



# Abide with Me

WORDS: Henry F. Lyte, 1847 (Lk. 24:29)

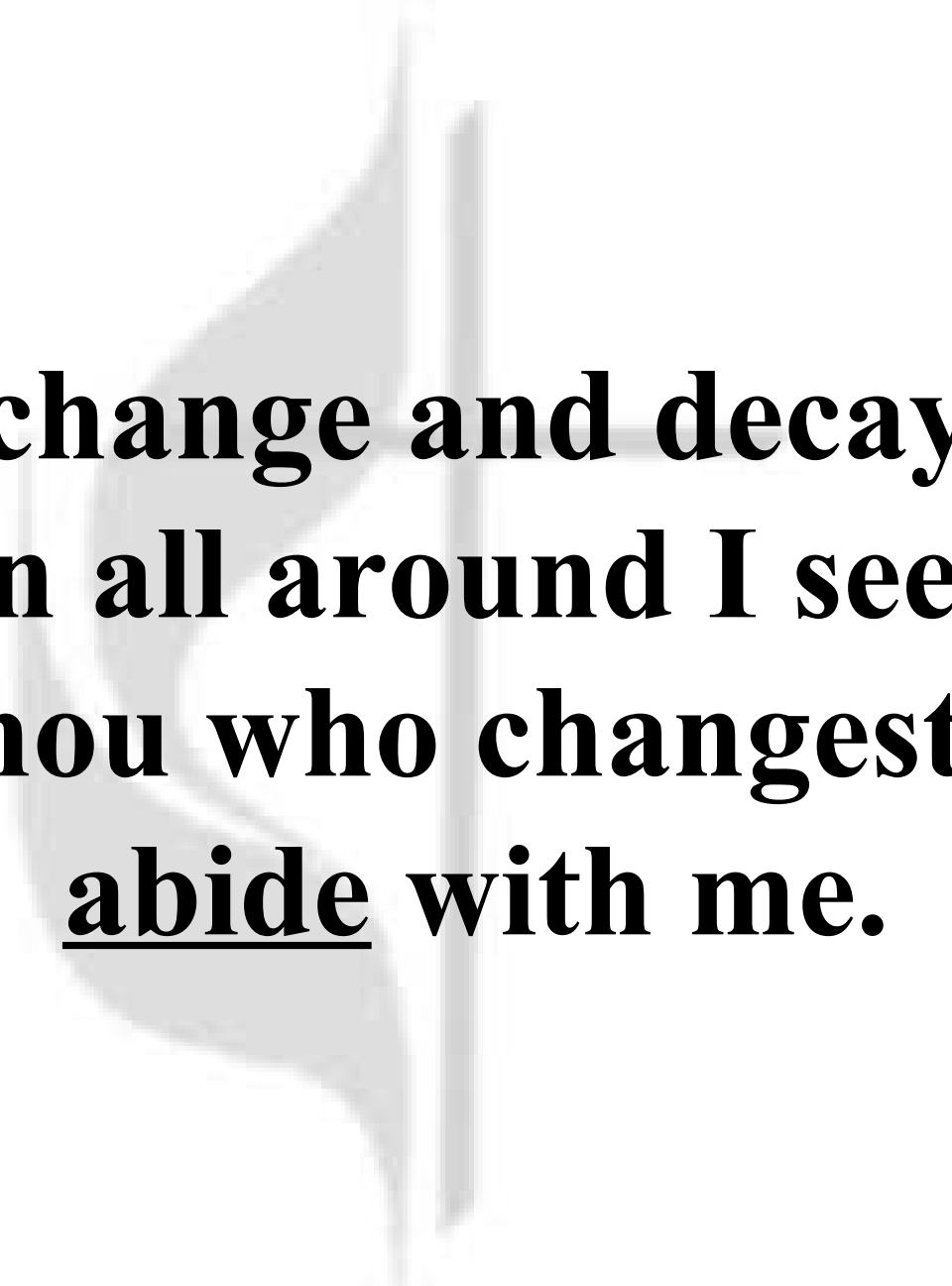
1. Abide with me;  
fast falls the eventide;  
the darkness deepens;  
Lord, with me abide.



