

3 I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour ;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter
power ?

Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be
Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me

4 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, th
victory ?

I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eye
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.

TITLE CLEAR.

1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes,

CHORUS.

We will stand, the storm,
We will anchor by and by.
It will not be very long ;
We will anchor by and by.

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