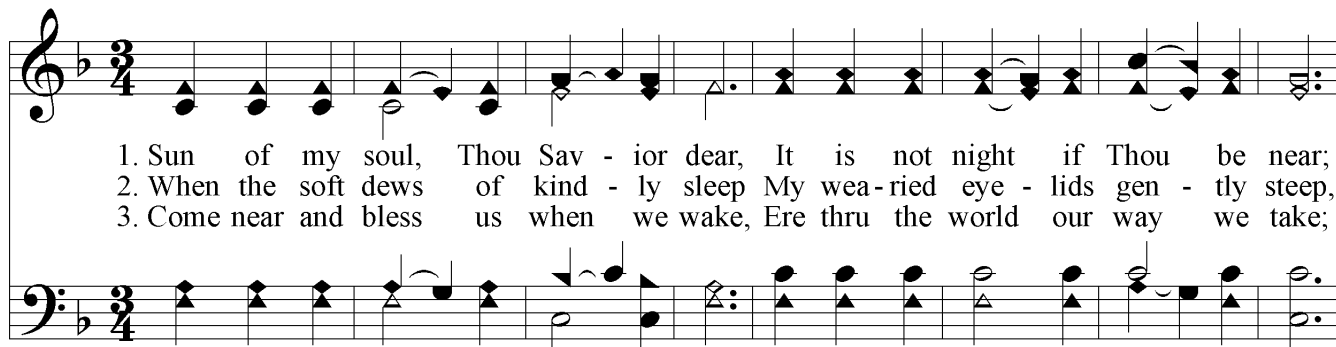
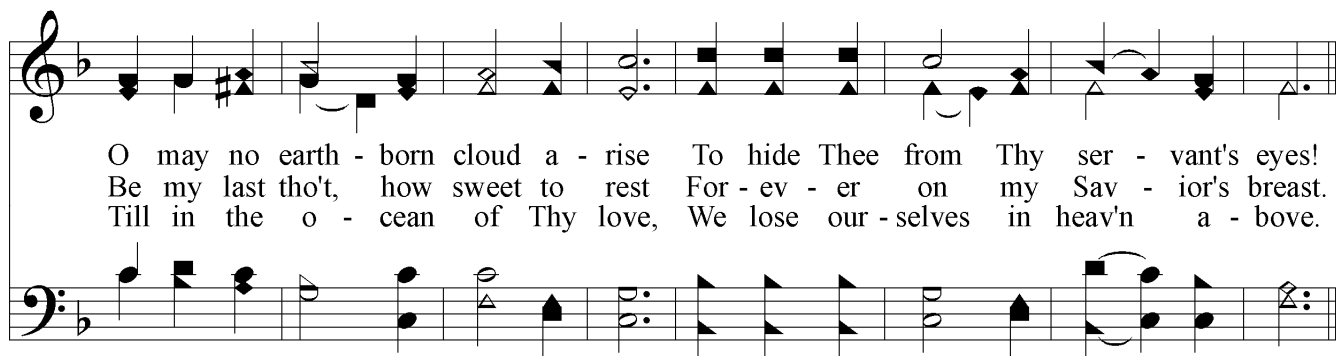


Sun Of My Soul



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep,
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!
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - ior's breast.
Till in the o - cean of Thy love, We lose our - selves in heav'n a - bove.