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Abide with me



- 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.
- 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.

Text: Henry F. Lyte, 1847 Tune: William H. Monk, 1861