

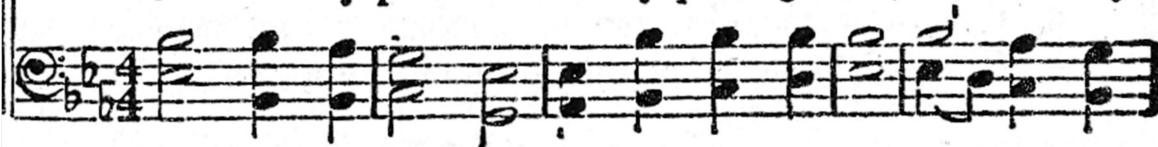
HENRY F. LYTE.

(EVENTIDE. 105.)

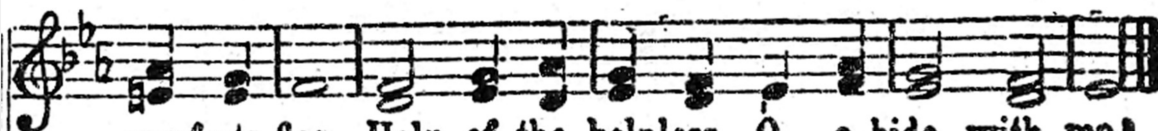
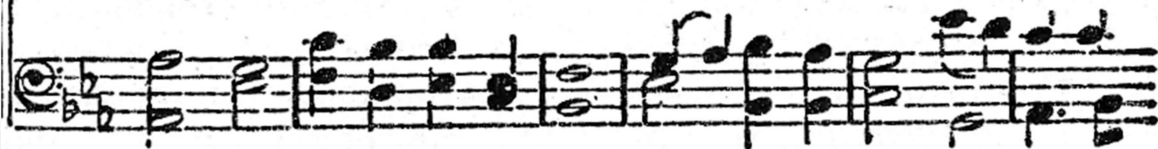
WM. H. MONK.



1. A-bide with me! Fast falls the e-ven-tide; The darkness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. Not a brief glance I ask, nor passing word, But as thou
4. I need thy pres-ence ev-'ry passing hour; What but thy



deep-ens; Lord, with me a-bide! When oth-er help-ers fail, and  
dim, its glo-ries pass away; Change and de-cay in all a-  
dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord, Fa-mil-iar, con-de-scend-ing,  
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r. Who, like thyself, my guide and



comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O, a-bide with me!  
round I see; O thou who changest not, a-bide with me!  
pa-tient, free, Come, not to so-journ, but a-bide with me!  
stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a-bide with me!



5. 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.