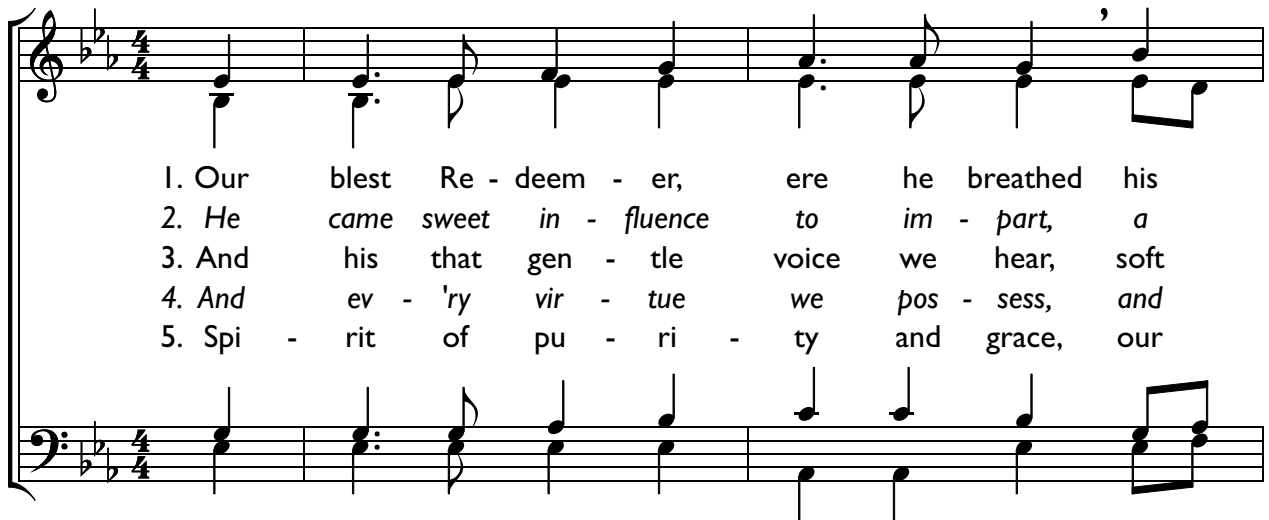


AMNS 151 Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed

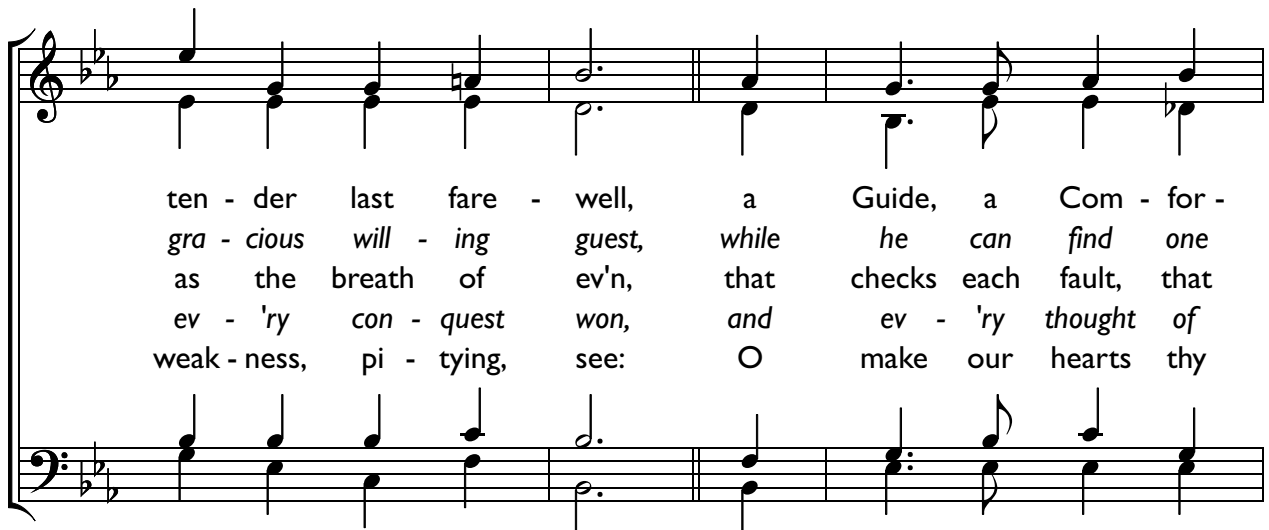
Melody: St. Cuthbert

Harriet Auber
(1773-1862)

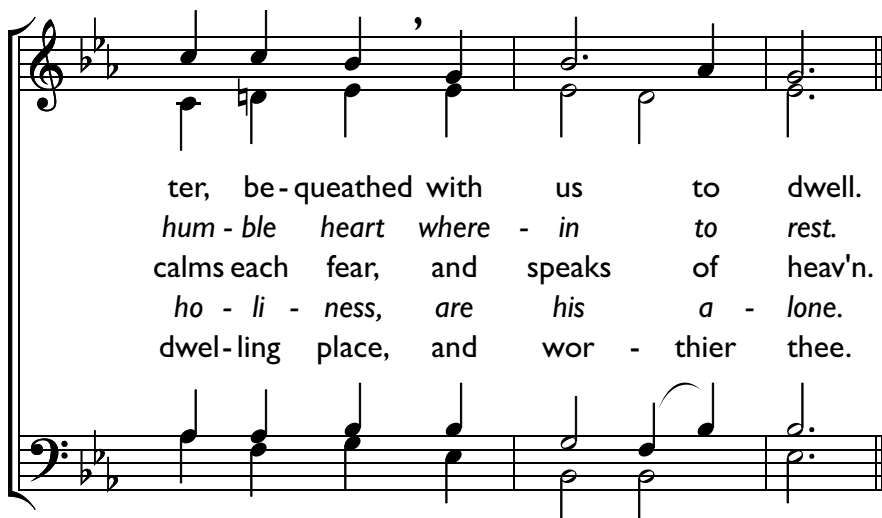
J. B. Dykes
(1823-1876)



1. Our blest Re - deem - er, ere he breathed his
2. He came sweet in - fluence to im - part, a
3. And his that gen - tle voice we hear, soft
4. And ev - 'ry vir - tue we pos - sess, and
5. Spi - rit of pu - ri - ty and grace, our



ten - der last fare - well, a Guide, a Com - for -
gra - cious will - ing guest, while he can find one
as the breath of ev'n, that checks each fault, that
ev - 'ry con - quest won, and ev - 'ry thought of
weak - ness, pi - tying, see: O make our hearts thy



ter, be - queathed with us to dwell.
hum - ble heart where - in to rest.
calms each fear, and speaks of heav'n.
ho - li - ness, are his a - lone.
dwel - ling place, and wor - thier thee.