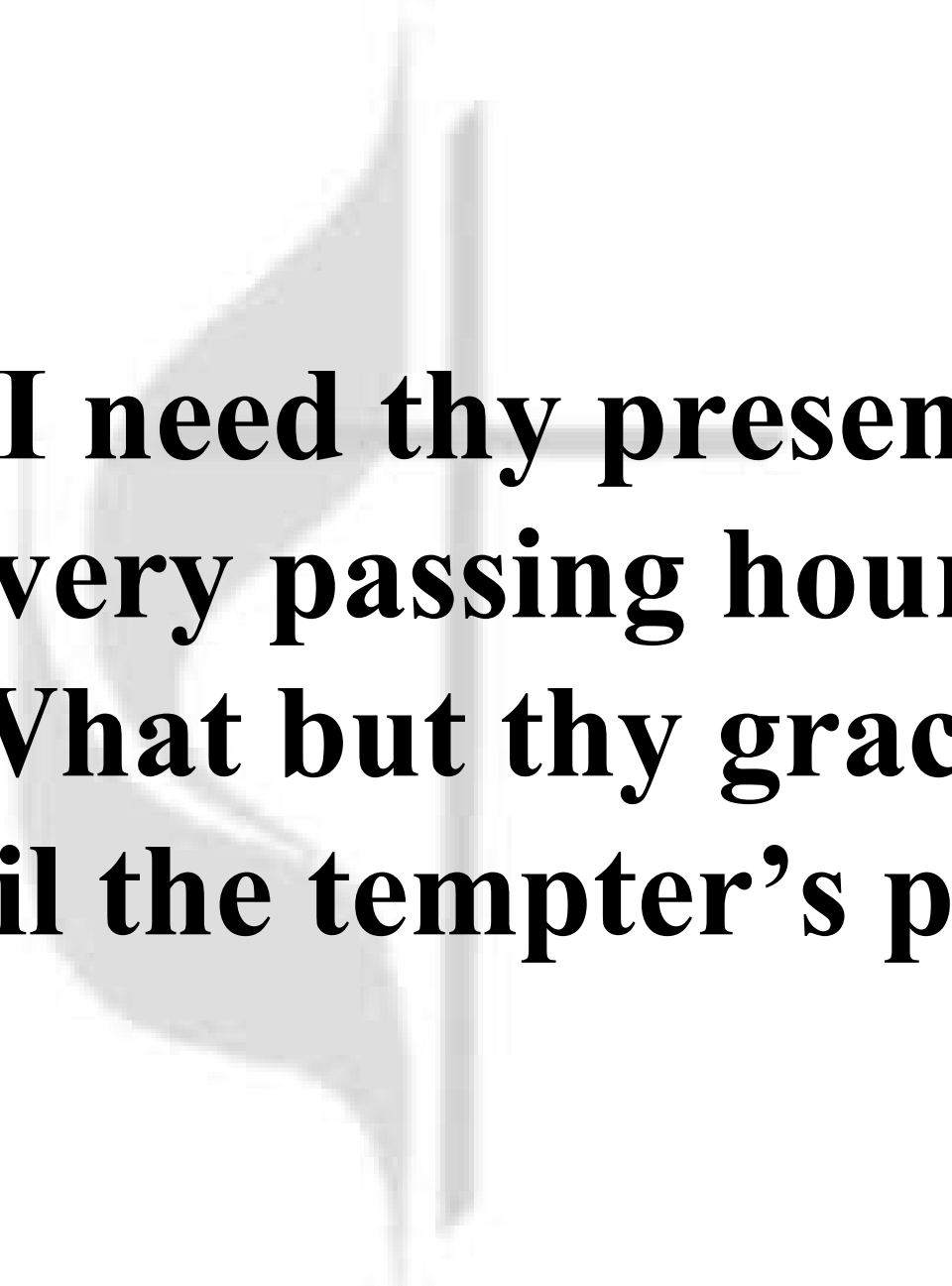
**When other helpers  
fail and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless,  
O abide with me.**



