

# Abide With Me

Henry Francis Lyte/William H. Monk

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide;  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;  
 3. I need thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour.  
 4. I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless,  
 5. Hold thou thy cross be - fore my clo - sing eyes.

1. The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide.  
 2. Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way.  
 3. What but thy grace can foil the tempt - er's power?  
 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. Heav'n's morn - ing 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. Through 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.