

Abide with Me

$\text{♩} = 126$ E G#m B7 C#m E A B C#m7 B7 E

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 E E A E A E F#m7 B E A#dim B

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 E G#m B7 C#m E C#m7 A+ C#m7 F#m

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 B7 E B7 E B7 C#m F#m E B B7 E

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
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EVENTIDE
 10.10.10.10.