

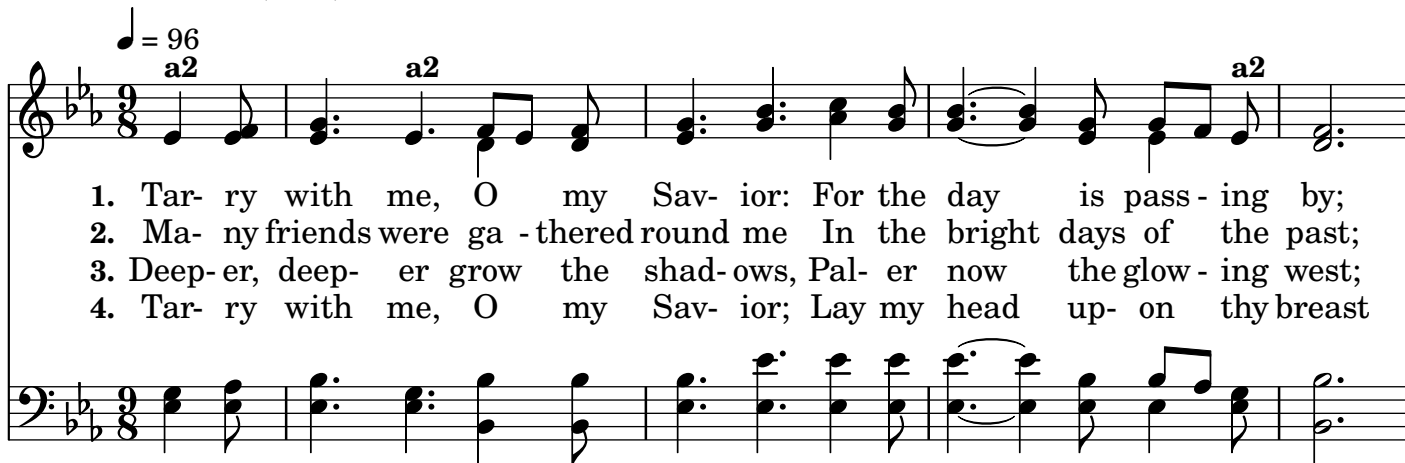
Tarry With Me

TARRY WITH ME (SHAW) 8.7.8.7 D

Caroline L. Smith (1853)

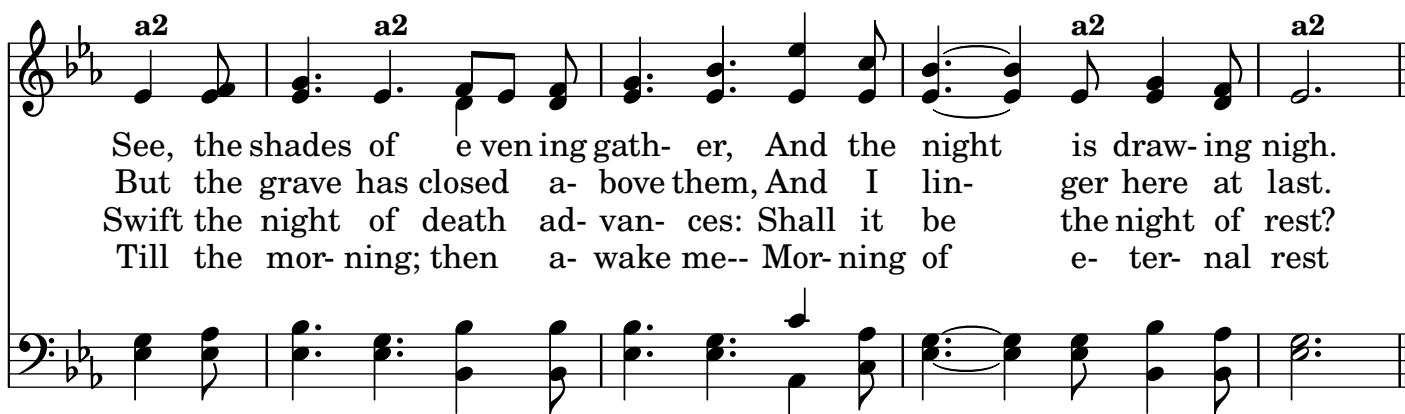
Knowles Shaw

$\text{♩} = 96$
a2 a2 a2



1. Tar-ry with me, O my Sav-ior: For the day is pass-ing by;
2. Ma-ny friends were ga-thered round me In the bright days of the past;
3. Deep-er, deep-er grow the shad-ows, Pal-er now the glow-ing west;
4. Tar-ry with me, O my Sav-ior; Lay my head up-on thy breast

a2 a2 a2 a2

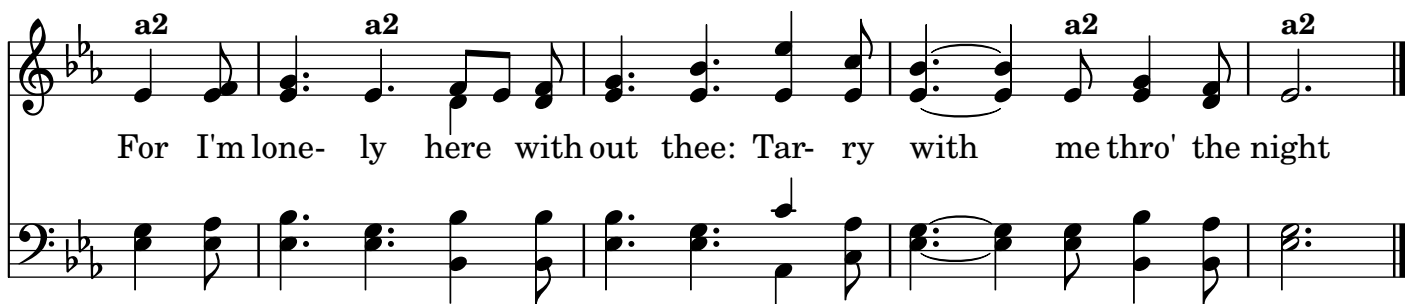


See, the shades of evening gath-er, And the night is draw-ing nigh.
But the grave has closed a-bove them, And I lin-ger here at last.
Swift the night of death ad-van-c-es: Shall it be the night of rest?
Till the mor-n-ing; then a-wake me-- Mor-n-ing of e-ter-nal rest



Tar-ry with me, bless-ed Sav-ior; Leave me not till morn-ing light:

a2 a2 a2 a2



For I'm lone-ly here with-out thee: Tar-ry with me thro' the night