

Eventide

(Source) 1861, J. Alfred Novello, London

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847), 1847

Abide with me

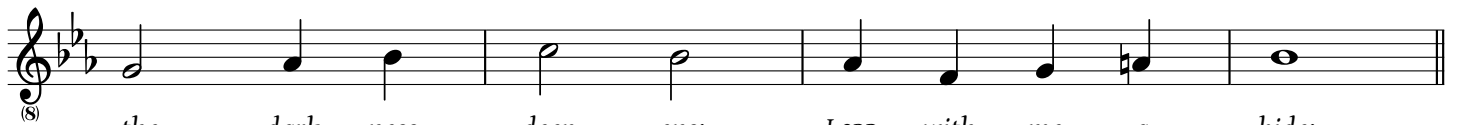
William Henry Monk (1823-1889), 1861

Andante



1. A - bide with me; fast falls the ev - en - tide;
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
 3. I need Thy pres - ence eve - 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;

5



the dark - ness deep - ens; LORD, with me a - - bide;
 earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - - way;
 what but Thy grace can foil the tempt - er's power?
 ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness;
 shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;

9



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

13



help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.
 O Thou Who chang - est not, a - bide with me.
 Through cloud and sun - shine, LORD, a - bide with me.
 I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me.
 in life, in death, O LORD, a - bide with me. A - men.