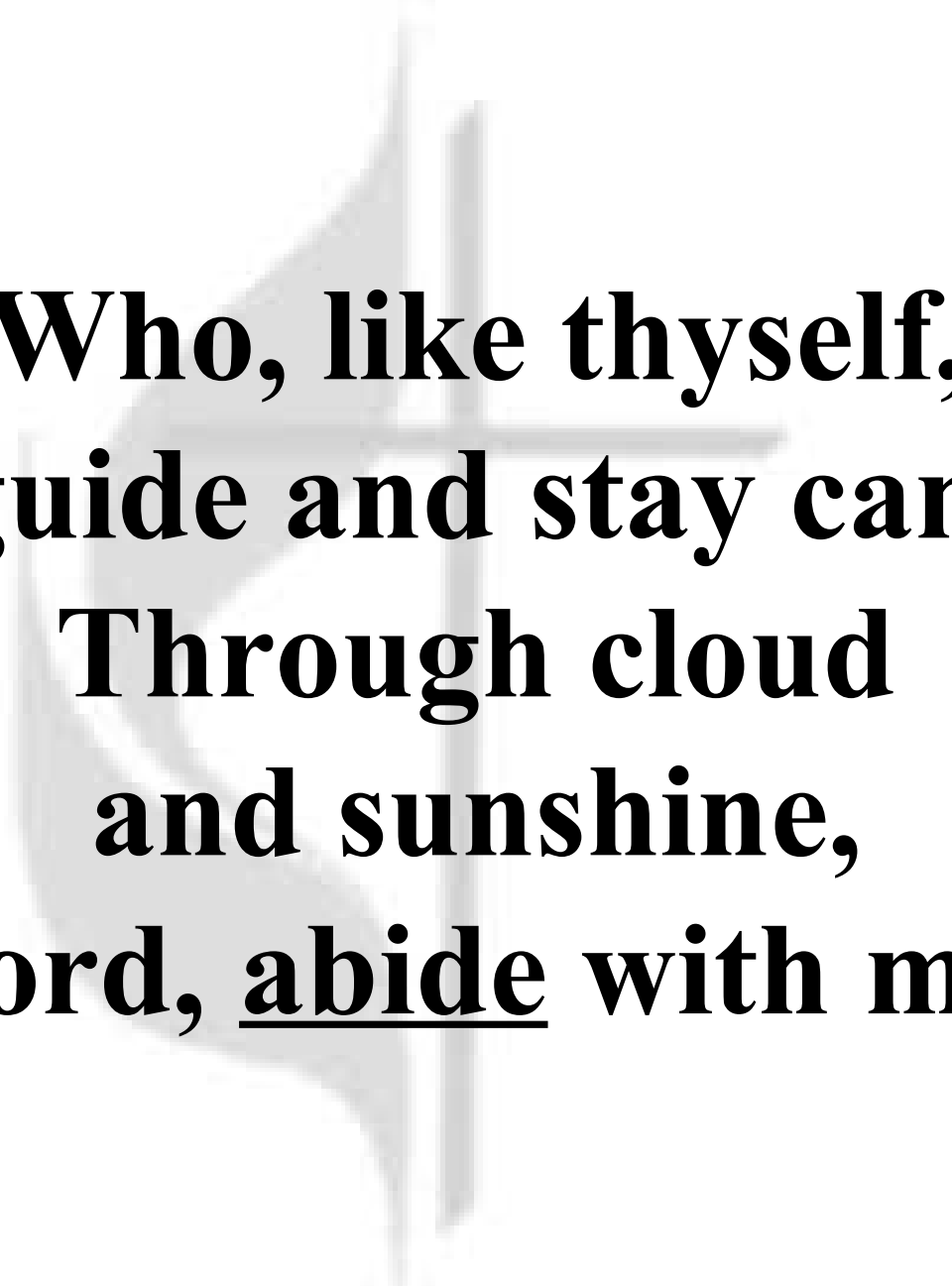
**2. Swift to its close  
ebbs out life's little day;  
earth's joys grow dim,  
its glories pass away;**



