

Abide With Me

Henry Francis Lyte · 1847 · Tune: Eventide (William Henry Monk)
Meter: 10.10.10.10

Verse 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, O abide with me.

Verse 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.

Verse 3

I need Thy presence every passing hour.
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

Verse 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.

Verse 5

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, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

History

Anglican minister Henry Francis Lyte wrote 'Abide With Me' in 1847, three weeks before he died of tuberculosis. The text meditates on Luke 24:29, where the disciples on the Emmaus road plead with the risen Christ to remain with them. William Henry Monk composed the tune 'Eventide' in 1861 for Hymns Ancient and Modern.

Scripture References (KJV)

Luke 24:29

But they constrained him, saying, Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And he went in to tarry with them.

1 Corinthians 15:55

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

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