

*We know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us. I John 3:24*

Henry F. Lyte, 1847

EVENTIDE (MONK) 10. 10. 10. 10.

William H. Monk, 1861



1. A - bide 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. I need thy pres - ence ev - ery pass-ing hour; What but thy
4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless: Ills have no
5. Hold thou thy cross be - fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine through the



deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers  
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in  
grace can foil the tempt-er's pow'r? Who like thy - self my  
weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness. Where is death's sting? where,  
gloom, and point me to the skies: Heav'n's morn-ing breaks, and



fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a-bide with me.  
all a-round I see; O thou who chang-est not, a-bide with me.  
guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sun-shine, O a-bide with me.  
grave, thy vic - to - ry? I tri-umph still, if thou a-bide with me.  
earth's vain shad-ows flee: In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me. A-MEN.

