

# Abide With Me

Henry F. Lyte, 1793-1847

William H. Monk, 1861



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 ever-y 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 -  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a -  
What but Thy grace can foil the temp-ter's  
Ills have no weight and tears no bit - ter -  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the



bide. When oth - er help - ers  
way; Change and de - cay in  
power? Who like Thy - self my  
ness. Where is death's sting? Where,  
skies; Heaven's morn-ing breaks and

fail and com - forts flee, Help of the  
all a - round I see; O Thou who  
guide and stay can be? Through cloud and  
grave, thy vic - tor - y? I tri - umph  
earth's vain sha - dows flee; In life, in

help - less, O a - bide with me.  
chang - est not, a - bide with me.  
sun - shine, O a - bide with me.  
still, if Thou a - bide with me.  
death, O Lord, a - bide with me.