

1 A - bide with me, fast falls the e - ven - tide.  
 2 I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour;  
 3 Come not in ter - rors, as the King of kings,  
 4 Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;

The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide.  
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r?  
 But kind and good, with heal - ing in Thy wings;  
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;

When oth - er help - ers fail and com - forts flee,  
 Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be?  
 Tears for all woes, a heart for ev - 'ry plea.  
 Change and de - cay, in all a - round I see;

Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.  
 Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me.  
 Come, Friend of sin - ners, thus a - bide with me.  
 O Thou who chang - est not, 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!
- 6 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.