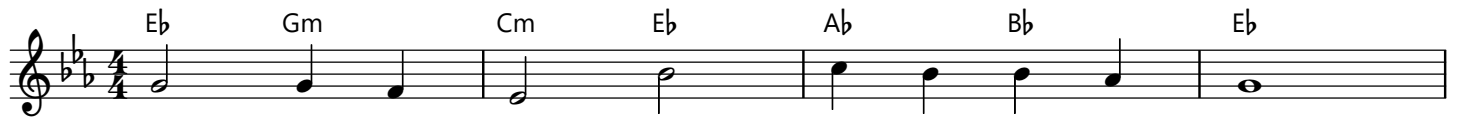
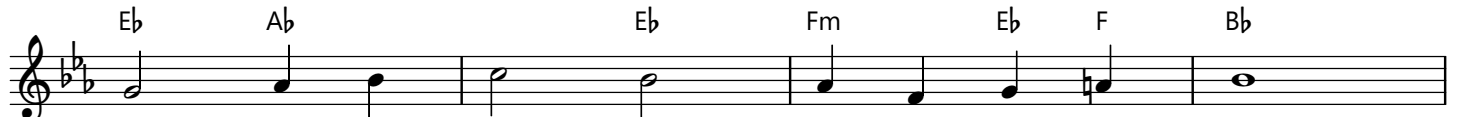


Abide with Me; Fast Falls the Eventide

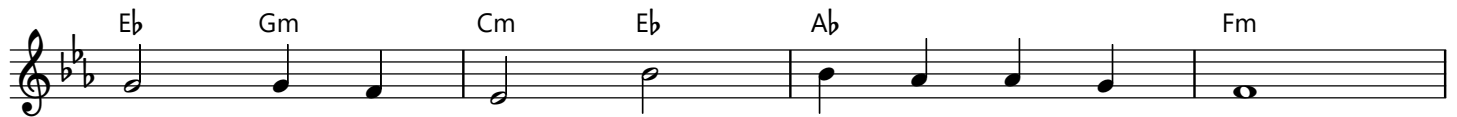
Lyte / EVENTIDE



1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day,
3. I need thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour;
4. I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
5. Hold thou thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes;



1. the dark - ness deep - ens; Lord with me a - bide:
2. earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
3. what but thy grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r?
4. ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness.
5. shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:



1. when oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
2. change and de - cay in all a - round I see;
3. Who like thy - self my guide and stay can be?
4. Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?
5. Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows flee;



1. help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
2. O thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
3. Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me!
4. I tri - umph still, if thou a - bide with me!
5. in life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

Inspiration: Luke 24: 29.

Lyrics: 10.10.10.10; Henry F. Lyte, 1793-1847, in 1847.

Music: EVENTIDE; William H. Monk, 1823-1889, in "Hymns Ancient and Modern", 1861.