Abide With Me

EVENTIDE

Henry F. Lyte, 1847

William H. Monk, 1861

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness deep - ens;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its
3. I need thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour; What but thy grace can
4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless: Ills have no weight, and
5. Hold thou thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine through the gloom, and

Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts
glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a - round I
foil the tempt - er's pow'r? Who like thy - self my guide and stay can
tears no bit - ter - ness. Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic - tor -
point me to the skies: Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows

flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.
see; O thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me.
be? Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me.
y? I tri - umph still, if thou a - bide with me.
flee: In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.