

Henry F. Lyta

(EVENTIDE.)

William H. Monk

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e-ven-tide, The dark-ness deepens, Lord, with me a - bide!
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
 3. I need Thy pres-ence ev - 'ry passing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross before my clos-ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, a-bide with me!
 Change and de - cay in all a-round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a-bide with me!
 Who, like Thy-self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a-bide with me!
 Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me!

Ray Palmer.

(OLIVET.)

Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
 2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in-spire; As Thou hast
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior,

while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way; O let me, from this day, Be whol-ly Thine.
 died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be—A liv - ing fire.
 turn to day, Wipe sor-row's tears a-way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a-side.
 then, in love, Fear and dis-trust remove; O bear me safe a-bove—A ran-somed soul. A - men.

Faith in God is not an opinion that God exists: it is the habit of living with Him. Faith in Christ is not an opinion that He is divine: it is the habit of following Him.—Lyman Abbott.