

ru - mor of death she has heard,  
cept when your voice is heard,  
fall by the con-quer-or's sword,

Or she thinks per-haps I  
When you beat the bars with your  
But I can-not en-dure she should

ad lib.

false - ly stray,— Then fly to her bower, sweet dove.  
snow - y wings,— Then fly to her bower, sweet dove.  
doubt my truth,— Then fly to her bower, sweet dove.

Sun of My Soul

J. KEBLE

W. H. MONK

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour 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. 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 thro' the world our way we take,

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - iour'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.