

Abide with me

Melodie: William H. Monk (1823-1889) - Text: Henry F. Lyte (1793-1847)

A- bide with me, fast falls the ev- en- tide.
The dark- ness deep- ens; Lord, with me a- bide.
When oth- er help- ers fail and com- forts flee,
Help of the help- less, oh, a- bide with me.

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.

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nicht jedoch zur anderweitigen Veröffentlichung.

7. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and terrors 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.