AMNS 13 Abide with me; fast falls the eventide

Melody: Eventide

H. F. Lyte
(1793-1847)

W. H. Monk
(1823-1889)

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*
5. Hold thou thy cross be - fore my clo - sing eyes; shine through the

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 temp-ter's pow'r? Who like thy - self my
weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness. Where is death's sting? Where,
gloom, and point me to the skies: heavn's morn - ing breaks, and

fail, and com - forts flee, help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.
all a - round I see: O thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me.
guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me.
grave, thy vic - to - ry? I tri - umph still, if thou a - bide with me.
earth's vain sha - dows flee; in life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.

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