## Abide With Me

William Henry Monk

Henry Frances Lyte

5 1.) A bide with me; fast falls the The dark - ness e- ven - tide; 2.) Swift out life's Earth's to its close ebbs lit - tle day; joys grow 3.) I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass -ing hour; What but Thy 4.) I fear foe with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no no 5.) Hold thou Thy Word be fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the 10 deep -Lord, with bide! When oth - er help ens: me Change dim, its glo ries pass a and de cay way. in foil Who, like Thy self. grace the tempt - er's pow'r? can my Where is death's weight bit ter - ness. sting, where, and tears, no gloom and point me to the skies. Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and 12 13 16 com-forts flee, Help of help - less, Ο, fail, and the a bide with me! all a - round I see; O, Thou who chang - est not, a bide with me. sun - shine, O, be? Thro' Guide and Stay can cloud and a bide with me! Thou a grave, thy vic - to - ry? tri - umph still, if bide with me. Ι Lord, a earth's vain shad-ows flee! In life, in death, O bide with me!