

1—*Sun of My Soul.*

HURSLEY.

KEY F.

PETER RITTER.

{	d	:d	:d	d	:t ₁	:d	r	:m	:r	d	:—	:—
	s ₁	:s ₁	:s ₁	s ₁	:—	:s ₁	t ₁	:—	:t ₁	d	:—	:—
	m	:m	:m	m	:r	:m	f	:s	:f	m	:—	:—
	d	:d	:d	d	:—	:d	s ₁	:—	:s ₁	d	:—	:—
{	m	:m	:m	m	:r	:m	s	:f	:m	r	:—	:—
	d	:d	:d	d	:t ₁	:d	d	:t ₁	:d	t ₁	:—	:—
	s	:s	:s	s	:—	:s	s	:—	:s	s	:—	:—
	d	:d	:d	d	:—	:d	m	:r	:d	s ₁	:—	:—
{	r	:r	:m	f	:—	:r	m	:—	:f	s	:—	:—
	t ₁	:r	:de	r	:l ₁	:t ₁	d	:—	:d	t ₁	:—	:—
	s	:l	:s	f	:—	:s	s	:—	:d	r	:—	:m
	s	:f	:m	r	:—	:s ₁	d	:—	:l ₁	s ₁	:—	:—
{	l	:l	:l	s	:—	:m ₁	f	:m	:r	d	:—	:—
	l ₁	:d	:d	d	:t ₁	:d	d	:—	:t ₁	d	:—	:—
	f	:f	:f	r	:—	:d	l	:s ₁	:f	m	:—	:—
	f ₁	:f ₁	:f ₁	s ₁	:—	:l ₁	f ₁	:s ₁	:s ₁	d	:—	:—

1 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live.
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Amen.