

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide

Henry Francis Lyte

William H. Monk

E \flat B \flat 7 Cm E \flat /G A \flat B \flat 7 E \flat

Verse

A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide;
 Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
 I need your pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour.
 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
 Hold thou thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes.

A \flat E \flat Fm F7/E \flat B \flat

5

the dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide.
 earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way.
 What but your 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.

E \flat B \flat 7 Cm E \flat A \flat C7 Fm

9

When oth - er help - ers fail and com - forts flee,
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see.
 Who like your - self my guide and strength can be?
 Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?
 Heaven's morn - ing breaks and earth's vain sha - dows flee;

13

B \flat 7

E \flat

Cm

Fm

E \flat /B \flat

B \flat 7

E \flat

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, O a - bide with me.
 I tri - umph still, if thou a - bide with me.
 in life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.