

2—*Abide with Me.*

EVENTIDE.

KEY E₇

DR. W. H. MONK, 1861.

m	:-	m	:r	d	:-	s	:	l	:l	s	:f	m	:-	-	:-
d	:-	t	:t	d	:-	d	:-	l	:t	d	:r	d	:-	-	:-
s	:-	s	:f	m	:-	d	:-	d	:s	s	:s	s	:-	-	:-
d	:-	s	:s	l	:-	m	:-	f	:s	l	:t	d	:-	-	:-

m	:-	f	:s	l	:-	s	:-	f	:r	m	:fe	s	:-	-	:-
d	:-	d	:d	d	:-	d	:-	d	:r	d	:d	t	:-	-	:-
s	:-	f	:m	f	:-	m	:-	l	:s	s	:s	r	:-	-	:-
d	:t	l	:s	f	:	d	:-	r	:t	d	:l	s	:-	-	:-

m	:-	m	:r	d	:-	s	:-	s	:f	f	:m	r	:-	-	:-
d	:-	t	:t	d	:-	d	:-	d	:d	de	:de	r	:-	-	:-
m	:f	s	:f	m	:	d	:t	l	:l	l	:s	f	:	:	:
d	:-	s	:s	l	:-	m	:-	f	:s	l	:l	r	:	-	:-

r	:-	m	:f	m	:r	d	:f	m	:-	r	:-	d	:-	-	:-
t	:-	d	:t	d	:t	d	:r	d	:-	t	:-	d	:-	-	:-
s	:-	s	:s	s	:f	m	:l	s	:-	-	:f	m	:-	-	:-
f	:-	m	:r	d	:s	l	:f	s	:	s	:s	d	:-	-	:-

f	:-	m	:-
d	:-	d	:-
l	:-	s	:-
f	:-	d	:-

A - men.

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, 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, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 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. Amen.