

Henry F. Lyte

# Abide With Me

William H. Monk

A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven tide.  
Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day.  
I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour.  
I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes;

5

The dark - ness deep - ens: Lord, with me a - bide!  
Earth's joys grow dim; its glo - ries pass a - way.  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r?  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness.  
Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies.

9

When oth - er help - ers 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 - ti - ry?  
Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain sha - dows flee!

13

Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me!  
O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!  
Thro' clouds and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me!  
I tri - umph still if Thou a - bide with me!  
In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!