

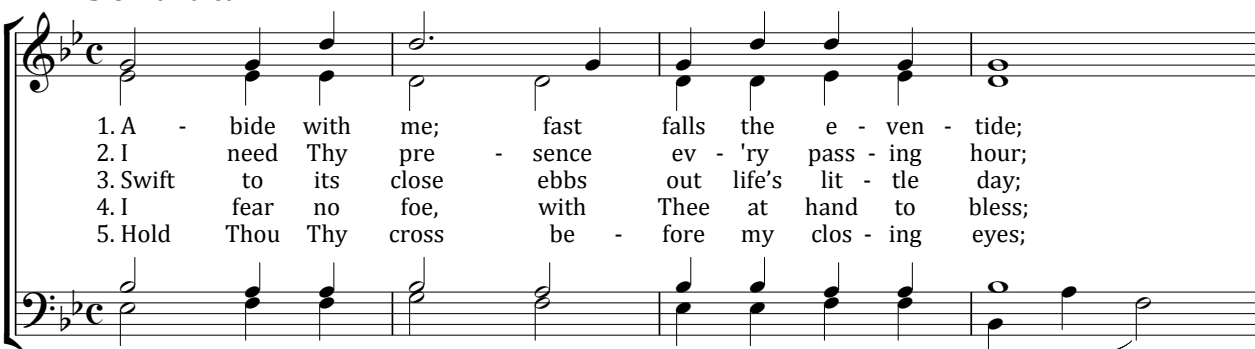
ABIDE WITH ME

Henry F. Lyte
(1793 - 1847)

Rihards Dubra
(*1964)

Slow and calm

Soprano
Alto



1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide;
2. I need Thy pre - sence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour;
3. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
5. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes;

Tenor
Bass

5

S.
A.



The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r?
Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;

T.
B.