

Abide with me

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W. H. Monk

A - bide with me, fast falls the e - ven - tide The dark ness dee - pens
Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day Earth's joys grow dim, its
I need thy pre - sence ev' - ry pas sing hour. What but thy grace can

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Lord, with me a - bide When o - ther hel - pers fail and com - forts
glo - ries pass a - way Change and de - cay in all a - round I
foil the temp ter's pow'r? Who like thy - self my guide and strength can

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flee see be? Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me
O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me
Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me.

4. I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless,
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5. Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes.
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.