ABIDE WITH ME

Andante

H. F. Lyte (1793-1847)

W. H. Monk (1823-1889)

A - bide with me, fast falls the e - ven - tide. The dark - ness deep - ens;

Lord, with me a - bide. When oth - er help - ers fail and com - forts flee,

help of the help - less, oh, a - bide, with me. Swift to its close ebbs

out life's lit - tle day; earth joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;

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change and decay in all a-round I see; o Thou who changest not, abide with me.
Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;

but as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord, familiar, condensing, patient, free.
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.