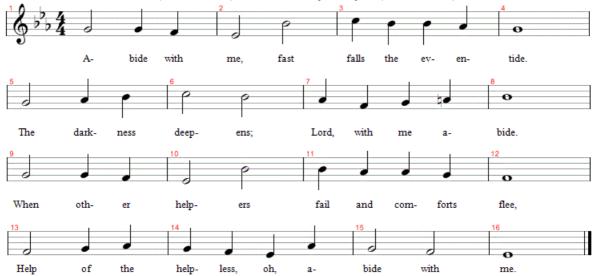
Abide with me

Melodie: William H. Monk (1823-1889) - Text: Henry 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, oh, abide with me.
- 2. I need thy presence every passing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like thyself my guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine oh, abide with me.
- 3. Swift to it's close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, it's glories pass away; Change and decay in all around I see; O thou who changest not, abide with me
- 4. Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word, But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord, Familiar, condescending, patient, free. Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.
- 5. Come not in terror, as the King of kings, But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings; Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea. Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.
- 6. Thou on my head in every youth didst smile, And though rebellious and perverse meanwhile, Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee. On to the close, o Lord, abide with me.

Frei zum Gebrauch für private oder gemeinnützige Zwecke (z.B. Chöre, Kindergärten, Schulen etc), nicht jedoch zur anderweitigen Veröffentlichung.

- 7. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and terars no bitterness. Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory? I triumph still, if thou abide with me!
- 8. 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.