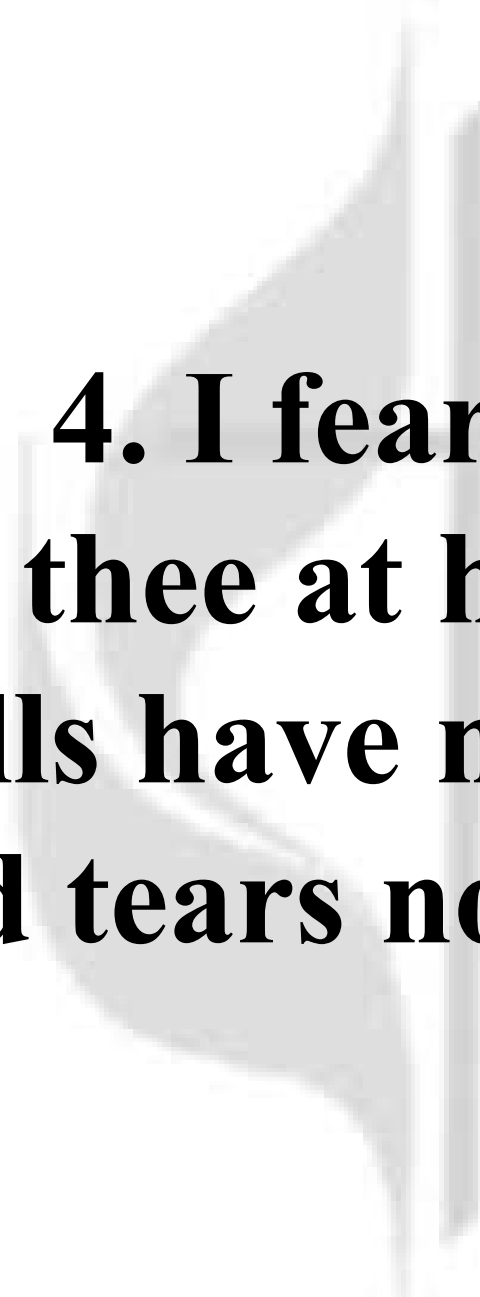
**change and decay  
in all around I see;  
O Thou who changest not,  
abide with me.**



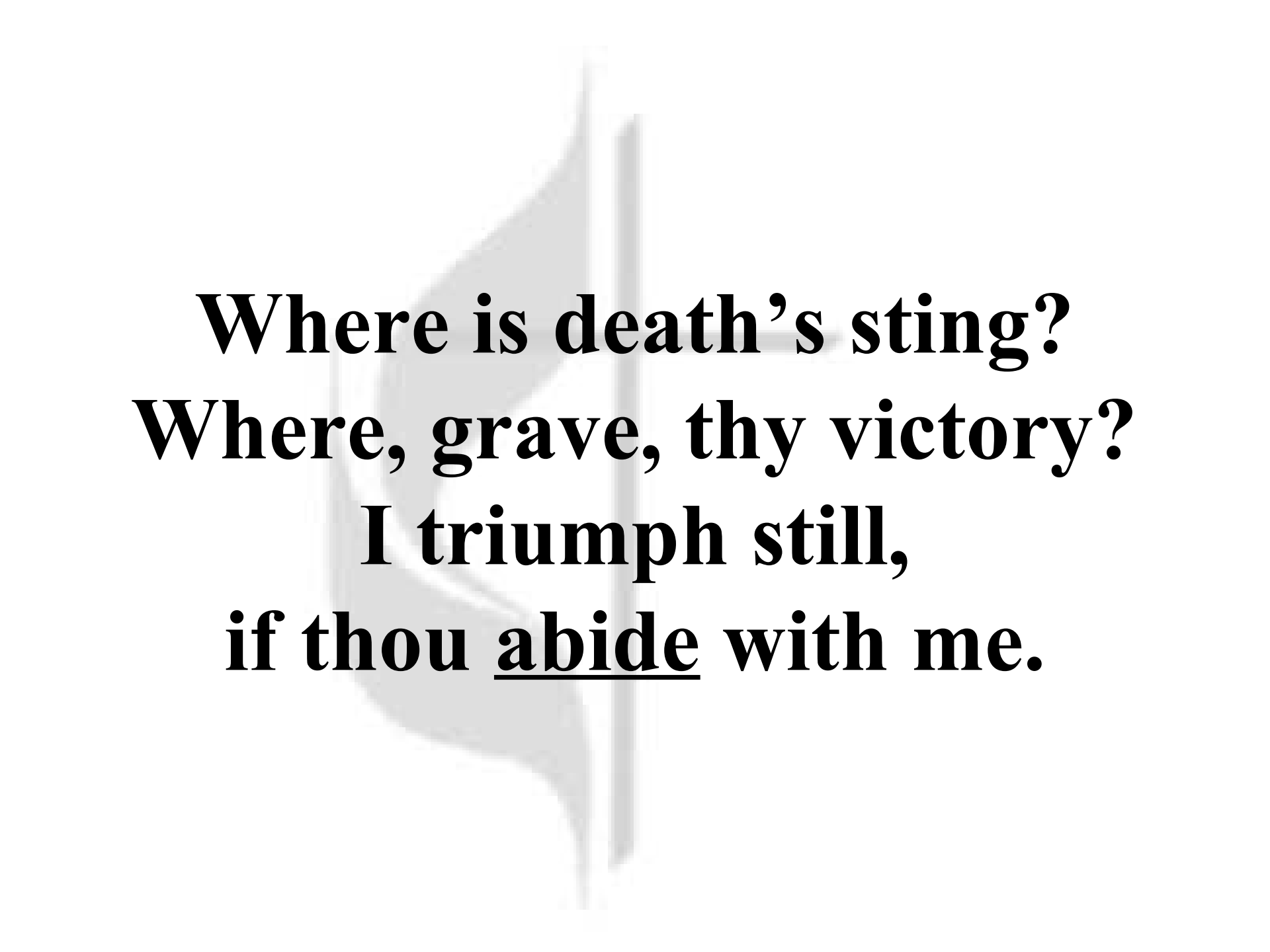
**3. I need thy presence  
every passing hour.  
What but thy grace  
can foil the tempter's power?**



