


# Abide With Me

Henry Francis Lyte (1847)

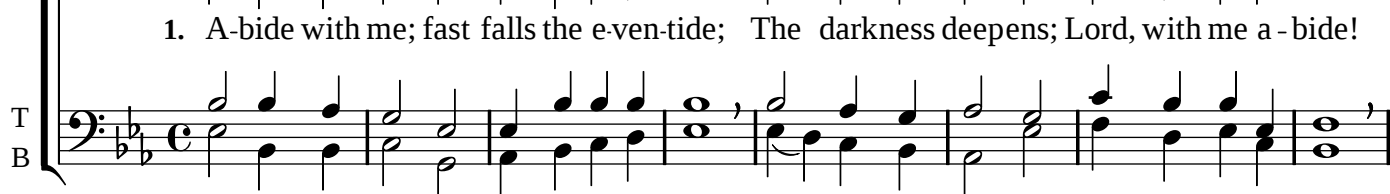
William Henry Monk (1861)

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1. A-bide with me; fast falls the e-ven-tide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me a-bide!


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B



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When other help-ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a-bide with me!



2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!
3. I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:  
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still if Thou abide with me!
5. Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;  
shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.