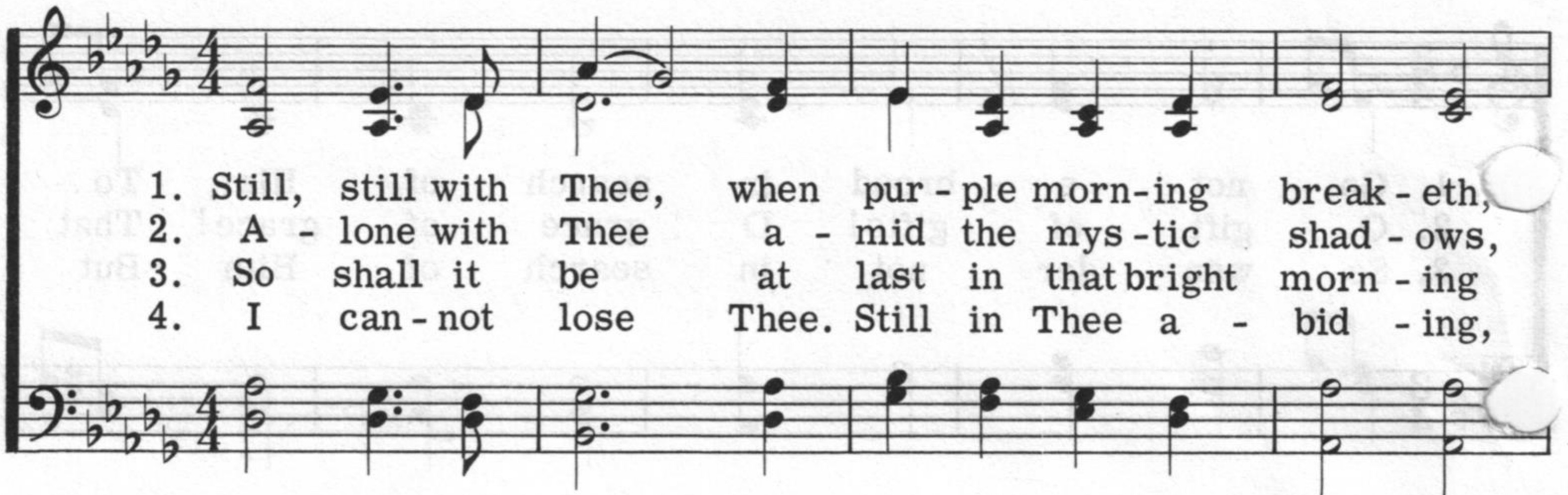


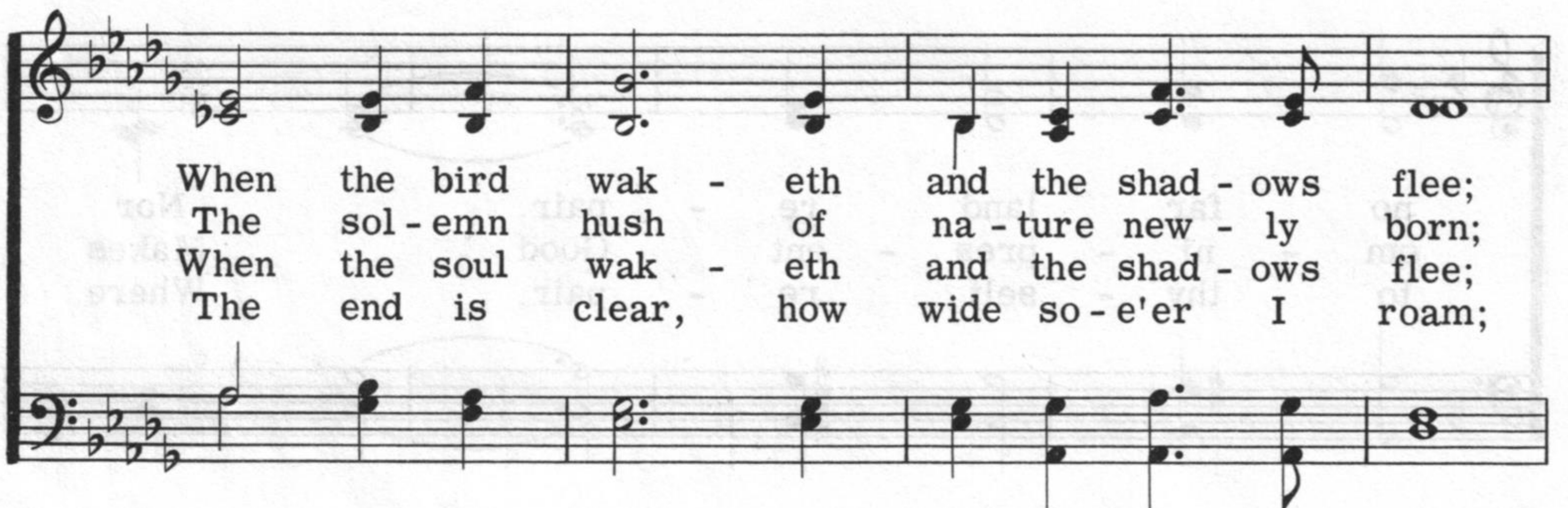
Harriet Beecher Stowe, adapted
Stanza 4, Anonymous

