Our Blest Redeemer, Ere He Breathed

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: ST. CUTHBERT

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| d - | d - - d r - m - | f - - f m - s - |
  Our       blest Redeemer,          ere He breathed His

| d' - m - m - fe - | s - - - - - f - |
  tender last fare-              well, A

| m - - m f - s - | l - l - s - m - |
  guide, a comfort-          er, bequeathed With

| s - - - - - f - | m - - - - - |
  us to                    dwell.
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The other verses

2 He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

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

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

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

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

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

Tune ST. CUTHBERT by John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876); words by Harriet Auber (1773–1862). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.