

**A**BIDE 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.

2 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.

3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;  
But as Thou dwelt with Thy disciples, Lord,  
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,  
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

4 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.

5 Keep, Lord, 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 Francis Lyte, 1793-1847*