

SUN OF MY SOUL

JOHN KEBLE

PETER RITTER

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
3. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thru the world our way we take;

O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
Till, in the o-cean of Thy love, We lose our-selves in heav'n a-bove.

2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ry eye-lids gent-ly steep,

Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-iour's breast.

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