

1883  
213



BNDIE  
WITH ME

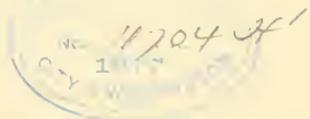
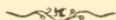
# ABIDE WITH ME.

BY

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

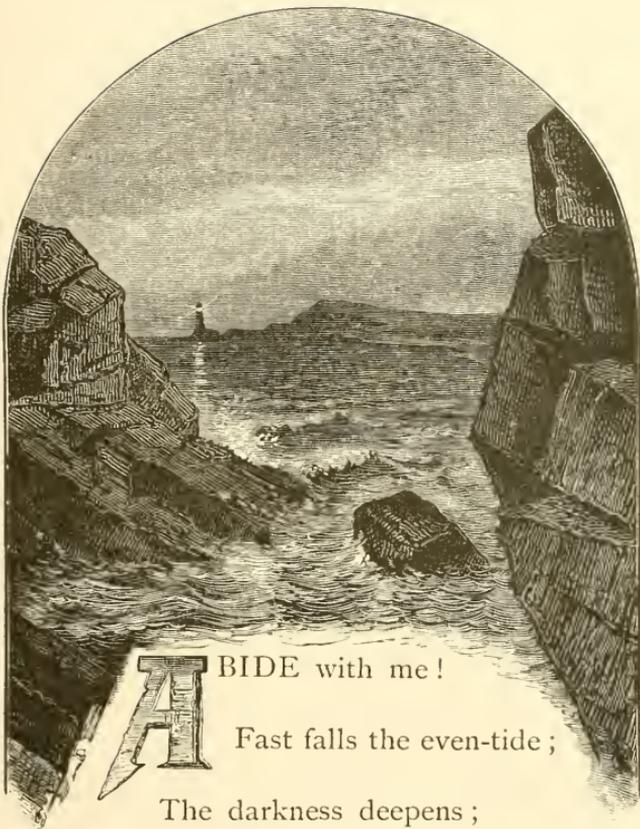
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1878.

Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. — JOHN xv. 4.

