

Abide With Me

CROSS AND COMFORT

Words: Henry F. Lyte, 1847. Music: 'Eventide' William H. Monk, 1861. Setting: William H. Monk, 1861.
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♩ = 100

1. A - bide with me; fast falls the ev - en - tide; The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. Not a brief glance I beg, a pass - ing word; But as Thou
4. Come not in ter - rors, as the King of kings, But kind and
5. Thou on my head in ear - ly youth didst smile; And, though re -

deep - ens; Lord with me a - - bide. When o - ther help - ers
dim; its glor - ies pass a - - way; Change and de - cay in
dwell'st with Thy dis - ci - ples, Lord, Fa - - mil - iar, con - des - -
good, with heal - ing in Thy wings, Tears for all woes, a
bell - ious and per - verse mean - while, Thou hast not left me,

fail and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.
all a - round I see; O Thou who chan - gest not, a - bide with me.
cend - ing, pa - tient, free. Come not to so - journ, but a - bide with me.
heart for ev - ery plea? Come, Friend of sin - ners, and thus bide with me.
oft as I left Thee, On to the close, O Lord, a - bide with me.

6. I need Thy presence every passing hour.
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

7. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

8. Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.