

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed

Harriet Auber
(1773-1862)

John Bacchus Dykes
(1823-76)

St Cuthbert (86. 84)

1. Our blest Re - deem - er, ere He breathed His_ ten - der last fare - well,
2. He came in tongues of liv - ing flame, To_ teach, con - vince, sub - due;
3. He came, sweet in - fluence to im - part, A_ gra - cious, will - ing Guest,
4. And His that gen - tle voice we hear, Soft_ as the breath of even,
5. And ev - ery vir - tue we pos - sess, And_ ev - ery vic - tory won,
6. Spi - rit of pu - ri - ty and grace, Our_ weak - ness, pit - ying see;

A Guide, a Com - fort - er be - queathed, With us to_ dwell.
All - power - ful as the wind He came, As view - less_ too.
While He can find one hum - ble heart Where - in to_ rest.
That checks each fault, that calms each fear, And speaks of_ heaven.
And ev - ery thought of ho - li - ness, Are His a_ lone.
O make our hearts Thy dwell - ing - place, And worth - ier_ Thee.