Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed





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

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 Heav'n. 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

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