

Abide with me

H. F. Lyte
(1793-1847)

W. H. Monk
(1823-1889)
Melody: Eventide

1 4 7

Women

1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e-ven-tide: the dark-ness deep-ens; Lord, with me a - bide:
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;

Men

10 13 16

W.

1. when oth-er help-ers fail, and com-forts flee, help of the help-less, O a - bide with me. 3. I need thy
2. change and de - cay in all a - round I see: O thou who chang-est not, a - bide with me. 4. I fear no
5. Hold thou thy

M.

19 22 25

W.

3. pres-ence ev-'ry pass-ing hour; what but thy grace can foil the temp-ter's pow'r? Who like thy -
4. foe with thee at hand to bless; ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness. Where is death's
5. cross be - fore my clo-sing eyes; shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies: heavn's morn - ing

M.

28 31

W.

3. self my guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me.
4. sting? Where, grave, thy vic - to - ry? I tri - umph still, if thou a - bide with me.
5. breaks, and earth's vain sha-dows flee; in life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.

M.