CONSOLATION

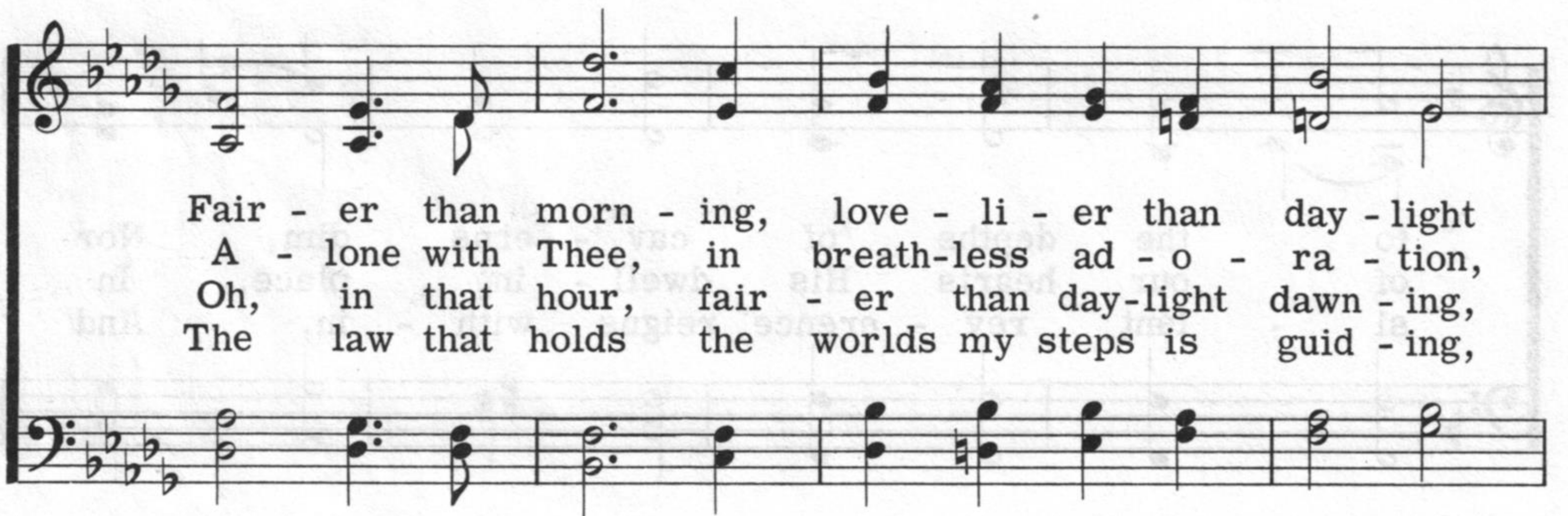
Arranged from Felix Mendels



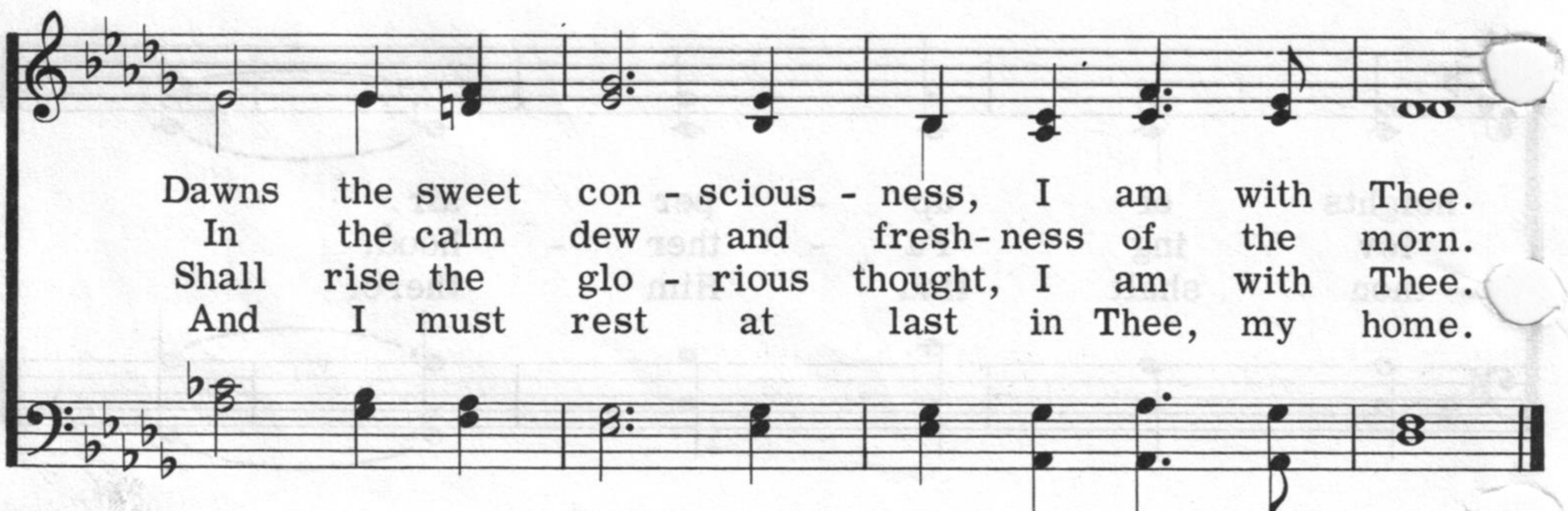
1. Still, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn - ing break - eth,
2. A - lone with Thee a - mid the mys - tic shad - ows,
3. So shall it be at last in that bright morn - ing
4. I can - not lose Thee. Still in Thee a - bid - ing,



When the bird wak - eth and the shad - ows flee;
The sol - emn hush of na - ture new - ly born;
When the soul wak - eth and the shad - ows flee;
The end is clear, how wide so - e'er I roam;



Fair - er than morn - ing, love - li - er than day - light
A - lone with Thee, in breath - less ad - o - ra - tion,
Oh, in that hour, fair - er than day - light dawn - ing,
The law that holds the worlds my steps is guid - ing,



Dawns the sweet con - scious - ness, I am with Thee.
In the calm dew and fresh - ness of the morn.
Shall rise the glo - rious thought, I am with Thee.
And I must rest at last in Thee, my home.