Hymn Abide With Me "Eventide"

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)

W. H. Monk (1823-1889)

Descant and organ part by Paul Halley

1 Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
   The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
   Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
   Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
   O thou, who changest not, a-bide with me.

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
   What but thy grace can foil the temper's power?
   Through 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 bitterness;
   I triumph still, if thou a-bide with me.

Paul Halley © 2008 Back Alley Music (ASCAP) (descant and organ part for verse 5)
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5 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 shadows flee; In life, in death, Lord, abide with me!

5 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!

Hymn: Abide With Me