1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wea-ried eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;
4. 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!
Be my last tho't, 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.
Till in the o-cean of Thy love, We lose our-selves in heav'n a-bove.