Abide With Me

Henry F. Lyte

Abide with me! Fast falls the even tide.
Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day.
I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour.
I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;

The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away.
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies.

When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Change and decay in all around I see;
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
Heav'n's mourning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee!

Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!
Thro' clouds and sunshine, oh, abide with me!
I triumph still if Thou abide with me!
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

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