Tarry With Me, O My Savior

SMITH 8s & 7s D.

Poco Allegro

1. Tarry with me, O my Savior, For the day is passing by;
   See, the shades of evening gather, And the night is drawing nigh,
   Deep-er, deep-er grow the shad-ows, Pal-er now the glow-ing west:
   Swift the night of death ad- vances; Shall it be the night of rest?

2. Fee-ble, trem-bling, faint-ing, dy-ing, Lord, I cast my-self on Thee;
   Tarry with me thru the dark-ness; While I sleep, still watch by me,
   Tar-ry with me, O my Sav-i-or; Lay my head up-on Thy breast
   Till the morn-ing, then a-wake me,- Morn-ing of e- ter-nal rest.

Words: Mrs. Caroline Sprague Smith
Music: Caryl Florio

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