

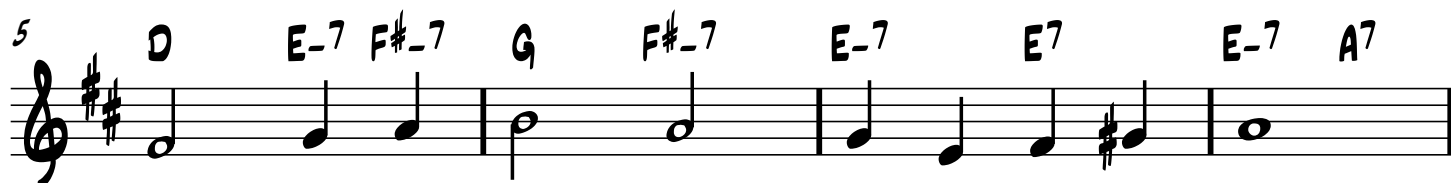
ABIDE WITH ME

HENRY F. LYTE 1793-1847

WILLIAM H. MONK 1823-1889



A - BIDE WITH ME, FAST FALLS THE E - VEN - TIDE.
SWIFT TO ITS CLOSE EBBS OUT LIFE'S LIT - TLE DAY.
I NEED THY PRES - ENCE EV - 'RY PASS - ING HOUR.
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.
WHAT BUT THY GRACE CAN FOIL THE TEMPT-ER'S POWER?
ILLS HAVE NO WEIGHT, AND TEARS NO BIT - TER - NESS.



WHEN OTH - ER HELP - ERS FAIL AND COM-FORTS FLEE,
CHANGE AND DE - CAY IN ALL A - ROUND I SEE.
WHO, LIKE THY - SELF, MY GUIDE AND STAY CAN BE?
WHERE IS DEATH'S STING? WHERE, GRAVE, THY VIC - TO - RY?



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, LORD A - BIDE WITH ME.
I TRI - UMPH STILL IF THOU A - BIDE WITH ME.