Abide With Me

EVENTIDE

Henry F. Lyte, 1847

William H. Monk, 1861

1. Abide with me: fast falls the ev'ning tide;
   The darkness deepens;
2. I need thy presence ev'ry passing hour;
   What but thy grace can
3. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
   Earth's joys grow dim, its
4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless:
   Ills have no weight, and
5. Hold thou my cross before my closing eyes;
   Shine through the gloom, and

   Lord, with me abide:
   When other helpers fail, and comforts
   foil the tempter's pow'r?
   Who like thyself my guide and stay can
   glories pass away;
   Change and decay in all around I
   tears no bitterness.
   Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victor
   point me to the skies:
   Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows

   flee, Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
   be? Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.
   see; O thou who changest not, abide with me.
   y? I triumph still, if thou abide with me.
   flee: In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.