

# Abide with me

Words by Henry F. Lyte.  
Music by William H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide;  
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's litt - le day;  
3. I need thy pres - ence ev - ry pass - ing hour;  
4. I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;  
5. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes;

1. The dark - ness deep - ens: Lord, with me a - bide;  
2. Earth's joy grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;  
3. What but thy grace can fall the tempt - er's pow'r?  
4. ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness;  
5. shine through the gloom and point me to the skies

1. When oth - er help - ers fail and com - forts flee,  
2. change and de - cay in all a - round I see;  
3. Who like thy - self my guide and stay can be?  
4. where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?  
5. hav'n's mor - ning breaks and earth's vain sha - dows flee;

1. Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.  
2. O Thou, who chang - est not, a - bide with me  
3. Thro' cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me.  
4. I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me.  
5. in life, in death O Lord, a - bide with me.