

# Abide with me.

(Bass or Alto.)

E. L. Ashford.

*Quasi recit ad lib.*

A-bide with me, a-bide with me, For it is toward evening and the

*Tranquillo.*

day is far spent. A-bide with me, fast falls the even-tide,

The darkness deepens, Lord with me a-bide, When oth-er help - ers

*con espressione.*

fail and comforts flee..... Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me.

*listean tempo.*

Swift to its close..... ebbs out life's lit - tle day.....

*rall.*

Earth's joys grow dim..... its glo - ries pass a - way.....

cres.

8

Change and decay in all around I see..... Oh, thou who changest not, a-

bide with me..... Oh, thou who changest not, a - bide..... with

me.

I need thy presence ev-ry passing hour.... What but thy grace can foil the

6

tempter's power? Who like thy-self my guide and stay can be.....

Thro' cloud and sunshine Oh, a - bide with me. Hold thou thy

cross..... be - fore my clos - ing eyes.....

Shine through the gloom..... and point me to the skies.....

*animato.*

Heavens morn - ing breaks..... Earth's vain shad - ows

*poco accel.*

flee..... In life, in death..... in life, in death,

*lento.*

Oh, Lord, a - bide..... with me.