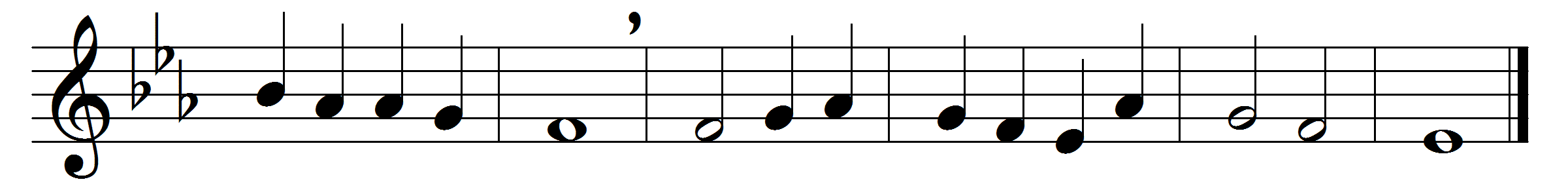
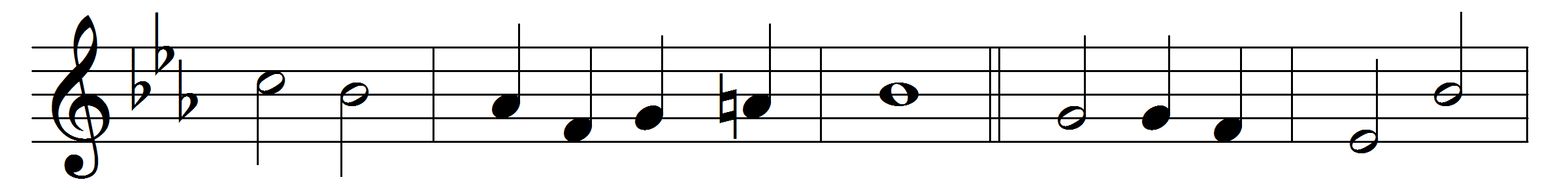
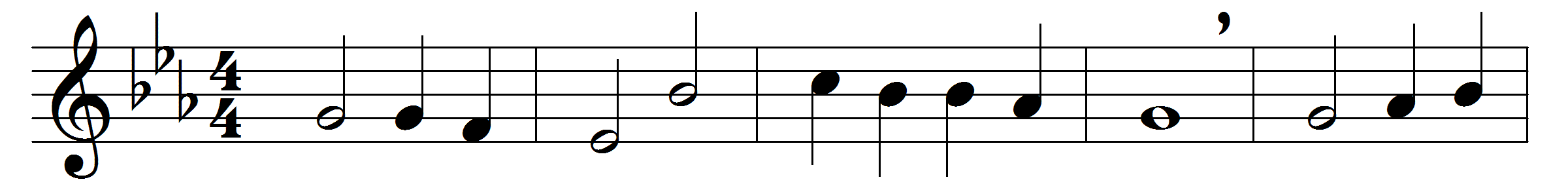
Abide with me; fast falls the eventide AMNS 13 Melody: Eventide 10 10. 10 10.



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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Words: Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)

Music: William Henry Monk (1823-1889)