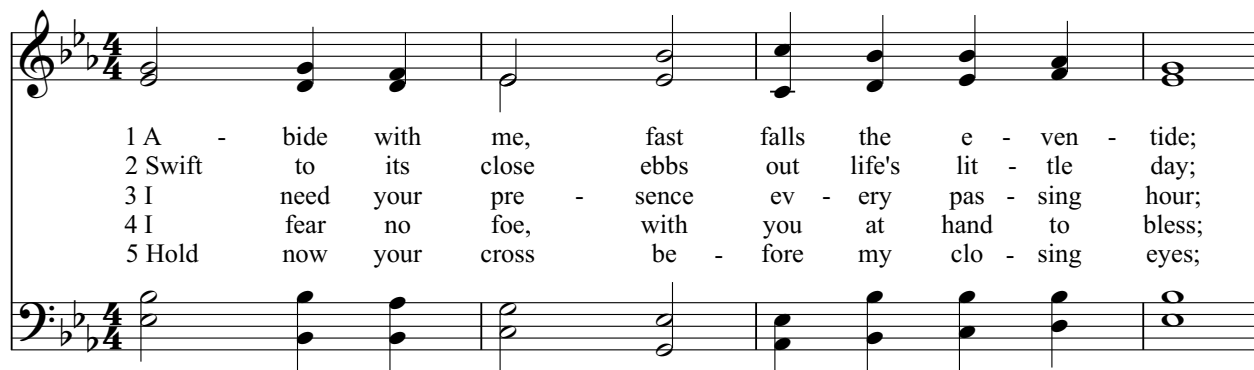
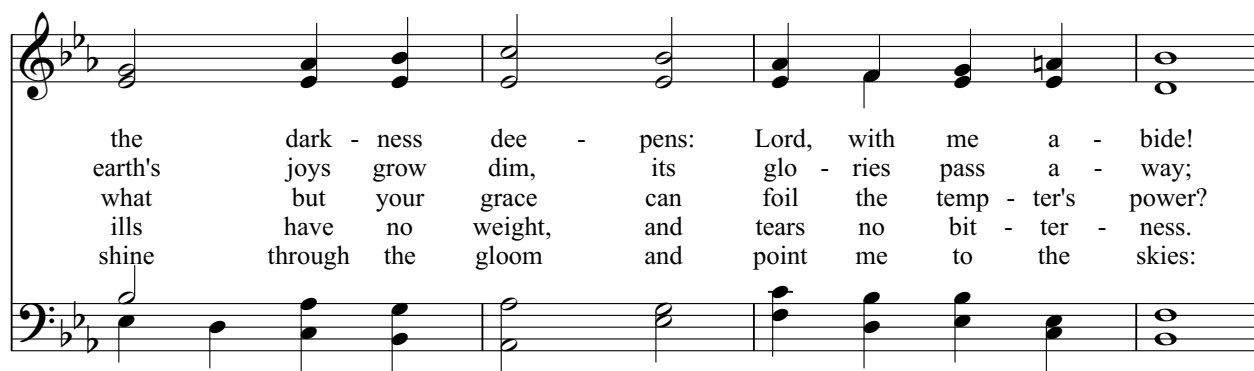


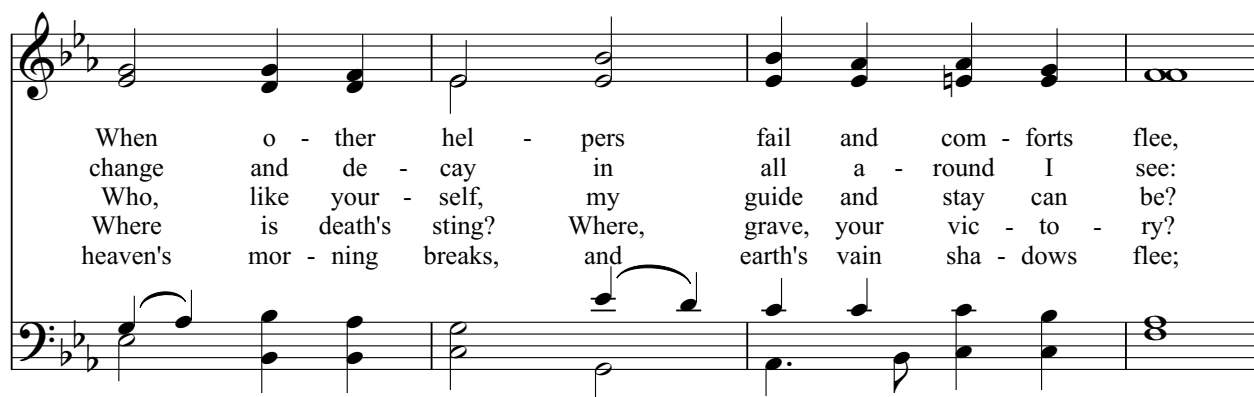
Abide with Me



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 your pre - sence ev - ery pas - sing hour;
 4 I fear no foe, with you at hand to bless;
 5 Hold now your cross be - fore my clo - sing eyes;



the dark - ness dee - pens: Lord, with me a - bide!
 earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
 what but your grace can foil the temp - ter's power?
 ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness.
 shine through the gloom and point me to the skies:



When o - ther hel - pers fail and com - forts flee,
 change and de - cay in all a - round I see:
 Who, like your - self, my guide and stay can be?
 Where is death's sting? Where, grave, your vic - to - ry?
 heaven's mor - ning breaks, and earth's vain sha - dows flee;



help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.
 O Lord who chan - ges not, a - bide with me.
 Through cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me.
 I tri - umph still, if you a - bide with me.
 in life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.

Text: Henry F. Lyte (1793-1847), alt.
 Tune: William H. Monk (1823-1889)



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 EVENTIDE
www.hymnary.org/text/abide_with_me_fast_falls_the_eventide