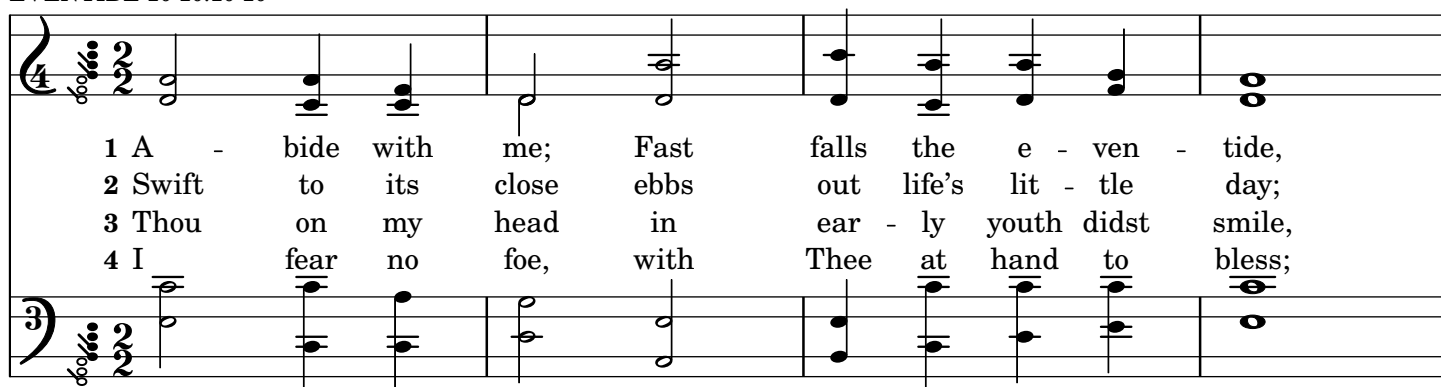


# Abide with me

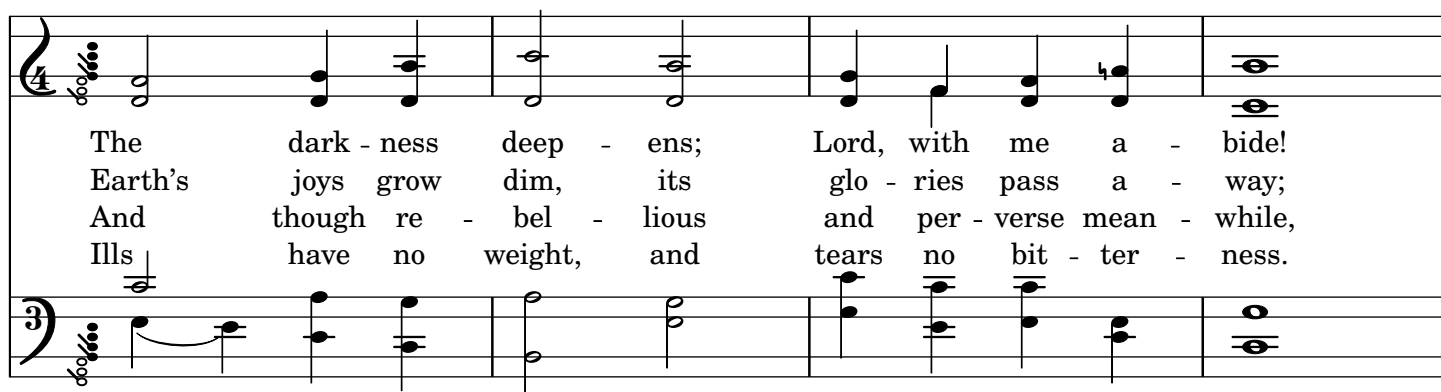
Text: Henry F. Lyte, 1847

Music: William H. Monk, 1861

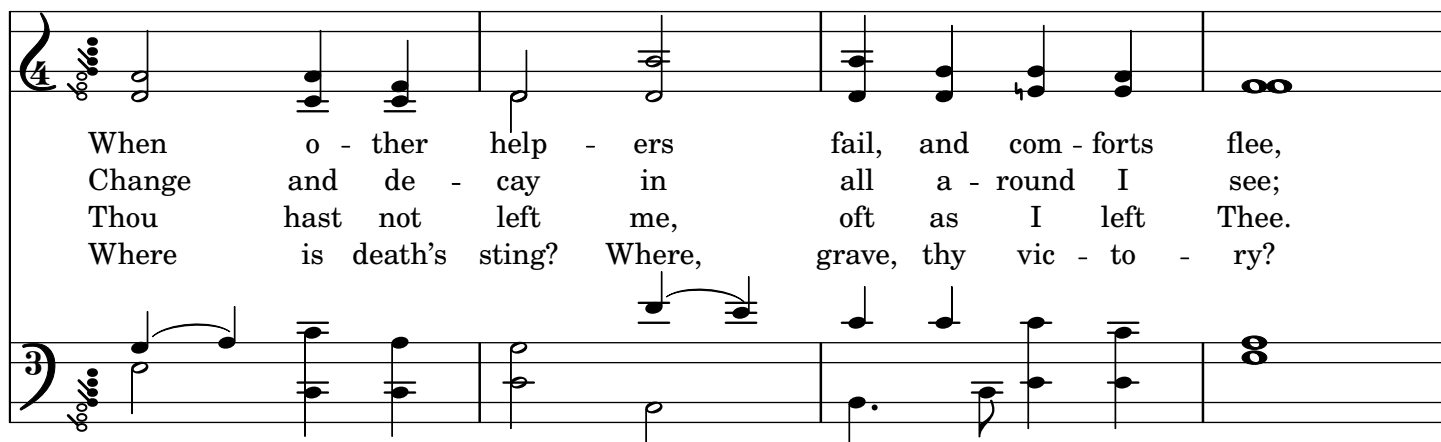
EVENTIDE 10 10.10 10



1 A - bide with me; Fast falls the e - ven - tide,  
2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;  
3 Thou on my head in ear - ly youth didst smile,  
4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;



The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide!  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;  
And though re - bel - lious and per - verse mean - while,  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness.



When o - ther help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,  
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;  
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee.  
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?



Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me.  
O Thou who chan - gest not, a - bide with me.  
On to the close, O Lord, a - bide with me.  
I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me.