

# Abide with Me

1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide;  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;  
 3. I need thy pre - sence ev - ery pas - sing hour.  
 4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;  
 5. Hold thou thy cross be - fore my clo - sing eyes;

the dark - ness dee - pens; Lord, with me a - bide.  
 earth's joys grow dim; its glo - ries pass a - way;  
 What but thy grace can foil the temp - ter's power?  
 ills have no weight, and tears not bit - ter - ness.  
 shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.

When o - ther hel - pers fail and com - forts flee,  
 change and de - cay in all a - round I see;  
 Who, like thy - self, my guide and stay can be?  
 Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?  
 Heaven's mor - ning breaks, and earth's vain sha - dows flee;

Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.  
 O thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me.  
 Through cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me.  
 I tri - umph still, if thou a - bide with me.  
 in life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.

Text: Henry F. Lyte, 1847  
 Tune: W. H. Monk, 1861



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