

Chor

Abide with me

T.: Henry F. Lyte - Mel.: William Henry Monk

(♩=88)

A - bide with me; fast falls
Swift to its close ebbs out
I need thy pres - ence
Hold fear no thy foe, with e'

the dark - ness
earth's joys grow
what but thy
ills have no
shine through the
deed:
bide.
way;
pow'r?
ness.
skies.

When
change
Who
Wh
He
fail and com - forts
all a - round I
guide and stay can
grave, thy vic - to -
earth's vain shad - ows
flee,
see;
be?
ry?
flee,

Alp - less, oh a - bide with me.
hang - est not, a - bide with me.
sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me.
still, if thou, a - bide with me.
death, o Lord, a - bide with me.