

Sun of My Soul

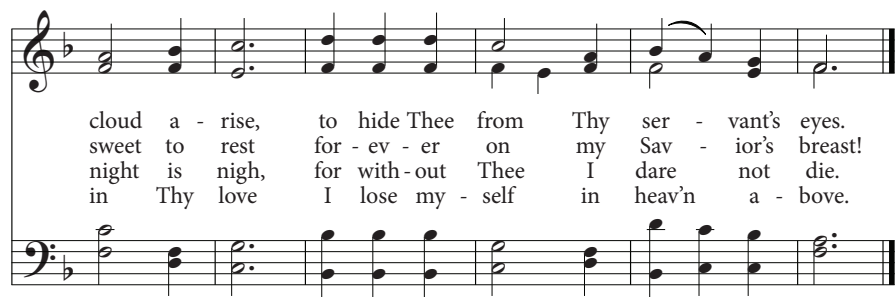
HURSLEY



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, it is not
 2. When the soft dew 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

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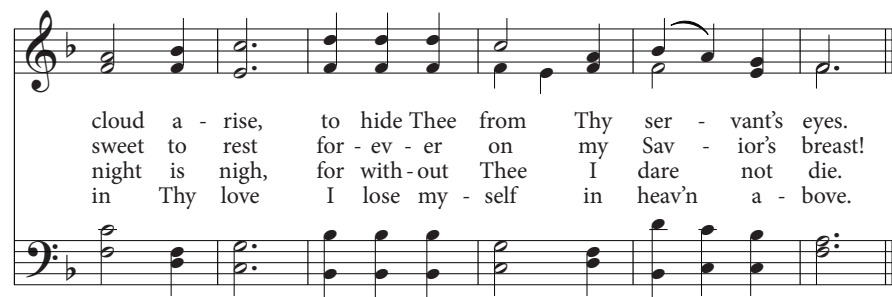
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