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Abide with Me

Henry Francis Lyte, 1847

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William Henry Monk, 1861

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide;
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour;
 4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:

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 power?
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness.

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 - to - ry?

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, Lord, a - bide with me.
 I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide 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.