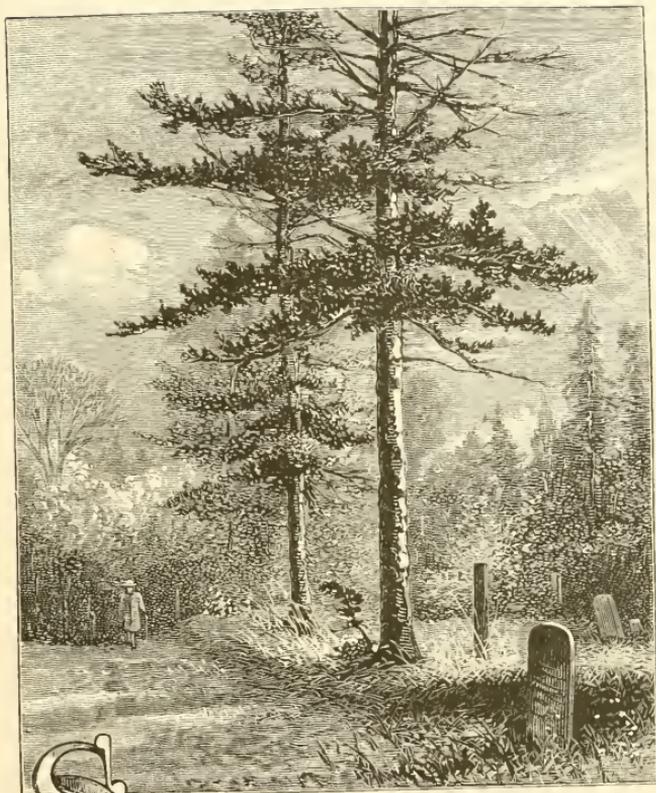


**A**BIDE with me !  
Fast falls the even-tide ;  
The darkness deepens ;  
Lord, with me abide !



**W**HEN other help-  
ers fail, and comforts  
flee,  
Help of the helpless,  
O, abide with me!

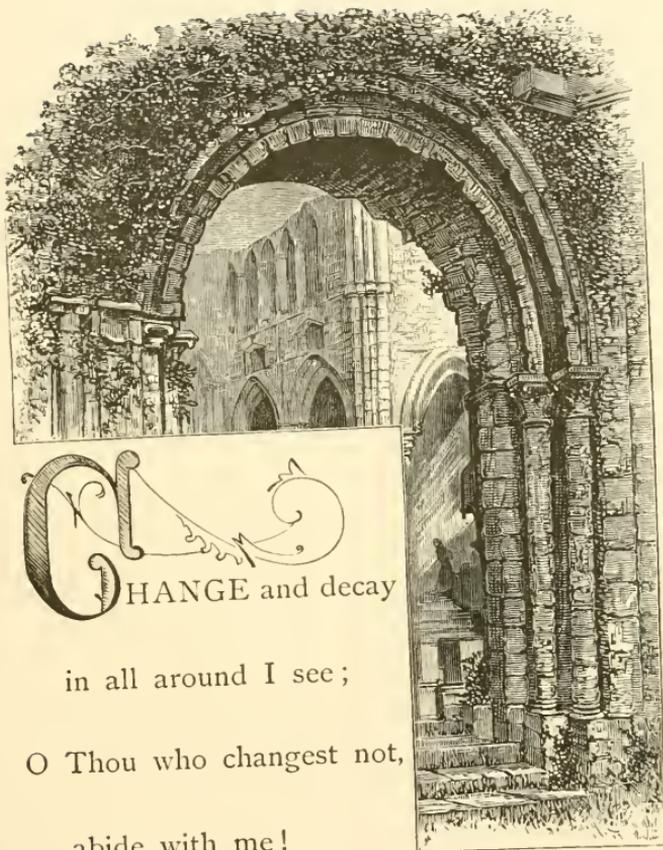




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WIFT to its close ebbs out life's  
little day,

Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.

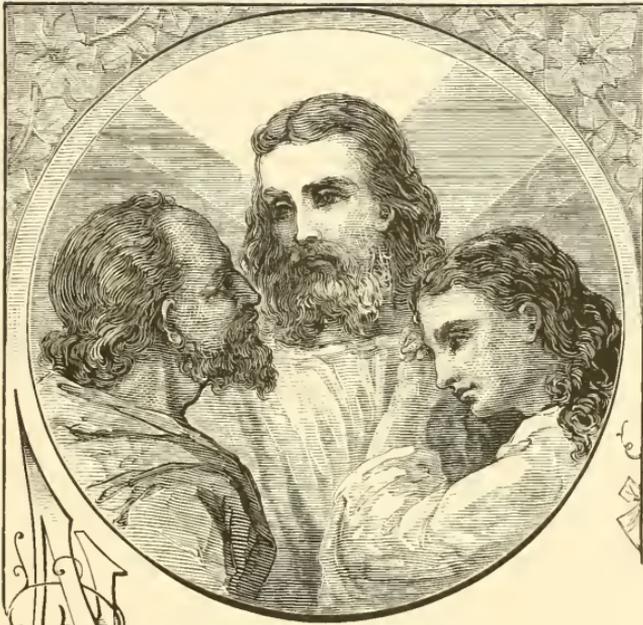


**C**HANGE and decay

in all around I see ;

O Thou who changest not,

abide with me !



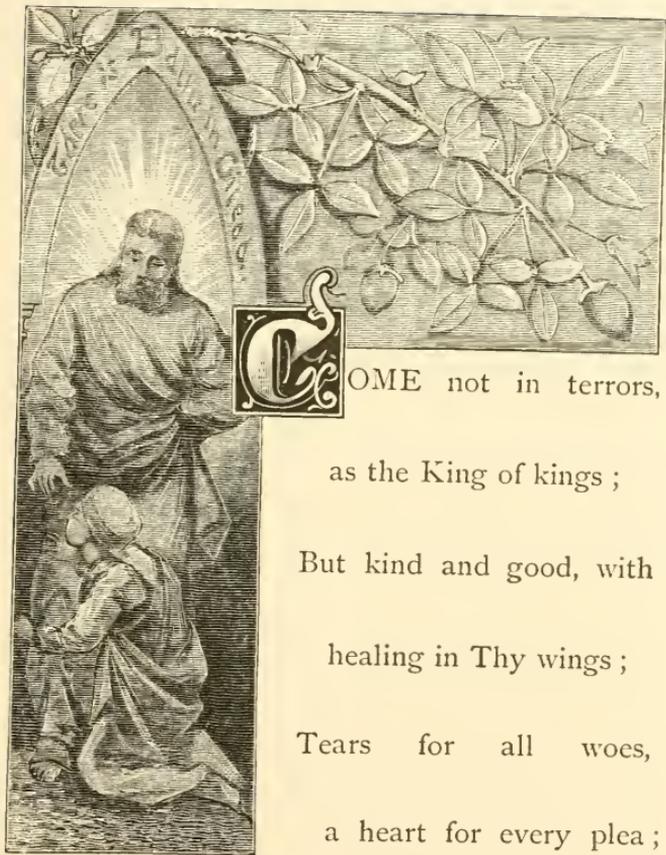
**N**OT a brief glance I beg, a pass-  
ing word,  
But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples,  
Lord,  
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,—



