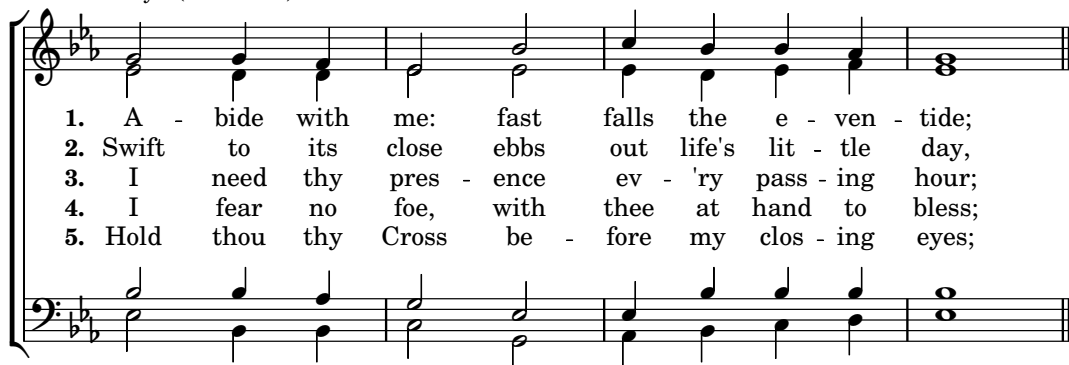


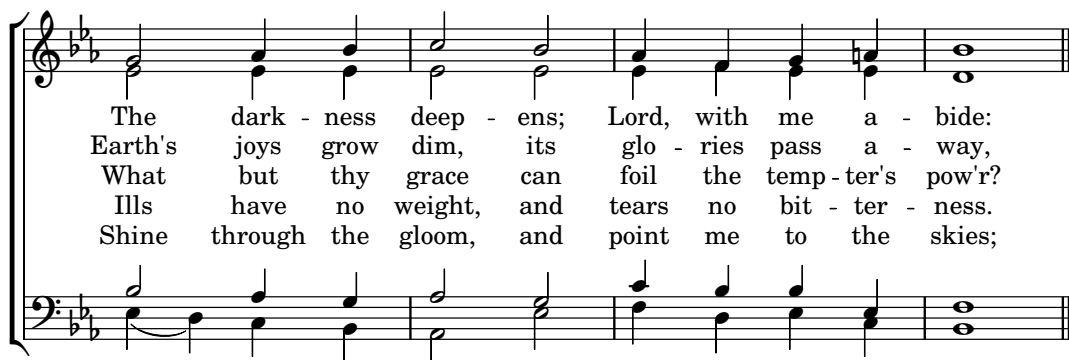
ABIDE WITH ME

Music: EVENTIDE, 10.10.10.10., W.H. Monk (1823 – 1889)

Text: H.F. Lyle (1793-1847)



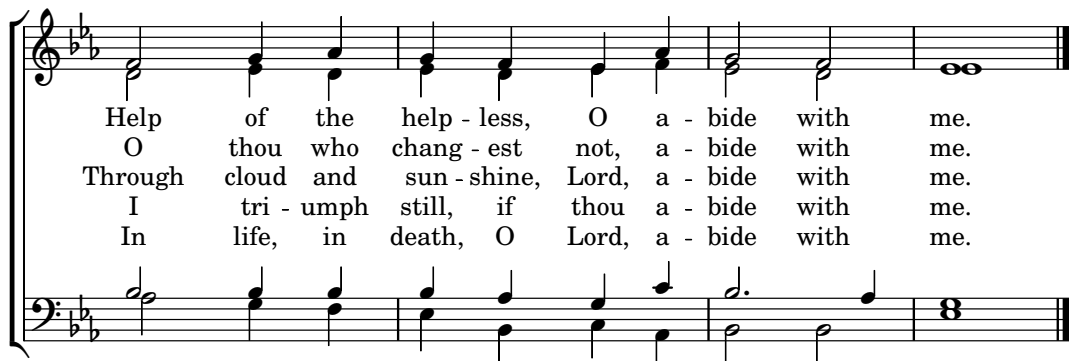
1. A - bidē with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day,
3. I need thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour;
4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
5. Hold thou thy Cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes;



The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bidē:
Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way,
What but thy grace can foil the temp - ter's pow'r?
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, grave, thy vic - to - ry?
Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain sha - dows flee:



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