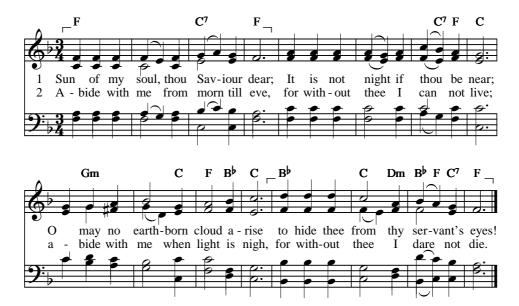
#

Sun of my soul



- If some poor wandering child of thine have spurned today the voice divine, now, Lord the gracious work begin; let him no more lie down in sin.
- Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear son, the ill that I this day have done; that with the world, myself, and thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- Praise God from whom all blessings flow; praise him, all creatures here below; praise him above, ye heavenly host; praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Text: St. 1-3 John Keble, 1820. St. 4-5 Bishop Ken, 1674 LM Tune: Arr. William H. Monk, 1861 HURSLEY