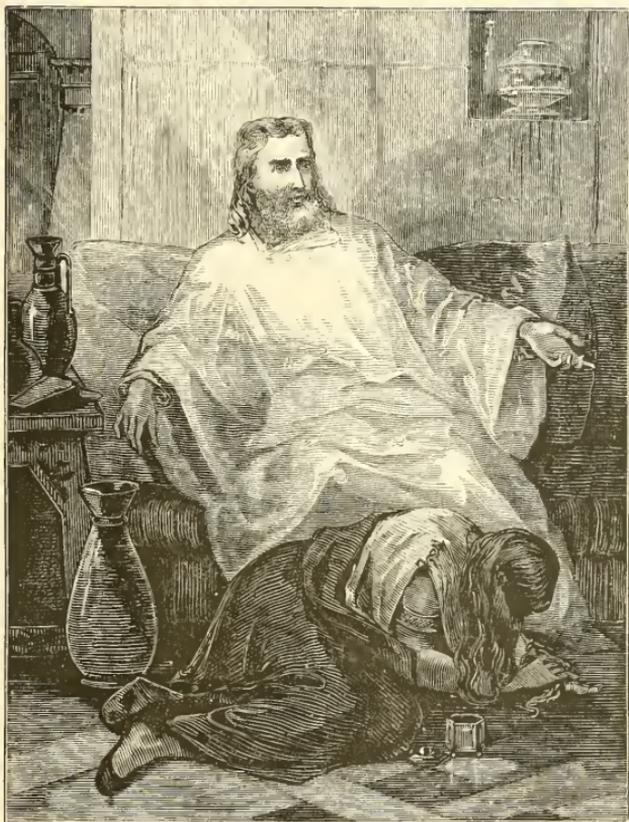
Come, not to sojourn,

but abide, with me!

