

## Worship: Evening

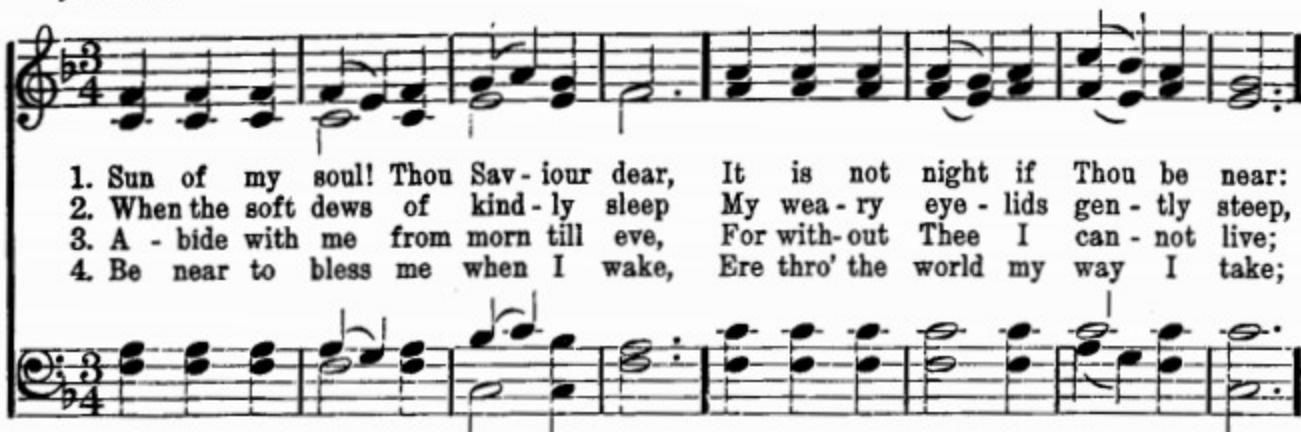
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### SUN OF MY SOUL! THOU SAVIOUR DEAR

John Keble

HURSLEY

P. Ritter, arr. by Monk



1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav- iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near:  
2. When the soft dews of kind- ly sleep My wea- 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 thro' the world my way I take;



Oh, 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 - iour'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.