

Abide with Me

$\text{♩} = 126$ A C#m E7 F#m A D E F#m7 E7 A

1. A - bide with me, fast falls the e - ven - tide;
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
 3. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;

5 A A D A D A Bm7 E A D#dim E

the dark - ness deep - ens; still with me a - bide.
 earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
 ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness.

9 A C#m E7 F#m A F#m7 D+ F#m7 Bm

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
 change and de - cay in all a - round I see:
 Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?

13 E7 A E7 A E7 F#m Bm A E E7 A

help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me.
 O thou who chang - es not, a - bide with me.
 I tri - umph still if thou a - bide with me.

Words: Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847
 Music: William Henry Monk, 1823-1889
 Singing the Living Tradition #101
 Public Domain, no expiration

EVENTIDE
 10.10.10.10.