

# Abide with Me

EVENTIDE

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 - '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;

the dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide.  
earth's joys grow dim; its glo - ries pass a - way.  
what but Thy grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r?  
ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness.  
shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.

When oth - er help - ers fail and com - forts flee,  
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see.  
Who like Thy - self my Guide and Stay can be?  
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?  
Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows flee.

Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.  
O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me.  
Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me.  
I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me.  
In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.

WORDS: Henry Francis Lyte, 1847  
MUSIC: William Henry Monk, 1861

10.10.10.10

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