

St. Peter of the Fields Parish

# Abide with Me: Fast Falls the Eventide

## Eventide (Monk) 10.10.10.10

Henry F. Lyte, 1847

William H. Monk, 1861

1. A — bide with me; fast falls the e — ven — tide; The dark — ness deep — ens;  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit — tle day; Earth's joys grow dim; its  
 3. Thou on my head in ear — ly youth didst smile; And, though re — bel — lious  
 4. I need Thy pres — ence ev — ery pass — ing hour; What but Thy grace can  
 5. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and  
 6. Hold Thou Thy cross be — fore my clos — ing eyes; Shine through the gloom and

7  
 Lord with me a — bide When oth — er help — ers fail and com — forts  
 glo — ries pass a — way; Change and de — cay in all a — round I  
 and per — verse mean — while, Thou hast not left me, oft as I left  
 foil the tempt — er's power? Who, like Thy — self, my guide and stay can  
 tears no bit — ter — ness Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy vic — tor —  
 point me to the skies Heaven's morn — ing breaks, and earth's vain shad — ows

12  
 flee, Help of the help — less, O a — bide with me.  
 see; O Thou who chang — est not, a — bide with me.  
 Thee, On to the close, O Lord, a — bide with me.  
 be? Through cloud and sun — shine, Lord, a — bide with me.  
 — y? I tri — umph still, if Thou a — bide with me.  
 flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a — bide with me.