

Abide with Me; Fast Falls the Eventide

Lyte

1. Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
the darkness deepens; Lord with me abide:
when other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
help of the helpless, O abide with me!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me!
3. I need thy presence ev'ry passing hour;
what but thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!
4. 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!
5. Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Inspiration: Luke 24: 29.

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