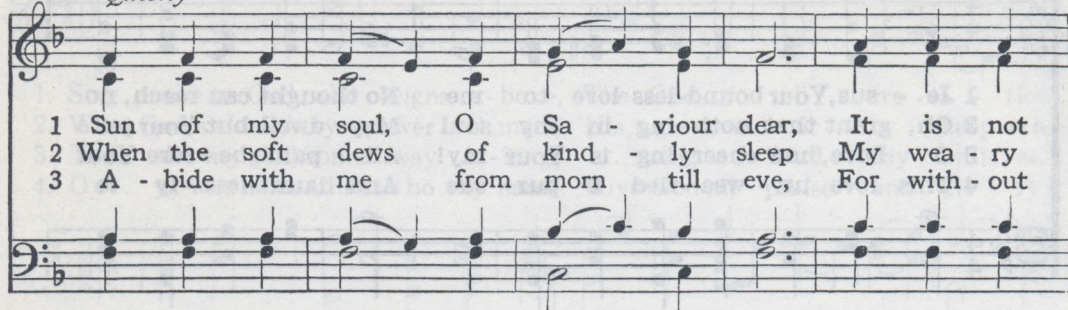
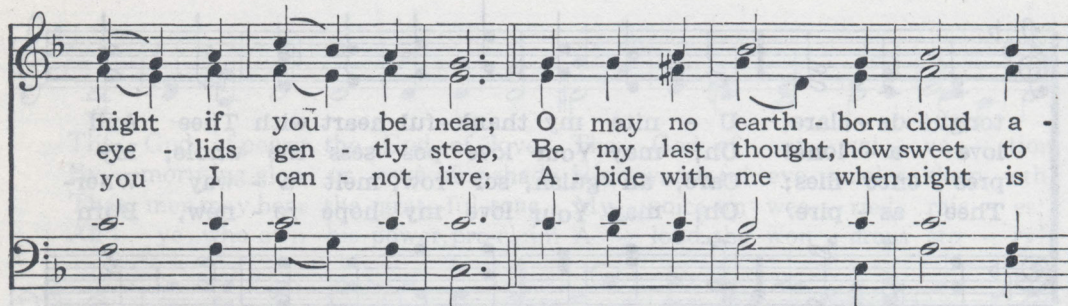


HURSLEY

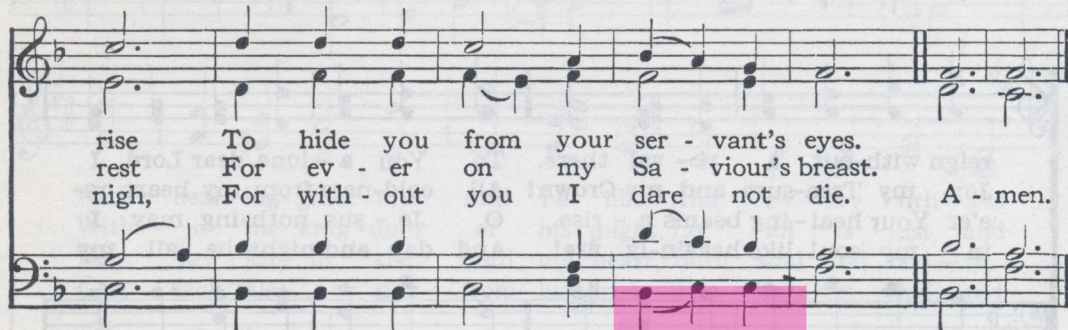
L. M.

Melody pub. Vienna, c. 1774,
adapted Dublin, c. 1844*Quietly*


1 Sun of my soul, O Sa - viour dear, It is not
2 When the soft dew of kind - ly sleep My wea - ry
3 A - bid with me from morn till eve, For with - out



night if you be near; O may no earth - born cloud a -
eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last thought, how sweet to
you I can - not live; A - bid with me when night is



rise To hide you from your ser - vant's eyes.
rest For ev - er on my Sa - viour's breast.
nigh, For with - out you I dare not die. A - men.

4 If some poor wand'ring child of thine
Have spurned today the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from your boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep tonight,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take.
Till in the ocean of your love
We lose ourselves in heav'n above. Amen.

JOHN KEBLE, 1820