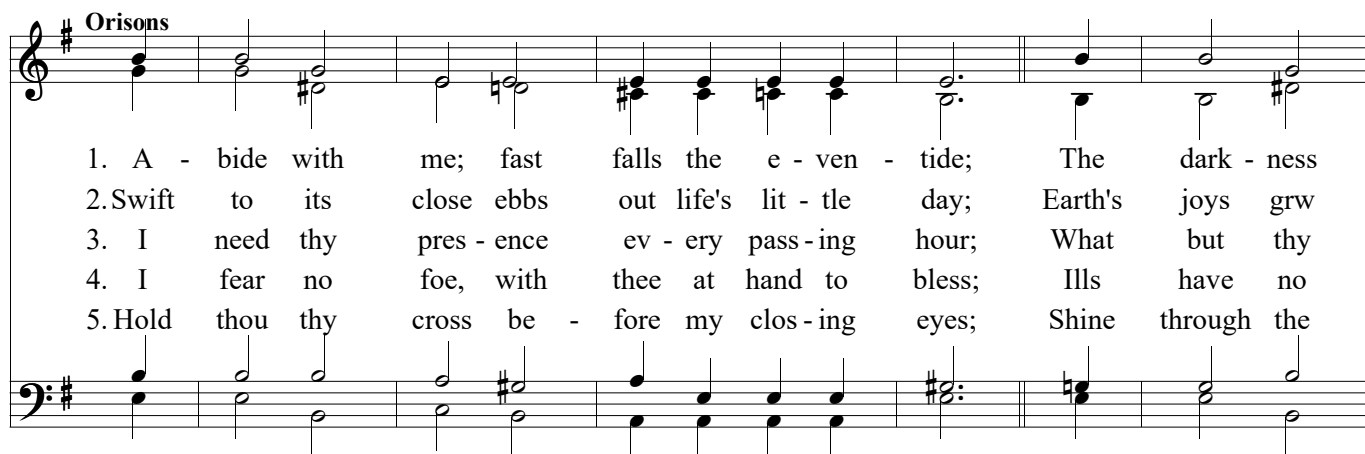


Abide with me

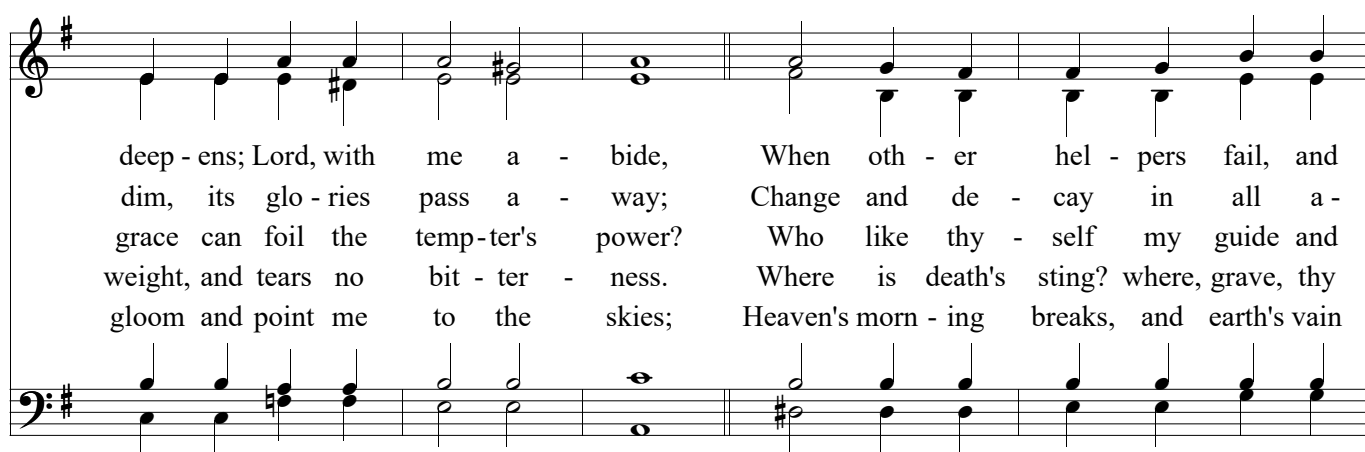
Henry Francis Lyte
(1793-1847)

S. S. Wesley
(1810-76)

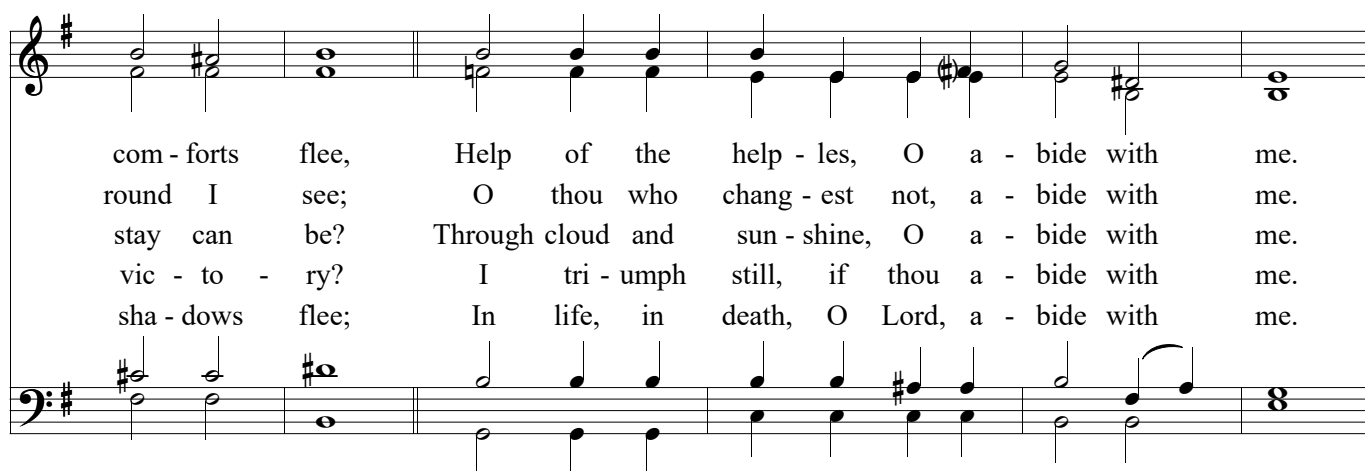
Orisons



1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grw
3. I need thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour; What but thy
4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no
5. Hold thou thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine through the



deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide, When oth - er hel - pers fail, and
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a -
grace can foil the temp - ter's power? Who like thy - self my guide and
weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness. Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy
gloom and point me to the skies; Heaven's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain



com - forts flee, Help of the help - les, O a - bide with me.
round I see; O thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me.
stay can be? Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me.
vic - to - ry? I tri - umph still, if thou a - bide with me.
sha - dows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.