

SATB

# Eventide

Abide with me

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847), 1847

William Henry Monk (1823-1889), 1861

Andante

Sopran

1. A - bide with me; fast falls the ev - en - tide;  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;  
 3. I need Thy pres - ence eve - ry pass - ing hour;  
 4. I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;  
 5. Hold Thou Thy Cross be - - fore my clos - ing eyes;

Alt

Tenor

8

1. A - bide with me; fast falls the ev - en - tide;  
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Baß

5

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?  
 ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - - ness;  
 shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;

A.

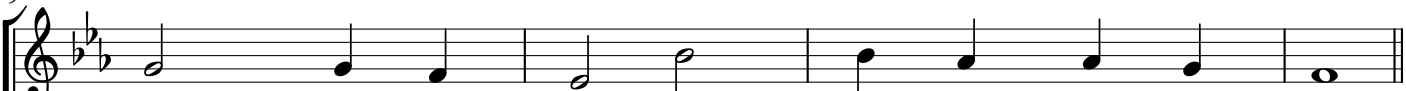
T.

8


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B.

9

S. 


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?  
 where is death's sting, where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?  
 Heaven's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows flee;

A. 


T. 

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B. 

13

S. 

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, LORD, a - bide with me.  
 I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me.  
 in life, in death, O LORD, a - bide with me. A - men.

A. 

T. 

8

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