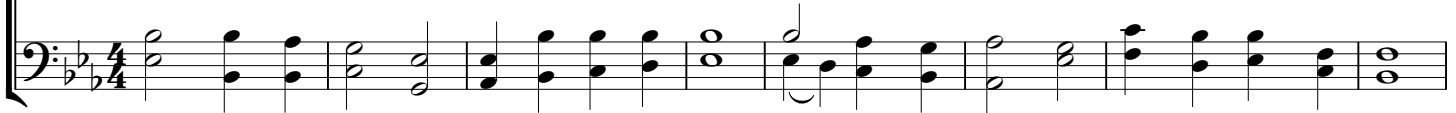


# Abide with Me

*But they constrained him, saying, Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.  
And he went in to tarry with them. Lk. 24:29*



1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pre - sence eve - ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r?
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness;
5. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom and point me to the skies;



When oth - er help - ers fail and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me.  
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see— O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me.  
Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me.  
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy vic - to - ry? I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me.  
Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.



WORDS: Henry F. Lyte, 1847. MUSIC: "Eventide"; William H. Monk, 1861. Public Domain.