Abide with Me

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 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;
   Iills 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,
   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?

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.

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