Sacred Song

by

Famous Composers


Woodman, R. Huntington. The Day is gently sinking to a close. High Voice, D. Low Voice, Bb.
Still, still with Thee

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

OLEY SPEAKS

Maestoso

Still, still with Thee, When purple morning breaketh, When the bird

Moderato

waketh, And the shadows flee; Fairer than morning,

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Lover than the daylight, Dawns the sweet conscious-ness, I am with thee.

As in the dawning O'er the wave-less ocean, The image of the
morn-ing-star doth rest, So in this still-ness Thou be-hold-est

only Thine im-age, in the wa-ters of my breast.

Andante

When sinks the soul, sub-dued by toil,
slumber,

Its closing eye looks up to Thee...

prayer.

Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'er

shading But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee

accel. e cresc.
Grandioso

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 dawn ing,

very broad

Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee,

very broad

Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee.