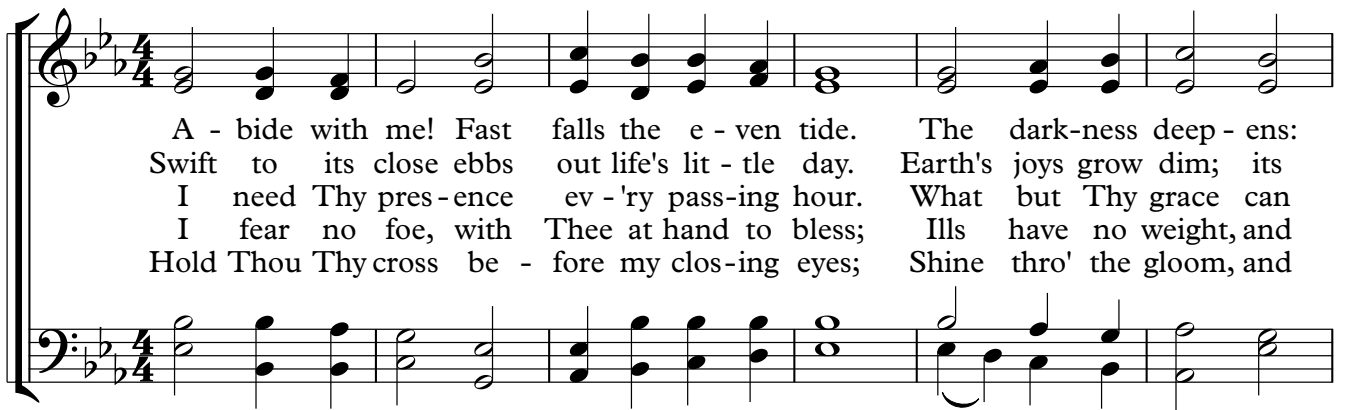


Abide With Me

Henry F. Lyte

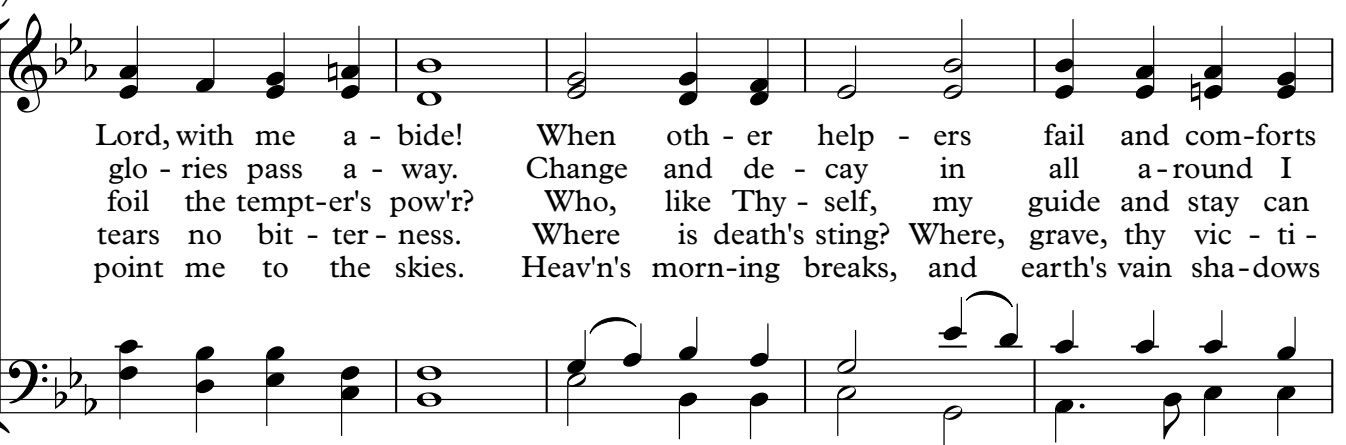
William H. Monk

Choir



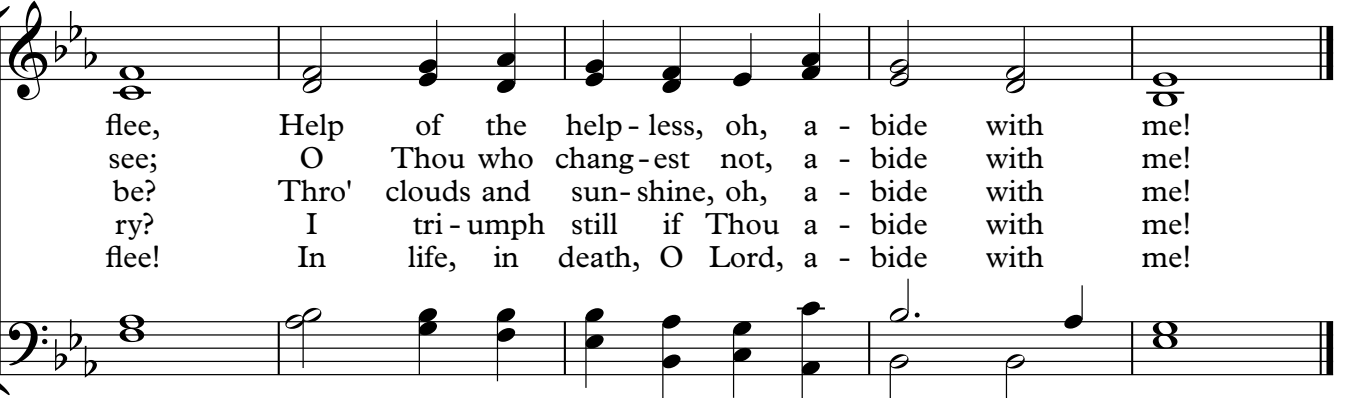
A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven tide. The dark-ness deep - ens:
Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day. Earth's joys grow dim; its
I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour. What but Thy grace can
I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and
Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and

7



Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail and com-forts
glo - ries pass a - way. Change and de - cay in all a - round I
foil the tempt - er's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can
tears no bit - ter - ness. Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy vic - ti -
point me to the skies. Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain sha - dows

12



flee, Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me!
see; O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
be? Thro' clouds and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me!
ry? I tri - umph still if Thou a - bide with me!
flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!