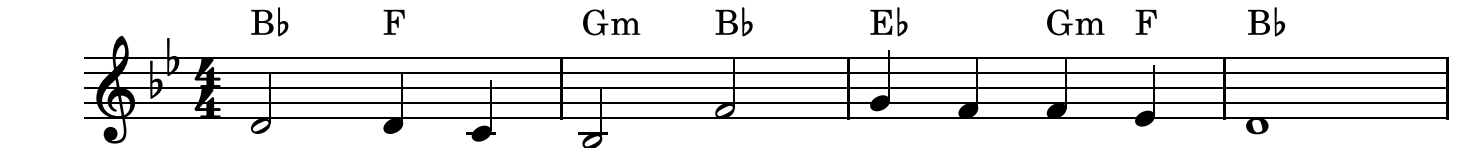
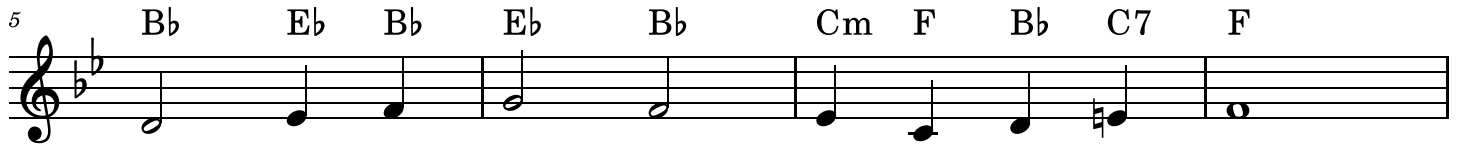


Abide With Me

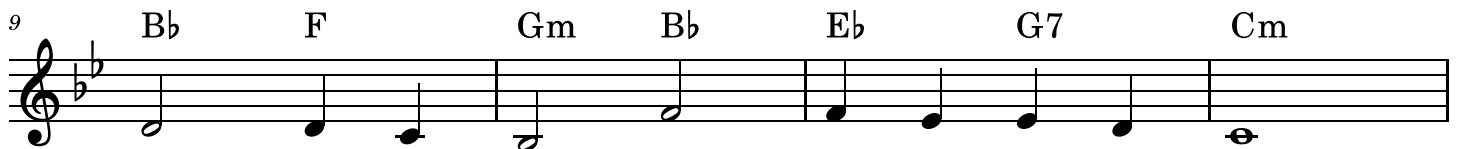
Henry Francis Lyte/William H. Monk



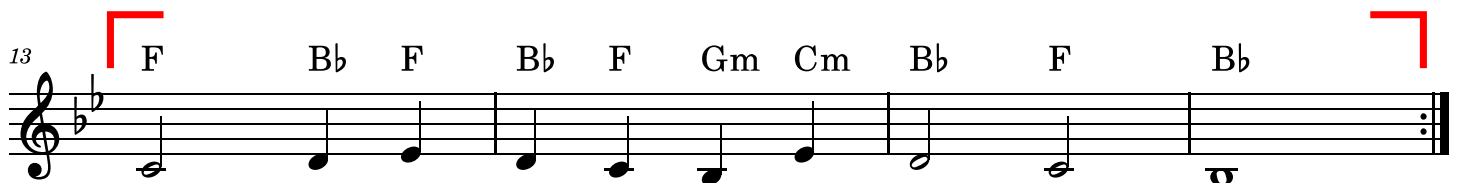
1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
3. I need thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour.
4. I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless,
5. Hold thou thy cross be - fore my clo - sing eyes.



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.