

Abide with Me

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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 fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless,

the dark - ness deep - ens, still with me a - bide.
 earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way,
 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:
 Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?

help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me.
 O thou who chang - es not, a - bide with me.
 I tri - umph still if thou a - bide with me.

Words: Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847
 Music: William Henry Monk, 1823-1889

EVENTIDE
 10.10.10.10.