

Abide with me

Text: Henry F. Lyte, 1847

Music: William H. Monk, 1861

EVENTIDE 10 10.10 10

Capo 1: D E_b F[#]m Gm A B_b Bm Cm D E_b Bm Cm A B_b Bm Cm A7 B_b7 D E_b

1 A - bide with me; Fast falls the e - ven - - tide,
 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
 3 Thou on my head in ear - ly youth didst smile,
 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;

The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide!
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
 And though re - bel - lious and per - verse mean - while,
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness.

When o - ther help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;
 Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee.
 Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?

Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me.
 O Thou who chan - gest not, a - bide with me.
 On to the close, O Lord, a - bide with me.
 I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me.