

Abide With Me

Words by Henry Francis Lyte and music by William Henry Monk

C | Am | F G | C

C G Am C/E F G C

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;

C F C/E Dm D7 G G7

The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;

C G Am C/E F A7 Dm

When other helpers fail and comforts flee,

G G/F C/E F C/G G7 C | Am | F G | C

Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;

Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;

Change and decay in all around I see—

O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;

What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?

Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?

Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;

Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;

Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?

I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;

Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;

Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.