

ABIDE WITH ME

(Eventide. 10s.)

Henry F. Lyte

Wm. H. Monk

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide;
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
 3. Not a brief glance I ask, nor pass - ing word,
 4. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour;
 5. 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;
 But as Thou dwell'st with Thy dis - cip - les, Lord,
 What Ills but Thy grace can and Thy foil the temp - ter's pow'r:
 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;
 Fa - mil - iar, con - de - scend - ing, pa - tient, free,
 Who, like Thy self, my guide and stay can be?
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, and thy vic - to - ry?

Help of the help - less, O, a - bide with me!
 O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
 Come, not to so - journ, but a - bide with me!
 Thro' cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me!
 I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me.