Sun Of My Soul
4-part, no descant

1. Sun of my soul, ... dear,
2. When the soft dews of kind sleep
3. Watch by the sick; en rich the poor
4. Come near and bless us when we wake,

It is not if thou be near:
My wearied eye lids steep,
With blessings from thy bound less store;
Ere thro' the world our way we take;

O may no earth - born cloud a rise
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Be ev'ry mourn er's sleep to night
Till in the ocean of thy love

To hide thee from thy ser vant's eyes.
For ev er on my Sav ior's breast.
Like in fant's slum bers, pure and light.
we lose our selves in heav en a bove.

A - men.