

# O Lord, Abide With Me

Henry F. Lyte (1793-1847)

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Adagio ♩ = 62

Soprano *p*

*solo*  
*or soli* A - bide with me, fast falls the ev - en - tide; The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord with me a - bide!

Organ *p*

S. *p*

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me. Swift

Org. *p*

S. *subpp* *f*

to it close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change

Org. *pp*

14

S. *p*  
and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me. I

A. *p*

T. *p*  
I

B. *p*

Org. *f*

18

S. *p*  
fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness.

A. *p*

T. *p*  
fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness.

B. *p*

Org. *ad lib*

22

S. *p* Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic - to - ry? I tri - umph still, if thou a - bide with me. Hold

A. *p* Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic - to - ry? I tri - umph still, if thou a - bide with me. Hold

T. *p* 8 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic - to - ry? I tri - umph still, if thou a - bide with me. Hold

B. *p* Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic - to - ry? I tri - umph still, if thou a - bide with me. Hold

Org.

26

S. *sub pp* Thou thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies, Heav - ens' *f*

A. *sub pp* Thou thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies, Heav - ens' *f*

T. *sub pp* 8 Thou thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies, Heav - ens' *f*

B. *sub pp* Thou thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies, Heav - ens' *f*

Org.

30

S. *sub pp rit* - - - - -  
 morn - ing breaks and earth's vain sha - dows flee; In life, in death, O Lord a - bide with me.

A. *sub pp*  
 morn - ing breaks and earth's vain sha - dows flee; In life, in death, O Lord a - bide with me.

T. *sub pp*  
 morn - ing breaks and earth's vain sha - dows flee; In life, in death, O Lord a - bide with me.

B. *sub pp*  
 morn - ing breaks and earth's vain sha - dows flee; In life, in death, O Lord a - bide with me.

Org. *rit* - - - - -

1. 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,  
 Oh, abide with me.

2. I need thy presence  
 Every passing hour;  
 What but thy grace  
 Can foil the tempter's pow'r?  
 Who like thyself  
 My guide and stay can be?  
 Through cloud and sunshine  
 Oh, abide with me.

3. Swift to it's close  
 Ebbs out life's little day;  
 Earth's joys grow dim,  
 It's glories pass away;  
 Change and decay  
 In all around I see;  
 O thou who changest not,  
 Abide with me

4. Not a brief glance I beg,  
 A passing word,  
 But as Thou dwell'st  
 With Thy disciples, Lord,  
 Familiar, condescending,  
 Patient, free.  
 Come not to sojourn,  
 But abide with me. □

5. Come not in terror,  
 As the King of kings,  
 But kind and good,  
 With healing in Thy wings;  
 Tears for all woes,  
 A heart for every plea.  
 Come, Friend of sinners,  
 Thus abide with me.

6. Thou on my head  
 In every youth didst smile,  
 And though rebellious  
 And perverse meanwhile,  
 Thou hast not left me,  
 Oft as I left Thee.  
 On to the close,  
 O Lord, abide with me.

7. I fear no foe,  
 With thee at hand to bless;  
 Ills have no weight,  
 And terrors no bitterness.  
 Where is death's sting?  
 Where, grave, thy victory?  
 I triumph still,  
 If thou abide with me!

8. Hold thou thy cross  
 Before my closing eyes,  
 Shine through the gloom,  
 And point me to the skies;  
 Heav'n's morning breaks,  
 And earth's vain shadows flee;  
 In life, in death,  
 O Lord, abide with me.

Henry F. Lyte composed this hymn 3 weeks prior to his death of Tuberculosis in 1847.