

# Abide With Me

Henry F. Lyte, 1793-1847

William H. Monk, 1861

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 ever - y pass - ing hour;  
I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes,

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 temp - ter's power?  
Ills have no weight and tears no bit - ter - ness.  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;

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, thy vic - tor - y?  
Heaven's morn - ing breaks and earth's vain shad - ows flee;

Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.  
O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me.  
Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me.  
I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me.  
In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.