#

## Abide with me



- 4 I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless; ills have no weight and tears no bitterness.
  Where is death's sting? Where, grave thy victory? I triumph still, if thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes, shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies; heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee; in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Text: Henry F. Lyte, 1793–1847 Tune: William H. Monk, 1861