

Abide With Me

Henry F. Lyte

William H. Monk

D A⁶ A⁷ Bm D/F# G A Bm⁷ A⁷/C# D

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

5 D G/B D/A G D Em⁷ A/C# D E⁷/B A

The dark - ness deep - ens: Lord, with me a - bide!
 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 thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies.

9 D A⁶ A⁷ Bm D/F# G B⁺ B⁷ Em

When oth - er help - ers fail and com - forts flee,
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;
 Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be?
 Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy vic - ti - ry?
 Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain sha - dows flee!

13 A/G D/F# A⁷/E D A⁷ Bm Em/G D/A A⁷ D

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