

# 232 Abide with me

Henry F Lyte (1793-1847)

William H Monk (1823-1889)

$\text{♩} = 72$

1. A - bid e with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide;  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;  
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour;  
 4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
 5. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes;

the dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bid e.  
 earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way.  
 what but Thy grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r?  
 ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness.  
 shine through the gloom and draw me to the skies.

When oth - er help - ers fail and com - forts  
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I  
 Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can  
 Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy vic - to -  
 Heav'n's morn - ing breaks and earth's vain shad - ows

flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bid e with me.  
 see; O Thou who chang - est not, a - bid e with me.  
 be? Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bid e with me.  
 ry? I tri - umph still if Thou a - bid e with me.  
 flee; in life, in death, O Lord, a - bid e with me.