

6 Thou liv'st and lovest without end,  
 And dost perform Thy Word;  
 My passing soul I now commend  
 To Thee, my God and Lord!

439

No. 6.

O LORD, my God, I cry to Thee,  
 In my distress Thou helpest me;  
 To Thee myself I all commend,  
 O swiftly now Thine angel send,  
 To guide me home and cheer my heart,  
 Since Thou dost call me to depart.

2 O Jesus Christ, Thou Lamb of God,  
 Once slain to take away our load,  
 Now let Thy cross, Thine agony,  
 Avail to save and solace me,  
 Thy death to open heav'n, and there  
 Bid me the joy of angels share.

3 O Holy Spirit, at the end,  
 Sweet Comforter, be Thou my Friend;  
 When death and hell assail me sore,  
 Leave me, O leave me nevermore,  
 But bear me safely through the strife,  
 As Thou hast promised, into life.

440

No. 48.

ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;  
 The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!  
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;



Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,  
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,  
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,  
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.

4 Come not in terrors as the King of kings,  
But kind and good, with healing on Thy wings;  
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;  
O Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,  
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,  
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:  
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

6 I need Thy presence every passing hour:  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

7 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

8 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes,  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows  
flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!