

Doh is Eb

Abide with me

William H. Monk

Henry F. Lyte

m	—	m	r	d	—	s	—	l	s	s	f	m	—	—	—
d	—	t	t	d	—	d	—	l	t	d	r	d	—	—	—
s	—	s	f	m	—	d	—	d	s	s	s	s	—	—	—
d	—	s	s	l	—	m	—	f	s	l	t	d	—	—	—

1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e-ven-tide;
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle days;
 3. I need Thy pres-ence ev-ery pass-ing hour;
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos-ing eyes

m	—	f	s	l	—	s	—	f	r	m	ife	s	—	—	—
d	—	d	d	d	—	d	—	d	r	d	d	t	—	—	—
s	—	f	m	f	—	m	—	l	s	s	d	r	—	—	—
d	t	l	s	f	—	d	—	r	t	d	l	s	—	—	—

The dark-ness deep-ens: Lord with me a-bide:
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a-way;
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempt-er's power?
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:

m	—	m	r	d	—	s	—	s	f	f	m	r	—	—	—
d	—	t	t	d	—	d	—	d	d	de	de	r	—	—	—
m	f	s	f	m	—	d	t	l	l	l	s	f	—	—	—
d	—	s	s	l	—	m	—	f	s	l	l	r	—	—	—

When oth-er help-ers fail, and com-forts flee,
 Change and de-cay in all a-round I see,
 Who like Thy-self my guide and stay can be?
 Heaven's morn-ing breaks and earth's vain shad-ows flee:

r	—	m	f	m	r	d	f	m	—	r	—	d	—	—	—
t	—	d	t	d	t	d	r	d	—	t	—	s	—	—	—
s	—	s	s	s	f	m	l	s	—	—	f	m	—	—	—
f	—	m	r	d	s	l	f	s	—	s	—	d	—	—	—

Help of the help-less, O a-bide with me!
 O Thou who chang-est not, a-bide with me!
 Through cloud and sun-shine, O a-bide with me!
 In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me!

EVENTIDE
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