

# ABIDE WITH ME

HENRY F. LYTE 1793-1847

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A - BIDE WITH ME, FAST FALLS THE E - VEN - TIDE.  
SWIFT TO ITS CLOSE EBBS OUT LIFE'S LIT - TLE DAY.  
I NEED THY PRES - ENCE EV - 'RY PASS - ING HOUR.  
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 CHANG-EST NOT A - BIDE WITH ME.  
THROUGH CLOUD AND SUN-SHINE, LORD A - BIDE WITH ME.  
I TRI - UMPH STILL IF THOU A - BIDE WITH ME.