

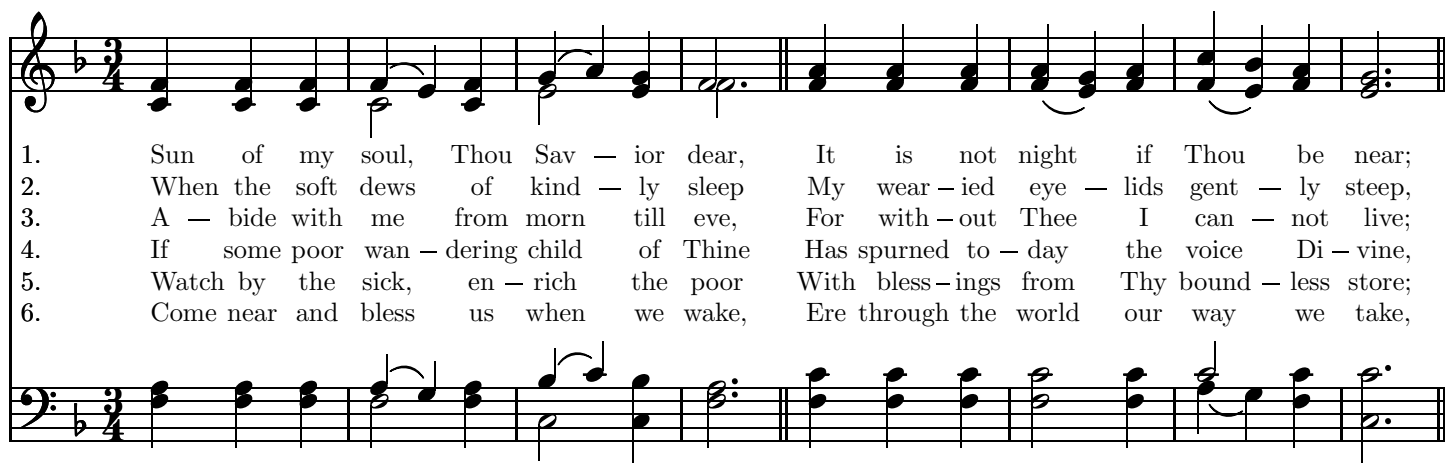
St. Peter of the Fields Parish

Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear

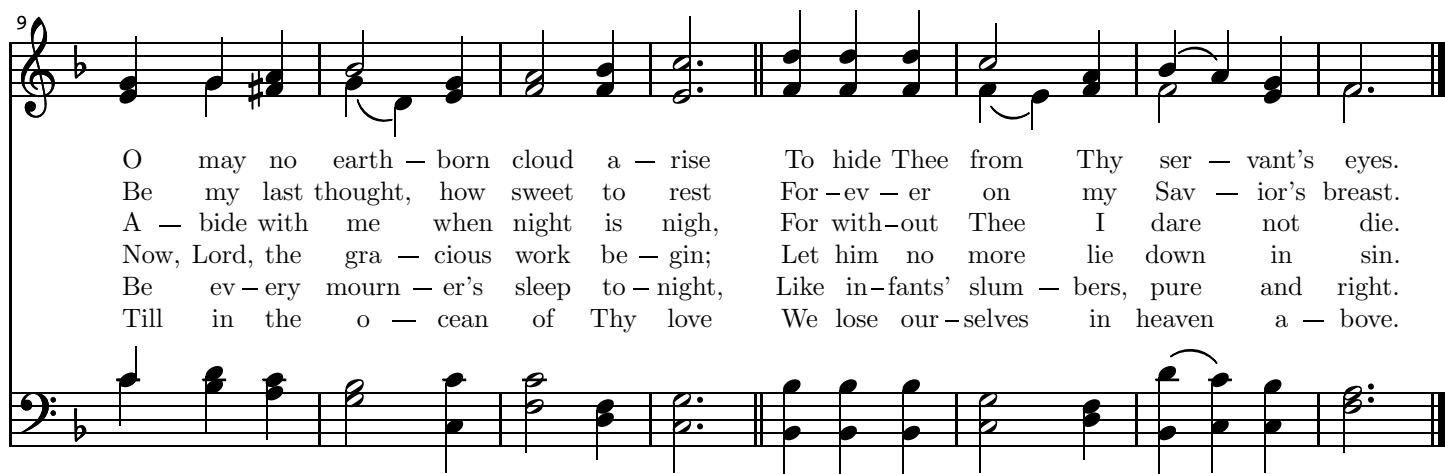
Hursley 8.8.8.8

John Keble, 1820

Katholisches Gesangbuch, Vienna, ca. 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 — ied eye — lids gent — ly steep,
 3. A — bide with me from morn till eve, For with — out Thee I can — not live;
 4. If some poor wan — dering child of Thine Has spurned to — day the voice Di — vine,
 5. Watch by the sick, en — rich the poor With bless — ings from Thy bound — less store;
 6. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere through the world our way we take,



9
 O may no earth — born cloud a — rise To hide Thee from Thy ser — vant'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.
 Now, Lord, the gra — cious work be — gin; Let him no more lie down in sin.
 Be ev — ery mourn — er's sleep to — night, Like in — fants' slum — bers, pure and right.
 Till in the o — cean of Thy love We lose our — selves in heaven a — bove.