

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.