

Abide with Me— Fast Falls the Eventide

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 clos - ing eyes. Shine through the

6 deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide. When oth - er help - ers
 7 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way. Change and de - cay in
 8 *grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r? Who like Thy - self my*
 9 weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness. Where is death's sting? Where,
 10 gloom and point me to the skies. Heav'n's morn - ing breaks and

11 fail and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me.
 12 all a - round I see. O Thou who chang-est not, a - bide with me.
 13 *guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sun-shine, O a - bide with me.*
 14 grave, thy vic - to - ry? I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me.
 15 earth's vain shad-ows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.

Music: William H. Monk, 1861
 Text: Henry F. Lyte, 1847

EVENTIDE (Monk)
 10 10. 10 10.