

Abide with me

Text: Henry F. Lyte, 1847

Music: William H. Monk, 1861

EVENTIDE 10 10.10 10

Capo 1: D $F\sharp m$ A Bm D Bm A Bm $A7$ D
 $E\flat$ Gm $B\flat$ Cm $E\flat$ Cm $B\flat$ Cm $B\flat7$ $E\flat$



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;

D G D G D $Em7$ A D $E7$ A
 $E\flat$ $A\flat$ $E\flat$ $A\flat$ $E\flat$ $Fm7$ $B\flat$ $E\flat$ $F7$ $B\flat$



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.

D $F\sharp m$ A Bm D Bm G $B+$ $B7$ Em
 $E\flat$ Gm $B\flat$ Cm $E\flat$ Cm $A\flat$ $C+$ $C7$ Fm



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?

$A7$ D $A7$ D $A7$ Bm G D/A $A7$ D
 $B\flat7$ $E\flat$ $B\flat7$ $E\flat$ $B\flat7$ Cm $A\flat$ $E\flat/B\flat$ $B\flat7$ $E\flat$



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.