

Abide with me

H. F. Lyte (1793–1847)

William Henry Monk 1823–89

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1. A - bidē with me, fast falls the e - ven-tide; the dark - ness dee - pens,
2. Swift to its lose ebbs out life's lit - tle day; earth's joys grow dim, its
3. I need thy pres - ence eve - ry pa - ssing hour; what but thy grace can
4. I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless; ills have nōweight and
5. Hold thou thy Cross be - fore my clo - sing eyes; shine through the gloom and

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Lord, with me a - bidē! When o - ther help - ers fail, and com-forts
glo - ries pass a - way; change and de - cay in all a-round I
foil the temp-ter's power? Who like thy - self my guide and stay can
tears no bitt - er - ness. Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy vic - to -
point me to the skies; heaven's mor-ning breaks, and earth's vain sha-dows

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flee, help of the help - less, O a - bidē with me.
see; O thou who chang - est not, a - bidē with me.
be? Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bidē with me.
ry? I tri - umph still, if thou a - bidē with me.
flee: in life, in death, O Lord, a - bidē with me.