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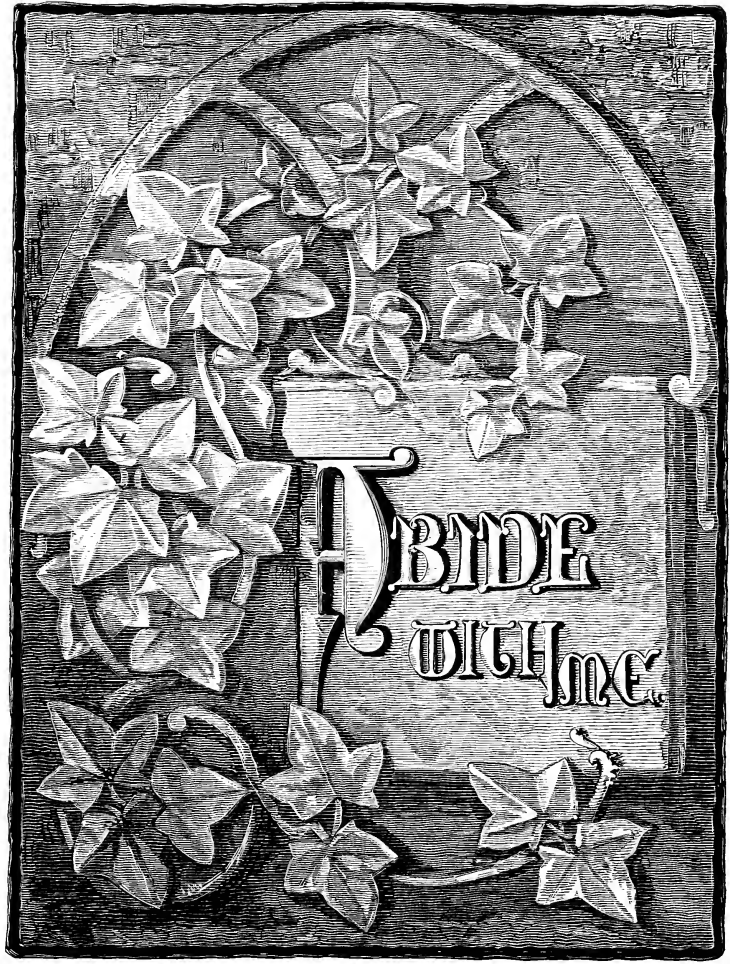
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BIDE
WITH ME

ABIDE WITH ME.

BY

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

DESIGNS BY MISS L. B. HUMPHREY.

ENGRAVED BY JOHN ANDREW & SON.



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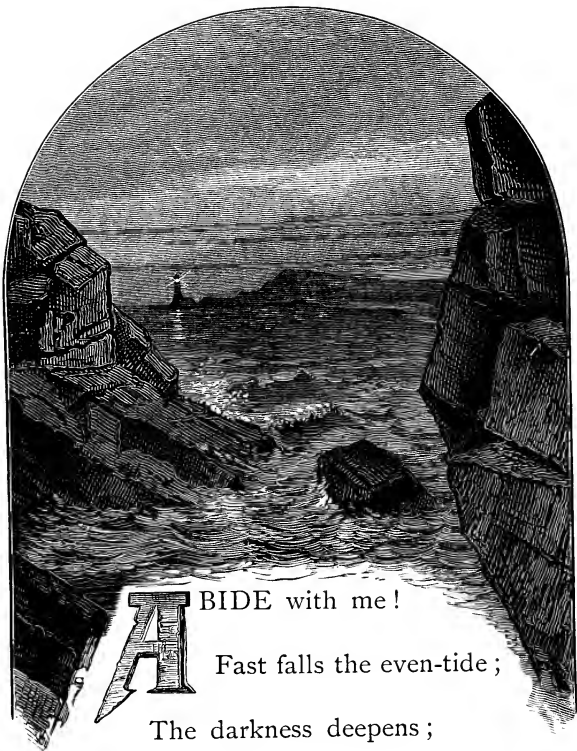
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Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. — JOHN xv. 4.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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A BIDE with me !
Fast falls the even-tide ;
The darkness deepens ;
Lord, with me abide !