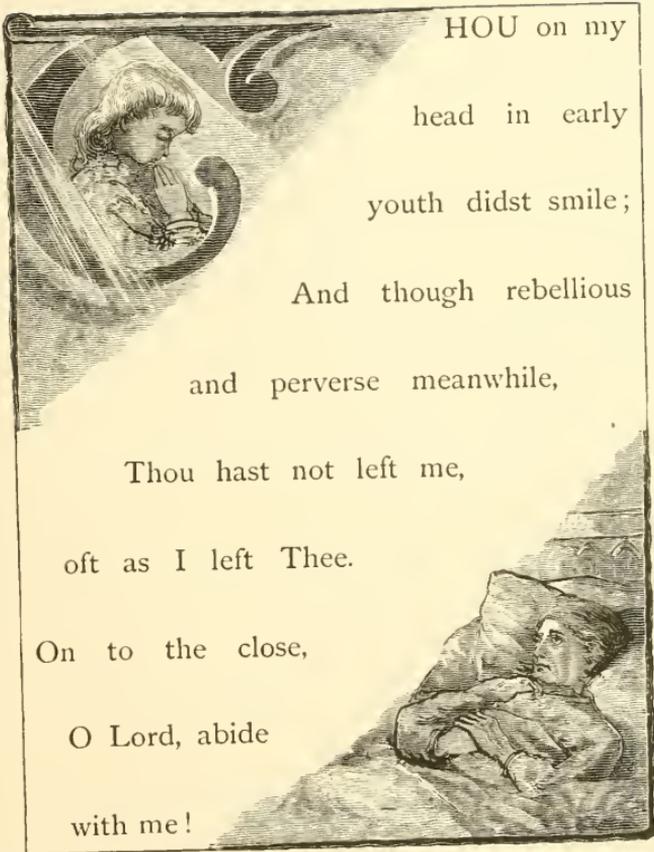




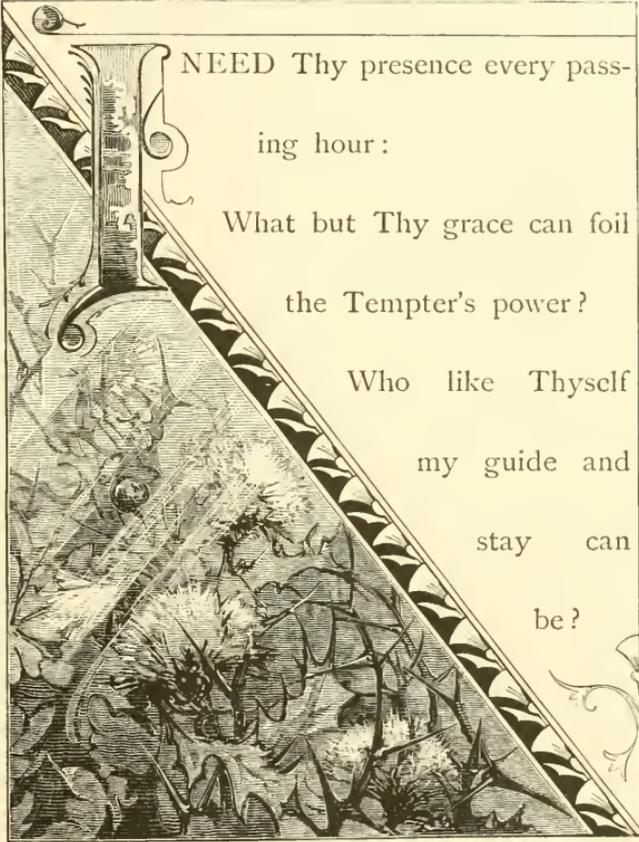
**C**OME not in terrors,  
as the King of kings ;  
But kind and good, with  
healing in Thy wings ;  
Tears for all woes,  
a heart for every plea ;



Come, Friend of sinners, and thus bide  
with me!



THOU on my  
head in early  
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!



NEED Thy presence every pass-

ing hour :

What but Thy grace can foil

the Tempter's power ?

Who like Thyself

my guide and

stay can

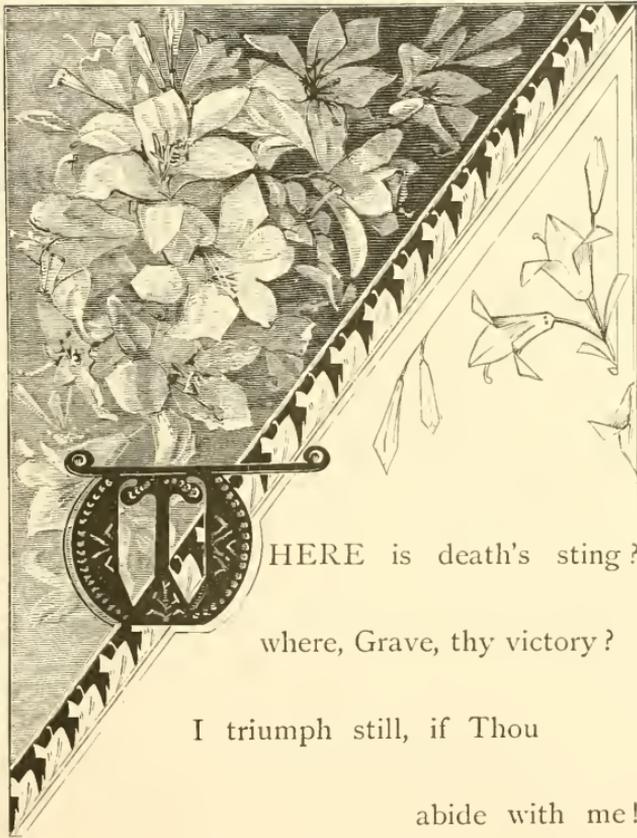
be ?



Through cloud and sunshine, O, abide with  
me!



**F**EAR no foe, with Thee at hand  
to bless :  
Ills have no weight, and tears  
no bitterness :

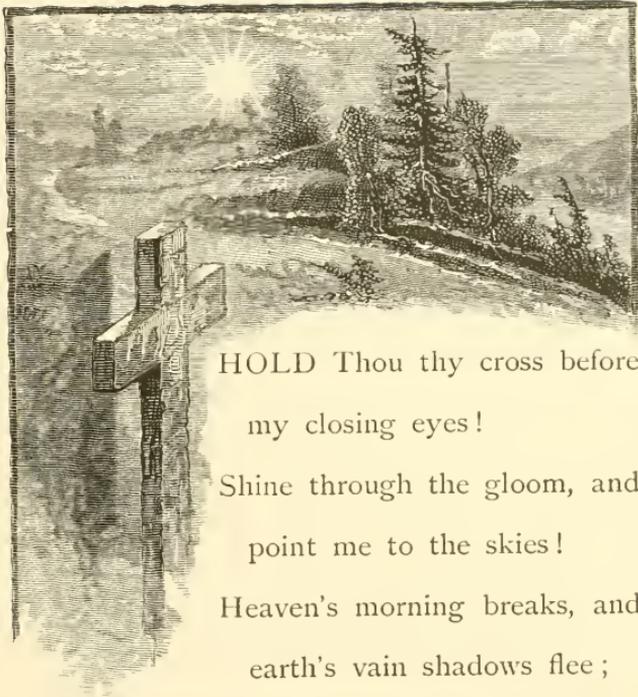


HERE is death's sting?

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 and death, O Lord, abide with me!

