Abide With Me

Henry F. Lyte, 1847

William Henry Monk, 1861

Eventide, 10.10.10

Ionian Mode (1–5–5)

4 4 3 2 7 7 6+ 7 4 4
3 2 2 1 5 6 5 5 4 3
5 5 4 3 7 8 7 7 6 5

1. Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life’s little day;
3. I need Thy presence every passing hour.
4. Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;

The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide.
Earth’s joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter’s power?
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.

When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Change and decay in all around I see;
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Heaven’s morning breaks, and earth’s vain shadows flee;

Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

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