WHEN other help-

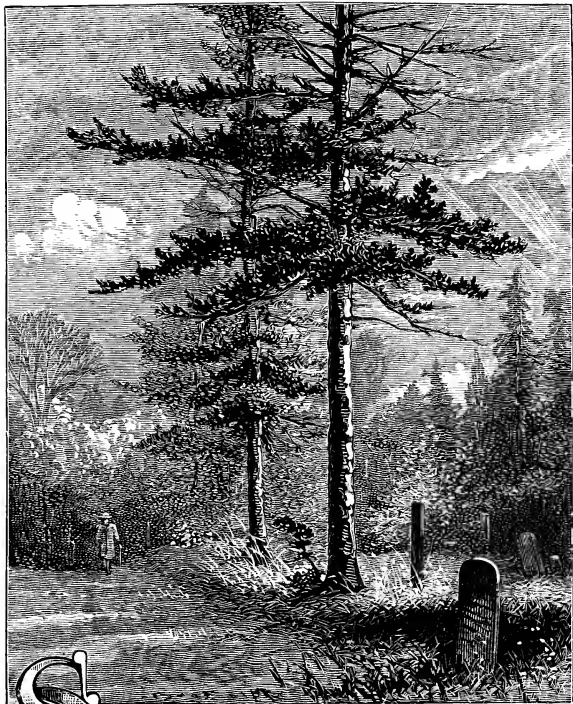
ers fail, and comforts

flee,

Help of the helpless,

O, abide with me !

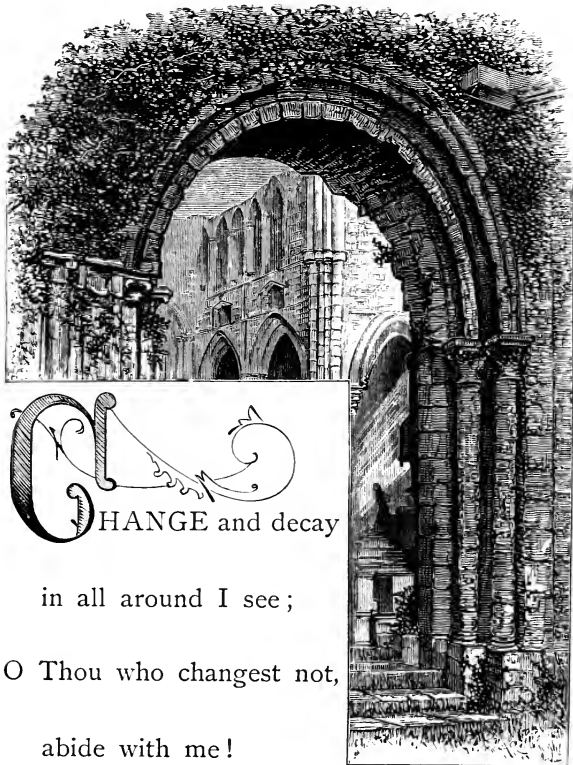




SWIFT to its close ebbs out life's

little day,

Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.

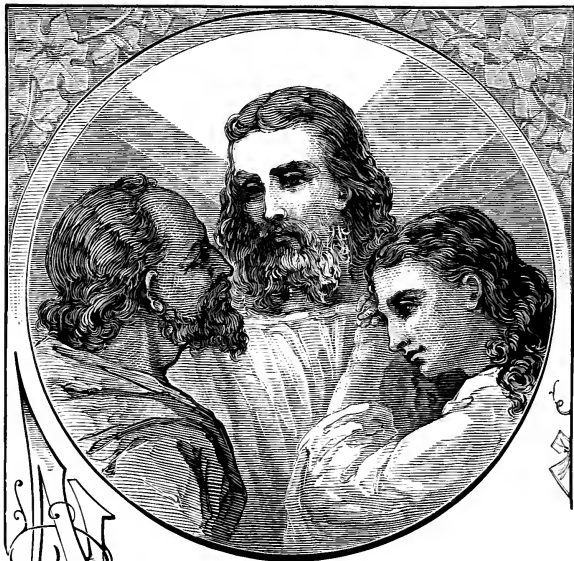


CHANGE and decay

in all around I see ;

O Thou who changest not,

abide with me !



DOT a brief glance I beg, a pass-
ing word,
But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples,
Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,—



Come, not to sojourn,

but abide, with me!





COME not in terrors,

as the King of kings ;

But kind and good, with

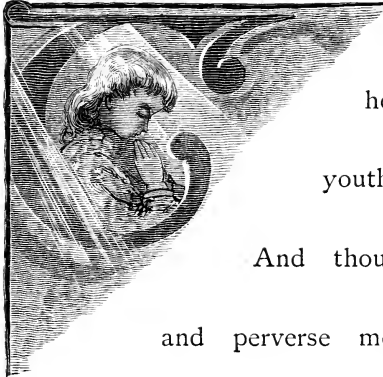
healing in Thy wings ;

Tears for all woes,

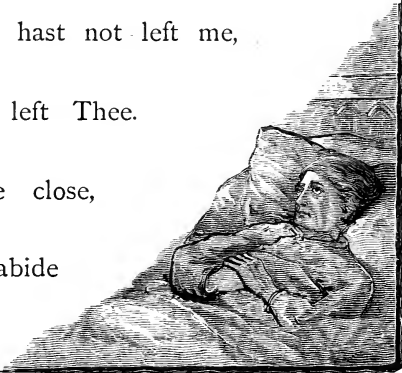
a heart for every plea ;

