

# ABIDE WITH ME

Henry Francis Lyte (1793–1847)

William Henry Monk (1823–1889)

1. A - bidē with me; Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark - ness  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow  
 3. Thou on my head in ear - ly youth didst smile, And though re -  
 4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bidē! When o - ther help - ers  
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in  
 bel - lious and per - verse mean - while, Thou hast not left me,  
 weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness. Where is death's sting? Where,

fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bidē with me.  
 all a - round I see; O Thou who chan-gest not, a - bidē with me.  
 oft as I left Thee. On to the close, O Lord, a - bidē with me.  
 grave, thy vic - to - ry? I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bidē with me.