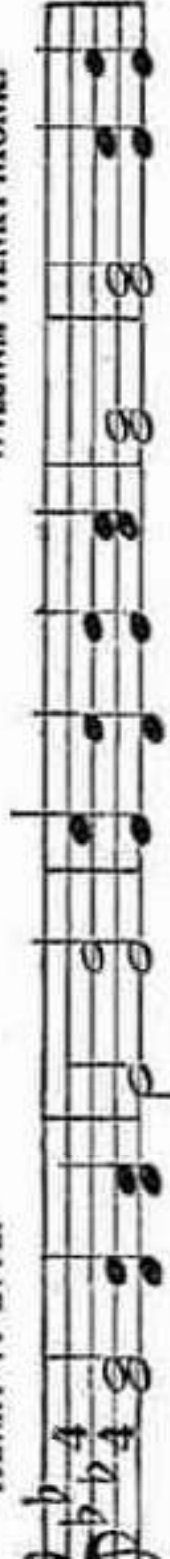


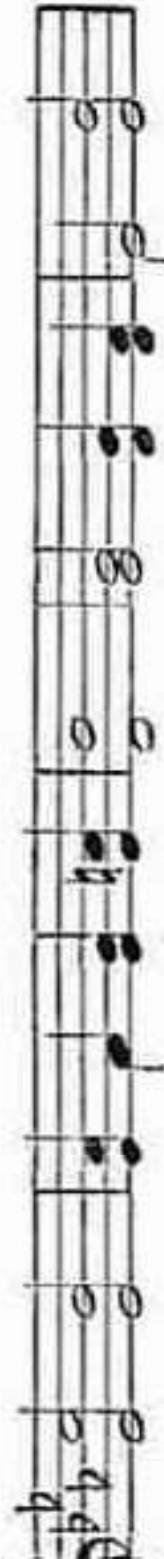
Abide with Me.

HENRY F. LYTE.

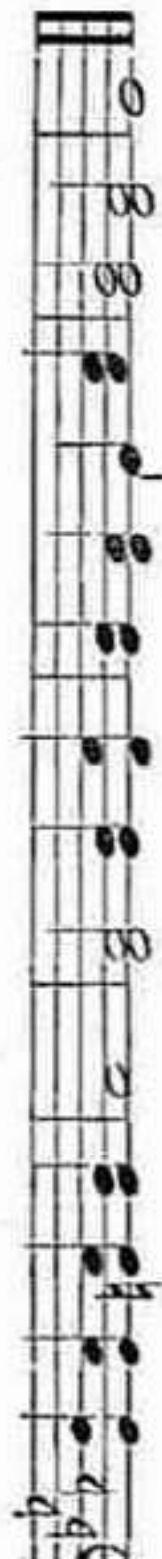
WILLIAM HENRY MONK.



1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day: Earth's joys grow
3. I need thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but thy
4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no



deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempter's power? Who, like thy - self, my
weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? where,



fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
all a - round I see; O thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me!
grave, thy vic - to - ry! I tri - umph still, if thou a - bide with me.