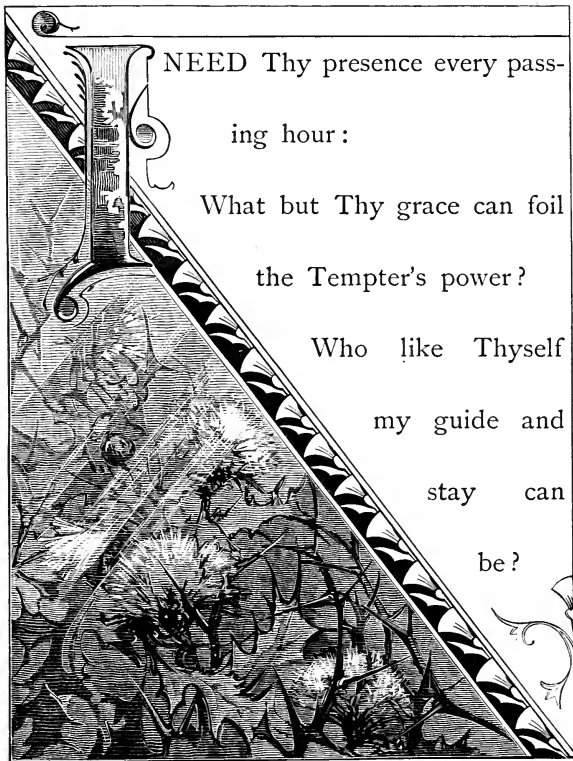


Come, Friend of sinners, and thus bide
with me!



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!





NEED Thy presence every pass-
ing hour :

What but Thy grace can foil
the Tempter's power?

Who like Thyself
my guide and
stay can
be?

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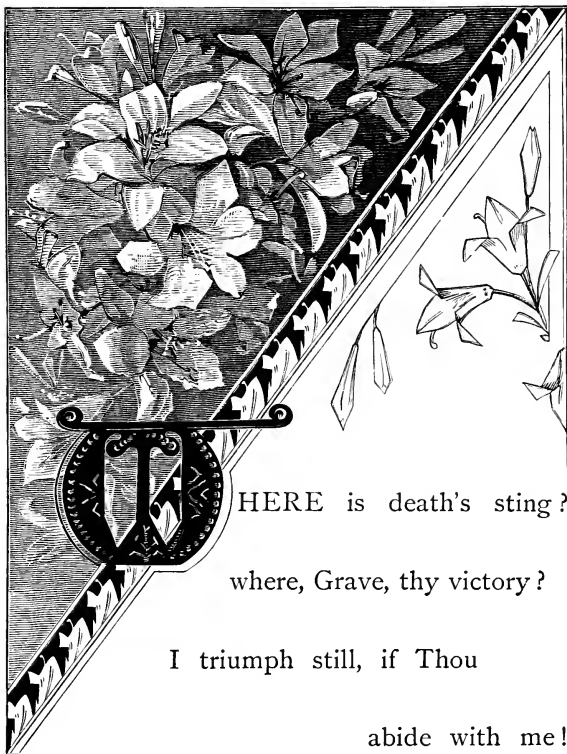
1100 EAST 58TH STREET
CHICAGO, ILL. 60637
TEL: 773-936-3700



Through cloud and sunshine, O, abide with
me!



FEAR no foe, with Thee at hand
to bless :
Ills have no weight, and tears
no bitterness :

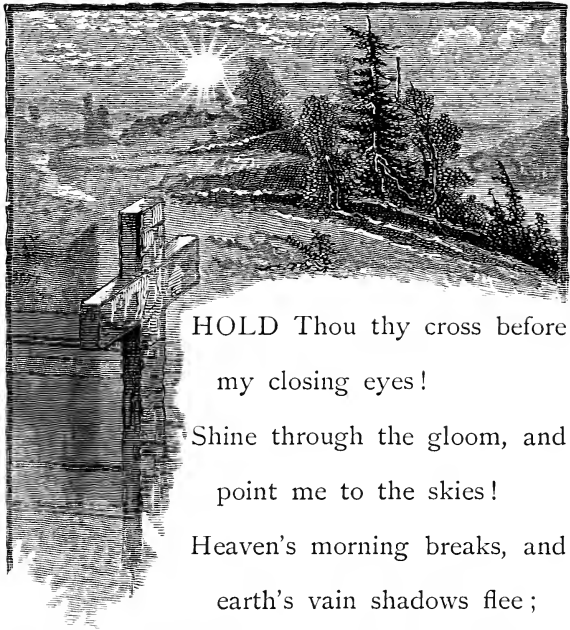


HERE is death's sting?

where, Grave, thy victory?

I triumph still, if Thou

abide with me!



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 and death, O Lord, abide with me!



