

METRE 37 Henry Francis Lyte **EVENING HYMN 4 lines 10**

Arthur Henry Dyke Troyt

1. Abide with me, fast falls the e-ven-tide, The darkness deepens, Lord with me a-bide; When other helpers fail, and com-forts flee Help of the helpless, O a-bide with me.

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a-way; Change and decay in all a-round I see: O thou who changest not a-bide with me.

3. I need thy presence every pass-ing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like thyself my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord a-bide with me.

4. I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bit-ter-ness; Where is death's sting, where grave thy vic-to-ry? I triumph still if thou a-bide with me.

5. Hold thou thy cross before my clos-ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom and point me to the skies; Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vainsha-dows flee: In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me. A-men.