

Abide with me

Hymn for choir, concert band
and optional bugle

arr. Mark Armstrong



Abide with me

with bugle call feature in final verse

Music - W.H. Monk
Words - H. F. Lyte
Arr. Mark Armstrong

1 Intro Verse 1-4

Flutes

Oboe

Clarinets 1

Clarinets 2-3

Alto Sax 1-2

Tenor Sax

Baritone Sax.

Bassoon

Tpt 1

Tpt 2

Tpt 3

Horns 1-2

Trombones 1-2

Trombone 3

Euphonium

String Bass

Tuba

Timpani

Choir

Verses 1-4

A - bide with me, fast falls the e - ven

Verse 5

This musical score is for Verse 5 and includes the following parts:

- Fls.** (Flute)
- Ob.** (Oboe)
- Cls. 1** (Clarinet 1)
- Cls. 2-3** (Clarinets 2-3)
- A. Sax 1-2** (Alto Saxophones 1-2)
- T. Sax.** (Tenor Saxophone)
- Bari. Sax.** (Baritone Saxophone)
- Bassoon**
- Tpt 1** (Trumpet 1)
- Tpt 2** (Trumpet 2)
- Tpt 3** (Trumpet 3)
- Hns. 1-2** (Horn 1-2)
- Tbns. 1-2** (Tuba 1-2)
- Tbn. 3** (Tuba 3)
- Bar.** (Baritone)
- String Bass**
- Tb.** (Trombone)
- Timpani**
- Choir**

The score is written in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics for the choir are:

fail, and com - flee, Help of the help - less O a - bide with me. Hold Thou Thy

22

Fls.

Ob.

Cls. 1

Cls. 2-3

A. Sax 1-2

T. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

Bassoon

Tpt 1

Tpt 2

Tpt 3

Hns. 1-2

Tbns. 1-2

Tbn. 3

Bar.

String Bass

Tb.

Timpani

Choir

cross be - fore my clo - sing eyes. Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.

29

Fls.

Ob.

Cls. 1

Cls. 2-3

A. Sax 1-2

T. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

Bassoon

Tpt 1

Tpt 2

Tpt 3

Hns. 1-2

Tbns. 1-2

Tbn. 3

Bar.

String Bass

Tb.

Timpani

Choir

29

Heav'ns mor-ning breaks and earth's vain sha dows flee, In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me.

Abide with me

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help to 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.

I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
Ills 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 through 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.

Words Henry F. Lyte 1793-1847

Music Wiliam Henry Monk 1823-89