Abide with Me

LUKE 24:29
Henry F. Lyte, 1847

William H. Monk, 1861

1. Abide with me; fast falls the eventide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life’s little day; Earth’s joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
3. I need Thy presence every passing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter’s pow’r?
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
5. Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes; Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;

When other helpers fail and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.
Change and decay in all around I see—O Thou who changest not, abide with me.
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.
Where is death’s sting? Where, grave, thy victory? I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
Heav’n’s morning breaks, and earth’s vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.