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- 4. 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.
- 5. 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.