# Breathe from the Gentle South, O Lord

**Doh is C · 4/4** Tune: ST ANNE

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| s -   | m - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - s - |
  Breathe   from the gentle          South, O Lord, And

| d' - s - l - fe - | s - - - - - t - |
  cheer me from the       North; Blow

| d' - l - r' - t - | d' - l - t - s - |
  on the treasures        of thy word, And

| l - d' - r' - t - | d' - - - - - |
  call the spices         forth!
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## The other verses

2 I wish, thou know'st, to be resigned,
And wait with patient hope;
But hope delayed fatigues the mind,
And drinks the spirit up.

3 Help me to reach the distant goal;
Confirm my feeble knee;
Pity the sickness of a soul
That faints for love of thee.

4 Cold as I feel this heart of mine,
Yet since I feel it so;
It yields some hope of life divine
Within, however low.

5 I seem forsaken and alone,
I hear the lion roar;
And every door is shut but one,
And that is mercy's door.

6 There, till the dear Deliv'rer come,
I'll wait with humble prayer
And when he calls his exile home,
The Lord, shall find me there.

Tune ST ANNE by William Croft (1678–1727); words by William Cowper (1731–1800). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.