

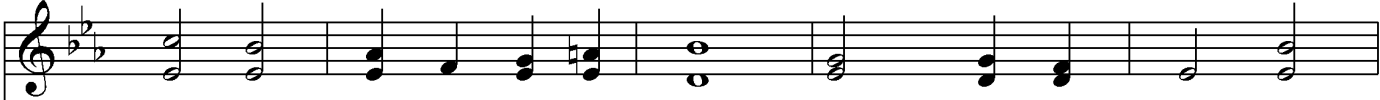
Henry F. Lyte

Eventide, 10.10.10.10


William H. Monk



1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour; What but Thy
 4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no
 5.* Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine through the



deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
 grace can foil the tempt - er's power? Who like Thy - self my
 weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness, Where is death's sting? where,
 gloom, and point me to the skies. Heaven's morn - ing breaks, and



fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
 all a - round I see; O Thou, who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
 guide and stay can be? Through clouds and sun - shine, O a - bide with me!
 grave, thy vic - to - ry? I tri - umph still if thou a - bide with me!
 earth's vain shad - ows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.

*Verse added by editor