

Abide With Me

I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. - Mat. 28:20

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Henry Francis Lyte

Arthur H. D. Troyte, 1857

1. Abide with me! fast fall the ev - en - tide,
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
3. I need thy presence every pass - ing hour;
4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
5. Hold thou thy cross before my clos - ing eyes

The darkness deepens Lord, with me a - bide!
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories Pass a - way;
What but thy grace can foil the tempt - er's power?
Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies,

When other helpers fail, and com - forts flee,
Change and decay in all a - round I see;
Who like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?
Heaven's morning breaks, and earths' vain shad - ows flee;

Help of the helpless, O a - - bide with me.
O thou, who changest not, a - - bide with me.
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord a - - bide with me.
In life, in death, O Lord, a - - bide with me.
In life, in death, O Lord, a - - bide with me.