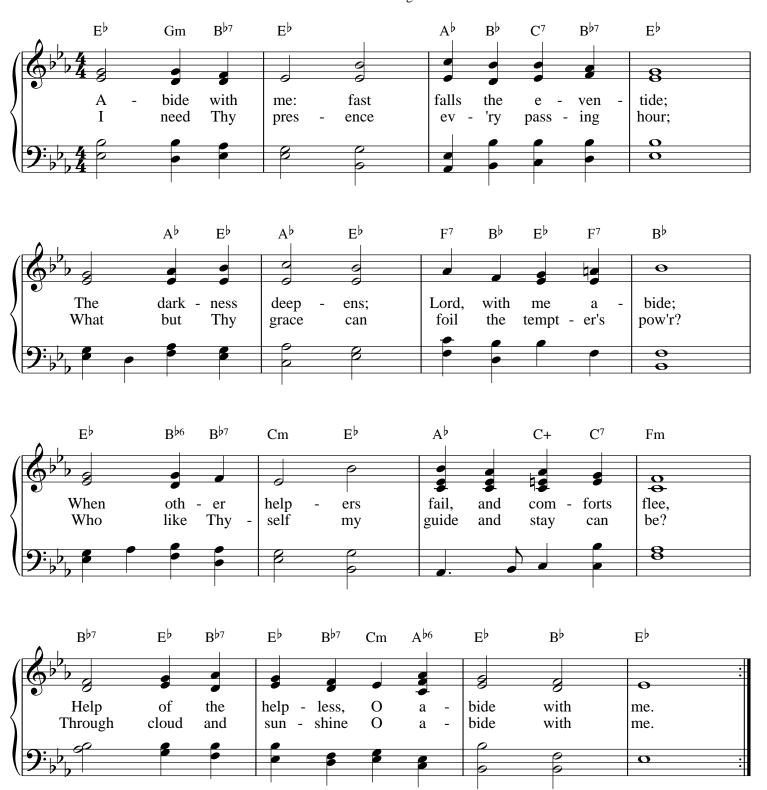


Abide With Me

www.sheetmusicdigital.com



I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; I'll have no weight, and tears no bitterness: Where 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 thro' 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.