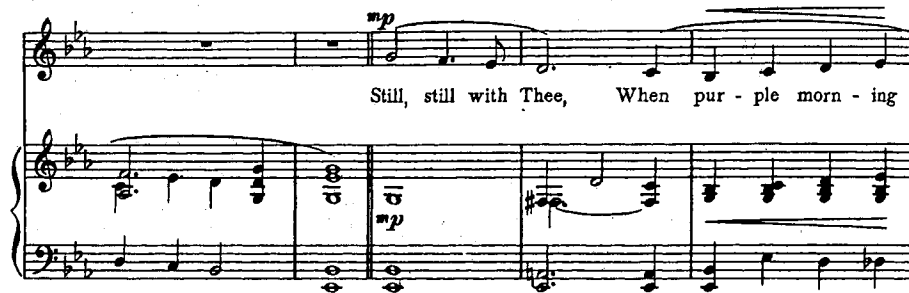
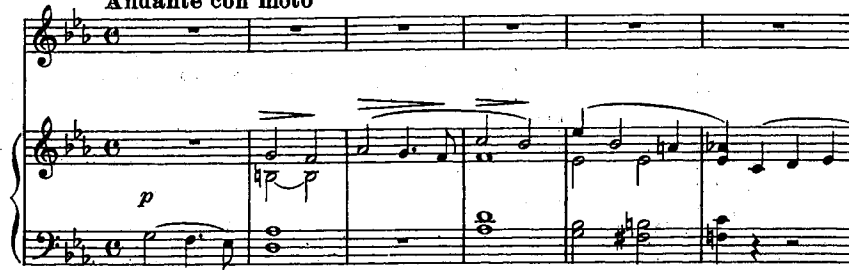
Low Voice

Still, still with Thee

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

C. B. HAWLEY

Andante con moto



mf

Fair - er than morn - ing, Love - li - er than day - light, Dawns the sweet

mf

rit

con-scious-ness, I am with Thee.

rit *ppp*

ppp

A - lone with Thee A - mid the mys - tic

shad-ows, The sol - emp hush of na - ture new - ly born; A -

lone — with Thee in breath-less ad-o-ra-tion, In the calm

dew — and fresh-ness of the morn,— In the calm dew, and

fresh-ness of the morn.

Con moto

Still, still with Thee! as to each new-born morn-ing A

fresh and sol-emn splen - dor still is giv'n, So doth this

bles - ed con-sious-ness 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 - neath Thy wings o'er - shad - ing But

sweet - er still, to wake and find Thee there, But

sweet - er still, to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morn - ing,

When the soul wak-eth, and life's shad - ows flee;

Oh! in that hour, Fair-er than day - light dawn - ing,

cresc. e accel.
Shall rise the glo - rious thought, I am with Thee, Shall

rit rise the glo - rious thought, I am with Thee!
ff rit