

ABIDE WITH ME - by Henry F. Lyte, 1847

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, Oh, Abide With Me.

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.

I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
pow'r?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O Abide With
Me.

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.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing
eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to
the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain
shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.
Amen