

Eventide

Text: Henry Francis Lyte (1793 – 1847)

Music: William Henry Monk (1823 – 1889)

Largo $\text{♩} = 40$

SOPRANO

A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide; the dark - ness
 Swift to its close ebbs out life's li - ttle day; earth's joys grow
 Not a brief glance I begg, a pass - ing word, but as Thou

ALTO

Viens par - mi nous, Sei - gneur, dans le si - len - ce; no - tre re -
 Vois, ô Sei gneur, tes fils, qui les mains plei - nes, T'of - frent jo -
 O Com - pa - gnon de no - tre rou - te d'hom - mes, reste a - vec

TENOR

La luz del dí - a a - quí con - mi - go es - tá, de - sa - pa -
 No te - mo si me sien - to jun - to a mí, triun - fan - te
 Po - der y paz en - cuen - tro en Ti, Se - ñor, vi - vien - do en

BASS

6

S.

dee - pens; Lord with me a - bide. When o - ther hel - pers
 dim; its glo - ries pass a - way; change and de - cay in
 dwell'st with Thy dis - ci - ples, Lord, fa - mi - liar, con - des -

A.

gard te cher - che dans la nuit, ou - vre nos cœurs aux
 eux leur tâ - che de ce jour; Toi, qui con - nus le
 nous, Sei - gneur, il se fait tard. En - tre tes mains notre

T.

re - ce ya la os - cu - ri - dad, Tú das la fuer - za
 soy del mal y la in - quie - tud, pues quien con - fia - da -
 Ti no pi - do na - da más, y na - da te - me -

B.

11

S. fail and com-forts flee, — Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me.
all a-round I see; — O Thou who chan-gest not, a - bide with me.
cen-ding, pa - tient, free. — Come not to so-journ, but a - bide with me.

A. joies de ta pré-sen - ce, Toi, dont l'a-mour en - sem - ble nous u - nit.
prix de no - tre pei - ne, Tu sau - ras bien y voir un peu d'a - mour.
â - me s'a - ban-don - ne: nous dor - mi - rons en paix sous ton re - gard.

T. y la li - ber - tad, — siem - pre con - ti - go vi - vi - ré, Ver - dad.
men - te vi - ve en Ti, — tie - ne a - mor, bon - dad, va - lor, sa - lud.
-ré, di - vi - no A - mor, — pues, sé que Tú siem - pre con - mi - go es - tás.

B.

4. 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, and thus bide with me.

5. Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee,
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

6. 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.

7. 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.

8. 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.