

1 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.

2 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.

3 Still, still with Thee! As to each newborn morning A fresh and solemn splendour still is given, So does this blessed consciousness, awaking, Breathe each day nearness unto Thee and heaven.

4 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.