

# Abide with Me

$\text{♩} = 126$  G Bm D7 Em G C D Em7 D7 G

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 G G C G C G Am7 D G C#dim D

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 G Bm D7 Em G Em7 C+ Em7 Am

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 D7 G D7 G D7 Em Am G D D7 G

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  
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EVENTIDE  
 10.10.10.10.