

# Abide With Me

B-004

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!  
Through 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.

Hymn: 10.10.10.10 • Henry F. Lyte (1847)

Tune: EVENTIDE • William H. Monk (1861)

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