

# Abide With Me

Henry F. Lyte (1847)

**Soprano**

William H. Monk (1861)

1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide;  
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;  
3. I need They pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour;  
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;

5 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 power?  
9 Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness:

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?  
13 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?

Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!  
O Thou, who change - est not, a - bide with me!  
Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me!  
I tri - umph still if Thou a - bide with me!