Abide With Me

Henry F. Lyte (1847)   **SATB**   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;

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?
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?
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!