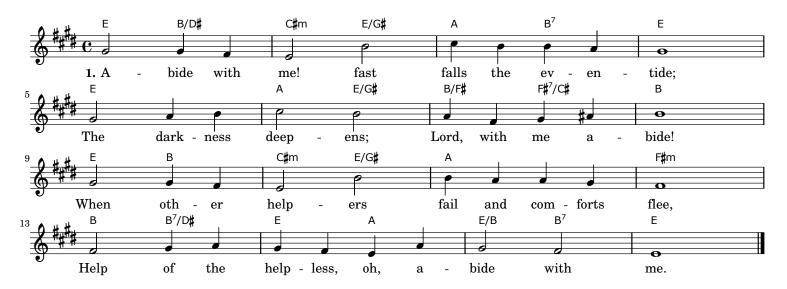
## Abide with me! fast falls the eventide

Longings — For Fellowship with Christ

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- 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. Come not in terrors, as the King of kings; But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings: Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea; Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.
- **4.** 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, oh, abide with me.
- 5. 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.