

836 Abide with Me

1 A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide.
 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
 3 I need thy pres - ence ev - ery 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;

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.

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;

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.

By blending end of day and end of life, the imagery of this well-known Victorian hymn has made it valuable for both evening services and funerals. Although the author wrote his own music for it, the present tune has been firmly associated with this text for over 150 years.