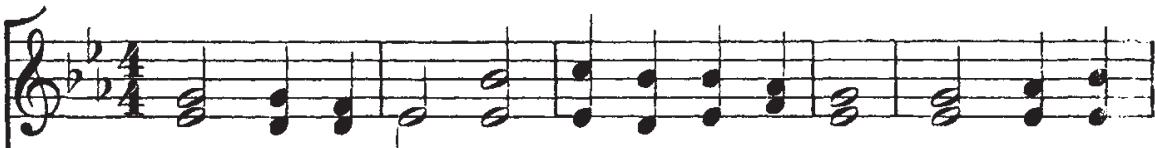


EVENTIDE 10. 10. 10. 10.

WILLIAM H. MONK

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE



1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven-tide; The dark-ness
 2. I need Thy pres - ence ev - ery pass-ing hour; What but Thy
 3. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no



deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide. When oth - er help - ers
 grace can foil the tempt-er's power? Who like Thy - self my
 weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? where,



fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me.
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, O a - bide with me.
 grave, thy vic - to - ry? I triumph still, if Thou a - bide with me.

