



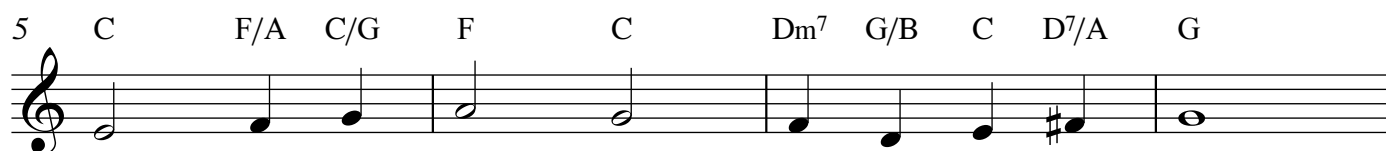
Abide With Me

William H. Monk

Henry F. Lyte



A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide.
Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day.
I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour.
I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes;



The dark - ness deep - ens: Lord, with me a - bide!
Earth's joys grow dim; its glo - ries pass a - way.
What but Thy grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r?
Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness.
Shine thro' 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 - ti - ry?
Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain sha - dows flee!



Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me!
O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
Thro' clouds and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me!
I tri - umph still if Thou a - bide with me!
In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!