



- 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. As in the dawning o'er the waveless ocean the image of the mornings star doth rest, so in this stillness thou beholdest only thine image in the waters of my breast.
- 4. Still, still with thee! as to each new-born morning a fresh and solemn splendour still is given, so doth this blessed consciousness, awaking, breathe, each day, nearness unto thee and heaven.
- 5. 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.
- 6. 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!

Words: Harriet Beecher Stowe. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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