

# Abide with Me

1 A - bide with me: fast falls the ev - en - tide;  
 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;  
 3 I need your pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour.  
 4 I fear no foe with you at hand to bless,  
 5 Hold now your Word be - fore my clo - sing eyes.

the dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide.  
 earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way.  
 ▶ What but your grace can foil the tempt - er's power?  
 though ills have weight, and tears their bit - ter - ness.  
 Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.

When o - ther help - ers fail and com - forts flee,  
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see.  
 ▶ Who like your - self my guide and strength can be?  
 Where is death's sting? Where, grave, your vic - to - ry?  
 Heaven's morn - ing breaks and earth's vain shad - ows flee;

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

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



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