

Abide with Me

William H. Monk

Eventide (Monk)
10.10.10.10

E^b Gmin B^b7 Cmin E^b A^b B^b Cm7^b5 B^b7 E^b E^bmaj7 A^b E^b A^b E^b

Fmin7 B^b E^b Adim B^b E^bsus4 B^b7 Cmin E^bmaj7 A^b C7

B^b7 E^b B^b7 E^b B^b7 Cmin Fmin E^b B^b7 E^b

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Henry F. Lyte