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Sun of my soul

Capo 3: D A⁷ D A⁷ D A

1 Sun of my soul, thou Sav-iour dear, it is not night if thou be near;
 2 A-bide with me from morn till eve, for with-out thee I can - not live;
 3 If some poor wan-dering child of thine have spurned to-day the voice di-vine,

Em A D G A G A Bm G D A⁷ D

O may no earth-born cloud a - rise to hide thee from thy ser-vant's eyes!
 a - bide with me when night is nigh, for with-out thee I dare not die.
 now, Lord, the gra-cious work be-gin; let him no more lie down in sin.

4 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.

5 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.