

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. *I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry 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 - bidē. 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

<sup>11</sup>  
 fail and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bidē with me.  
 all a - round I see. O Thou who chang-est not, a - bidē with me.  
*guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sun-shine, O a - bidē with me.*  
 grave, thy vic - to - ry? I tri-umph still, if Thou a - bidē with me.  
 earth's vain shad-ows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bidē with me.

Music: William H. Monk, 1861

Text: Henry F. Lyte, 1847

EVENTIDE (Monk)

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