Abide with Me

1 Abide with me, fast falls the evening tide;
   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 your presence every passing hour;
   what but your grace can foil the tempter's power?

4 I fear no foe, with you at hand to bless;
   ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.

5 Hold now your cross before my closing eyes;
   shine through the gloom and point me to the skies:

When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
   When change and decay in all around I see:

Who, like yourself, my guide and stay can be?
   Where is death's sting? Where, grave, your victory?

When the broad sea stands high, when peaceable is the sky,
   heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;

Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
   O Lord who changes not, abide with me.

Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.
   I triumph still, if you abide with me.

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Hymnary.org