

Abide With Me

Henry F. Lyte, 1793-1847

William H. Monk, 1823-1889

A - bide with me, fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark - ness
I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy
Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no
Hold thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes: Shine through the

deep - ens, Lord, with me a - bide; When oth - er help - ers
grace can foil the tempt - er's power? Who, like Thy - self, my
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way: Change and de - cay in
weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness. Where is Death's sting? Where,
gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and

fail and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me!
all a - round I see; O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
Grave, thy vic - tor - y? I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me!
earth's vain shad - ows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!