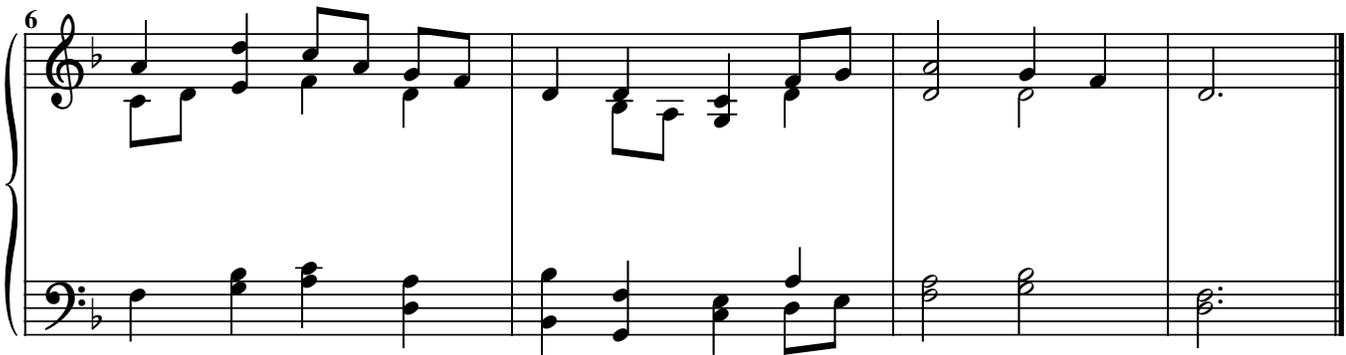
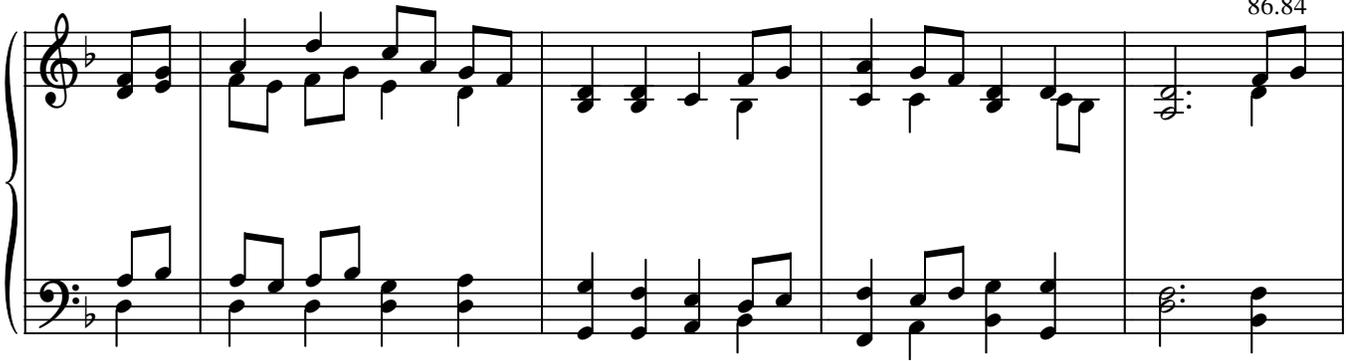


# Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed

Irish Traditional Melody

Wicklow  
86.84



Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed  
His tender last farewell,  
A guide, a comforter, bequeathed  
With us to dwell.

He came in tongues of living flame  
To teach, convince, subdue,  
All powerful as the wind He came  
As viewless too.

He came sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious, willing Guest,  
While He can find one humble heart  
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,  
And speaks of Heaven.

And every virtue we possess,  
And every conquest won,  
And every thought of holiness,  
Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness, pitying, see:  
O make our hearts Thy dwelling place  
And worthier Thee.

Harriet Auber