

Sun of My Soul

HURSLEY

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, it is not
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep my wea - ry
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, for with - out
4. Be near to bless me when I wake ere through the

night if Thou be near; O, may no earth - born
eye - lids gen - tly steep, be my last thought— how
Thee I can - not live; a - bide with me when
world our way I take; a - bide with me till

cloud a - rise, to hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.
sweet to rest for - ev - er on my Sav - ior's breast!
night is nigh, for with - out Thee I dare not die.
in Thy love I lose my - self in heav'n a - bove.

WORDS: John Keble, 1820

LM

MUSIC: *Katholisches Gesangbuch*, Vienna, c. 1774