

ABIDE WITH ME

TROYTE CHANT

THE REV. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE (1793-1847), 1847

ARTHUR HENRY DYKE TROYTE (1811-1857)

1. Abide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me a - bide!
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earths joys grow dim; its glories pass a - way;
 3. Not a brief glance I beg, a pass - ing word; But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy dis - ci - ples, Lord,
 4. Thou on my head in early youth didst smile, And tho' rebellious and per - verse mean - while,
 5. I need Thy Presence ev'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the Tempt - er's pow'r?
 6. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness;
 7. Hold Thou Thy cross before my clos - ing eyes! Shine thru the gloom, and point me to the skies!

When other helpers fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me!
 Change and decay in all a - round I see; O Thou, Who changest not, a - bide with me!
 Familiar, condescending, pa - tient, free, Come, not to sojourn, but a - bide, with me!
 Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee; On to the close, O Lord, a - bide with me!
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be? Thru cloud and sunshine, O a - bide with me!
 Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy vic - to - ry? I triumph still, if Thou a - bide with me!
 Heav'n's morning breaks, and earths vain shad - ows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me! A - men.