Title:	Abide with me
Name(s):	Tresize, T.
Resource Type:	notated music
Note(s):	From: Music Copyright Deposits, 1870-1885 (Microfilm M 3500)
Subject(s):	Choruses, Sacred (Mixed voices, 4 parts) with piano
URL	http://lcweb2.loc.gov/diglib/ihas/loc.music.sm1876.11934

PDF dynamically generated by the Library of Congress.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT
No. 11934
CITY OF WASHINGTON

10

A COPY DELIVERED TO THE
MAY 11 1900
Music Department

ABIDE WITH ME,

Solo, Duet and Quartette.

FOR THE

Piano-Forte.

BY

T. TRESIZE.

3½

Published by **T. TRESIZE,** Marietta, O.

Copyright, 1876, by T. TRESIZE.

J. M. ARMSTRONG, MUSIC TYPOGRAPHER, N. E. Cor. Chestnut & Fifth Sts., Philada.

ABIDE WITH ME.

Music by T. TRESIZE.

Andante con espressione.

DUET. Tenor.

A - bide with me! fast falls the ev - en - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens; O Lord, with me a - bide;

Soprano.

rit.

Where oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, Oh, a - bide with me.

Copyright, 1876, by T. TRESIZE.

QUARTETTE.

TENOR. *a tempo.* *p*

Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;

ALTO.

SOPRANO.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;

BASS.

Change and de - cay on all a-round we see; O thou who changest not, a - bide with me.

rit.

Change and de - cay on all a-round we see; O thou who changest not, a - bide with me.

rit.

rit. *a tempo.*

TENOR.

I need thy pres - ence ev' - ry pass - ing hour;

agitato un poco. *a tempo.*

What but thy grace can foil the temp - ter's power? Who, like thy - self, my

guide and stay can be? Through sun - shine and cloud, Lord, a - bide with me.

TENOR. *p* *dim.* *cres.* *accelerato.*

Hold thou thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;

ALTO.

SOPRANO.

Hold thou thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;

BASS.

p *dim.* *cres.* *accelerato.*

f *a tempo.* *rit.*

Heav'n's morn-ing breaks, And earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.

f

Heav'n's morn-ing breaks, And earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.

f

A. W. ARMSTRONG, MUSIC TYPOGRAPHER, N. E. COR. CHESTNUT & FIFTH STS., PHILADE