



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 wearied eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
 For ever 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 wand'ring 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.