

Luke 24:29; 1 Cor. 15:55

Henry F. Lyte, 1847; alt.

1 A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide;  
 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;  
 3 I need your pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour;  
 4 I fear no foe, with you at hand to bless;  
 5 Hold now your cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes;

The shad - ows deep - en, Lord, with me a - bide;  
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;  
 I need your grace to foil the tempt - er's power.  
 Ills have no weight and tears no bit - ter - ness;  
 Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,  
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;  
 Give me your love my guide and stay to be.  
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, your vic - to - ry?  
 Heaven's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows flee;

Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.  
 O Christ who chang - es not, a - bide with me.  
 Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me.  
 I tri - umph still if you a - bide with me.  
 In life, in death, O Christ, a - bide with me.

Following the final sermon of his career, Henry F. Lyte handed a copy of this recently written hymn to a relative. He died two months later. The tune by W. H. Monk has contributed greatly to the popularity of the hymn.

Tune: EVENTIDE 10.10.10.10.  
 William H. Monk, 1861

# Creator Spirit, Come, We Pray

Latin, 9th century, attrib. to Rhabanus Maurus (d.856)

Trans. The New Century Hymnal, 1995

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some lines having multiple parts (1, 2, 3, 4) corresponding to the different voices. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a focus on the text.

1 Cre - a - tor Spir - it, come we pray, and vis - it  
2 From God on high you are the gift: O Fount of  
3 En - kin - dle us, set us a glow, pour out your  
4 De - fend us al - ways from the foe; on those who

ev - ery mind to - day; May hearts you made to  
Life, your name we lift, O Par - a - clete, our  
love till hearts o'er - flow; To be made whole we  
fear, your peace be - stow; Pro - tect our jour - ney,

be your own be filled with heav - enly grace a - lone.  
Char - i - ty, O Fire, blessed Unc - tion flow - ing free.  
sore - ly long; O heal us, Spir - it ev - er strong.  
be our guide, that we in safe - ty may a - bide.

Tune: PUER NOBIS NASCITUR L.M.

*German carol, 15th century*

*Adapt. Michael Praetorius, 1609*

*Harm. George R. Woodward, 1910*