

# Sun Of My Soul

John Keble, 1820

Arr. by William Henry Monk, 1861

Men's Arr. by Homer A. Rodeheaver

1 mel. 2 3 4 5 6

1.) Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if  
2.) When the soft dew of kind - ly sleep, My wear - ied eye - lids  
3.) A - bid with me from morn till eve, For with - out Thee I  
4.) If some poor wan - d'ring child of Thine Have spurned to - day the  
5.) Watch by the sick; en - rich the poor With bless - ings from Thy  
6.) Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my

7 8 9 10 11 12

Thou be near; Oh, may no earth - born cloud a - rise  
gent - ly steep, Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest,  
can - not live; A - bid with me when night is nigh,  
voice Di - vine, Now, Lord, the gra - cious work be - gin;  
bound - less store; Be ev - 'ry mourn - er's sleep to - night,  
way I take; A - bid with me till, in Thy love,

13 14 15 16

To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.  
For - ev - er on my Sav - iour's breast!  
For with - out Thee I dare not die.  
Let him no more lie down in sin.  
Like in - fants' slum - bers, pure and light.  
I lose my self in heav'n a - bove.