

# Sun of my Soul, Thou Saviour Dear

Herbert S. Oakeley, 1873

Abends  
L.M.

F Amin B<sup>b</sup> D7 Gmin C7 F C F B<sup>b</sup> C F

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Sun of my soul, Thou Savior dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near;  
O may no earthborn cloud arise  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

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

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.

If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Has spurned today the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store;  
Be every mourner's sleep tonight,  
Like infants' slumbers, pure and right.

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.