

1. A - bid with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide;  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day,  
 3. I need thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour;  
 4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;  
 5. Hold thou thy Cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes;

The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bid:  
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way,  
 What but thy grace can foil the temp - ter's pow'r?  
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness.  
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail and com - forts flee,  
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;  
 Who, like thy - self, my guide and stay can be?  
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?  
 Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain sha - dows flee:

Help of the help - less, O a - bid with me.  
 O thou who chang - est not, a - bid with me.  
 Through cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bid with me.  
 I tri - umph still, if thou a - bid with me.  
 In life, in death, O Lord, a - bid with me.