

SONGS OF WORSHIP.

EVENTIDE. 10.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark - ness  
 deep - ens— Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers  
 fall, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!

21

*Abide with me.*

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!  
 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!

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!  
 Henry F. Lyte.

STOCKWELL. 8, 7.

DARIUS ELIOT JONES.

1. All un-seen the Master walk-eth By the toiling ser-rant's side, Comfortable words he speaketh, While his hands uphold and guide.

22

*The Master with us.*

2 Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow  
 Rends thy heart, to him unknown,  
 He to-day, and he to-morrow,  
 Grace sufficient gives his own.

3 Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,  
 Long endurance wins the crown,  
 When the evening shadows lengthen,  
 Thou shalt lay thy burden down.  
 Thomas Mackellar.