

Abide With Me

(H.F. Lyte 1793-1847)

1

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
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;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

3

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

4

Hold thou Thy cross before my closing eyes:
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.