

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 eve - 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 - bide.
 Earth's joys grow dim, Its glo - ries pass a - way;
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r?
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness;
 Shine thru 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 - bide with me.
 O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
 Thru cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me.
 I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me.
 In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.