

Sun of My Soul

HURSLEY

JOHN KEBLE, 1792-1866

From *Katholisches Gesangbuch*,
Vienna, c. 1774

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near
 2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wear-ry eye-lids gen-tly steep,
 3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;
 4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thru the world my way I take;

O may no earth-born cloud a- rise To hide Thee from Thy serv-ant's eyes!
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast!
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
 A-bide with me till in Thy love I lose my-self in heav'n a-bove.