

# ABIDE WITH ME

Henry Francis Lyte 1793-1847

Merle Lamprecht

♩ = 140

A \_\_\_\_\_ bide with me: \_\_\_\_\_ fast \_\_\_\_\_ falls the ev \_\_\_\_\_ en - tide;  
Swift \_\_\_\_\_ to its close \_\_\_\_\_ ebbs \_\_\_\_\_ out life's lit \_\_\_\_\_ tle day;  
I \_\_\_\_\_ need your pres \_\_\_\_\_ ence ev \_\_\_\_\_ e - ry pass \_\_\_\_\_ ing hour.  
I \_\_\_\_\_ fear no foe \_\_\_\_\_ with \_\_\_\_\_ you at hand \_\_\_\_\_ to bless,  
Hold \_\_\_\_\_ now your Word \_\_\_\_\_ be \_\_\_\_\_ fore my clo \_\_\_\_\_ sing eyes.

5

the \_\_\_\_\_ dark - ness deep \_\_\_\_\_ ens; Lord, \_\_\_\_\_ with \_\_\_\_\_  
earth's \_\_\_\_\_ joys grow dim, \_\_\_\_\_ its \_\_\_\_\_ glo \_\_\_\_\_ ries  
What \_\_\_\_\_ but your grace \_\_\_\_\_ can \_\_\_\_\_ foil \_\_\_\_\_ the  
though \_\_\_\_\_ ills have weight, \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ tears \_\_\_\_\_ their  
Shine \_\_\_\_\_ through the gloom \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ point \_\_\_\_\_ me

8

me a - bide. When o - ther help - ers fail \_\_\_\_\_  
pass a - way. Change and de - cay in all \_\_\_\_\_  
tempt - er's power? Who like your - self my guide \_\_\_\_\_  
bit - ter - ness. Where is death's sting? Where grave, \_\_\_\_\_  
to the skies. Heaven's morn - ing breaks and earth's \_\_\_\_\_

11

and \_\_\_\_\_ com - forts flee, \_\_\_\_\_ help \_\_\_\_\_ of the help \_\_\_\_\_ less,  
 a \_\_\_\_\_ round I see. \_\_\_\_\_ O \_\_\_\_\_ Lord who chang \_\_\_\_\_ es not,  
 and \_\_\_\_\_ strength can be? \_\_\_\_\_ Through \_\_\_\_\_ cloud and sun \_\_\_\_\_ shine,  
 your \_\_\_\_\_ vic - to - ry? \_\_\_\_\_ I \_\_\_\_\_ tri - umph still \_\_\_\_\_ if you  
 vain \_\_\_\_\_ shad - ows flee; \_\_\_\_\_ in \_\_\_\_\_ life, in death, \_\_\_\_\_

15

O \_\_\_\_\_ a - bide with me.  
 a \_\_\_\_\_ a - bide with me.  
 O \_\_\_\_\_ a - bide with me.  
 a \_\_\_\_\_ a - bide with me.  
 O Lord, a - bide with me.