I WILL ABIDE WITH THEE



2. Could I be in other places
half so happy as with thee,
who so many gifts and graces
hast thyself prepared for me?
No place could be half so fitted
to impart true joy, I ween,
since to thee, O Lord, committed
power in heaven and earth hath been.

3. Where shall I find such a Master, who hath done my soul such good, and retrieved the great disaster sin first caused, by his own blood? Is not he my rightful owner, who for me his own life gave? Were it not a foul dishonour not to love him to the grave?

4. Yes, Lord Jesus, I am ever thine in sorrow and in joy; death the union shall not sever, nor eternity destroy.
I am waiting, yea, am sighing for my summons to depart; he is best prepared for dying who in life is thine in heart.

5. Let thy light on me be shining when the day is almost gone, when the evening is declining, and the night is drawing on; bless me, O my Father, laying both thy hands on my meek head, "Here thy day is ended," saying, "yonder live the faithful dead."

6. Stay beside me, when the stillness and the icy touch of death fill my trembling soul with chillness, like the morning's frosty breath; as my failing eyes grow dimmer, let my spirit grow more bright, as I see the first faint glimmer of the everlasting light.

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