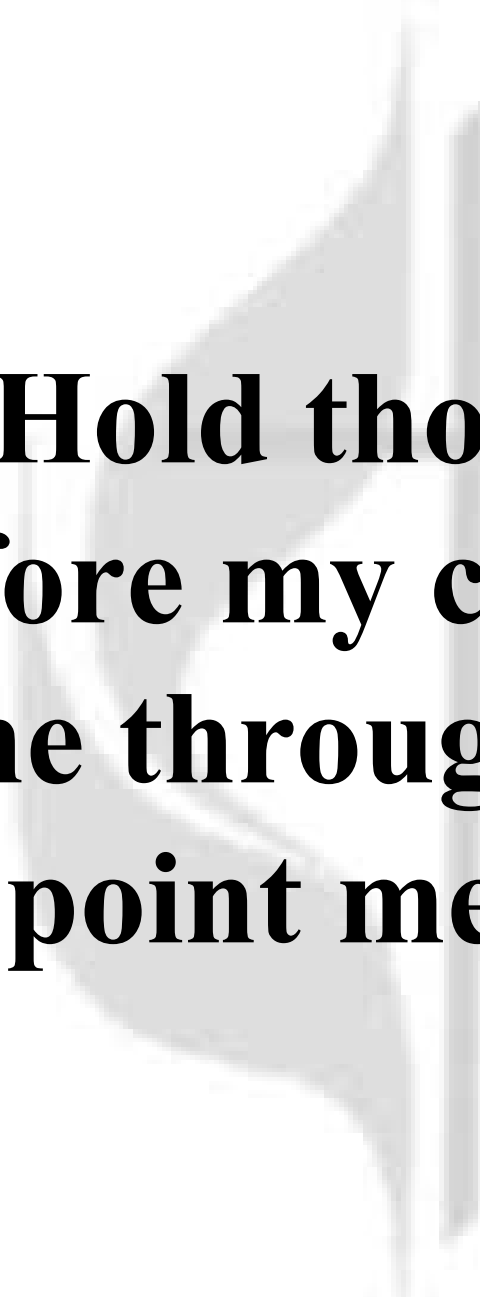
**Who, like thyself,  
my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud  
and sunshine,  
Lord, abide with me.**



**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.**

**Heaven's morning breaks,  
and earth's vain  
shadows flee;  
in life, in death, O Lord,  
abide with me.**