

John Keble  
(1792-1866)

## Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear

Joseph Barnby  
(1838-96)

L.M.

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 weary eyelids gently steep,  
be my last thought-- how sweet to rest  
forever 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.