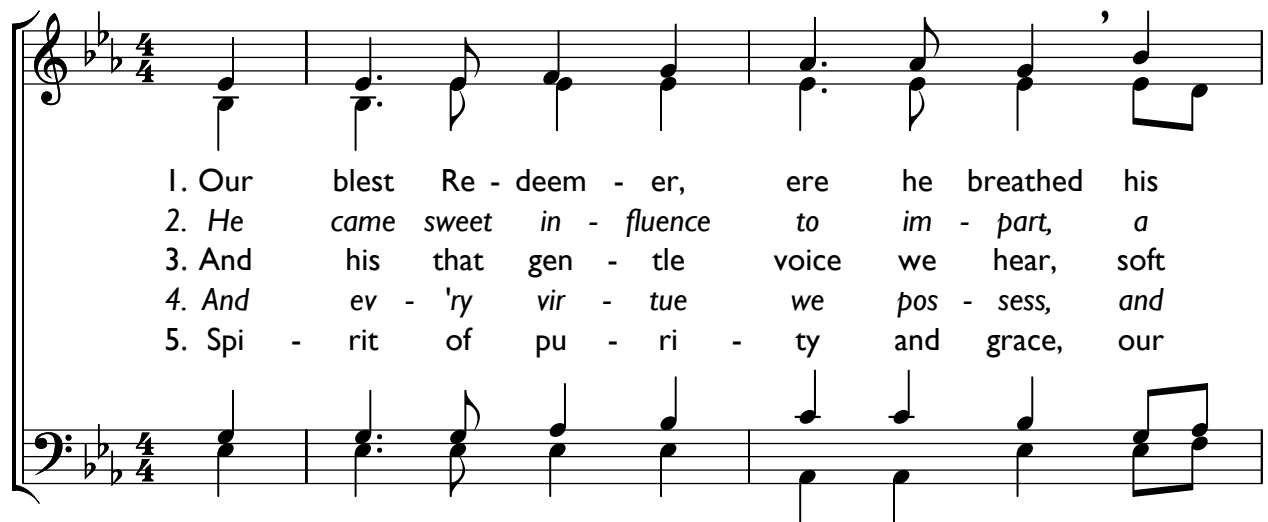


# AMNS 151 Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed

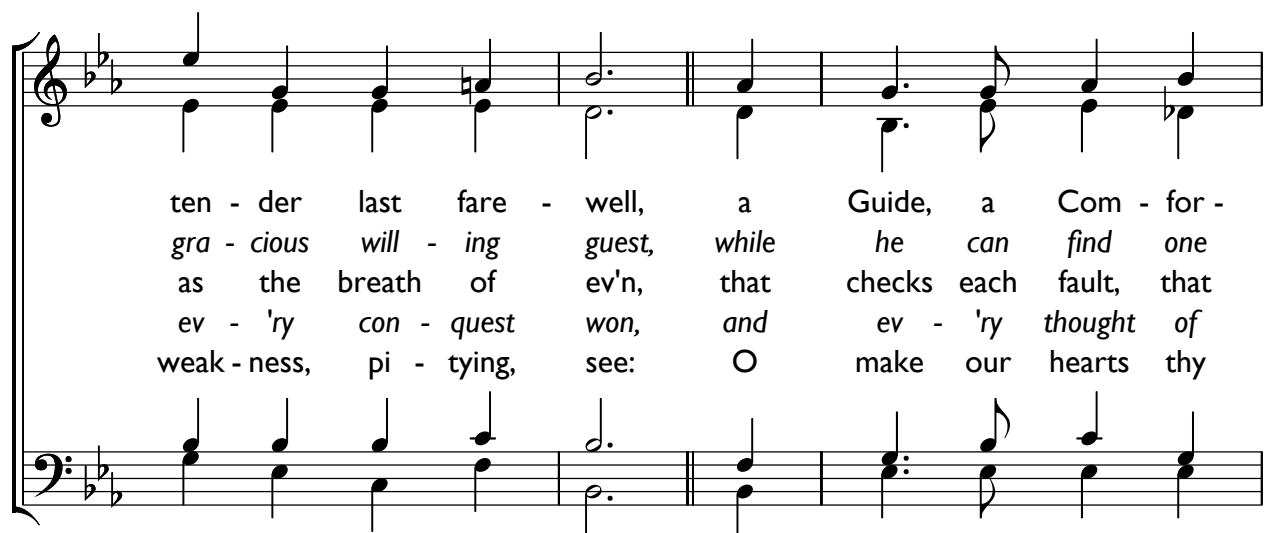
Melody: St. Cuthbert

Harriet Auber  
(1773-1862)

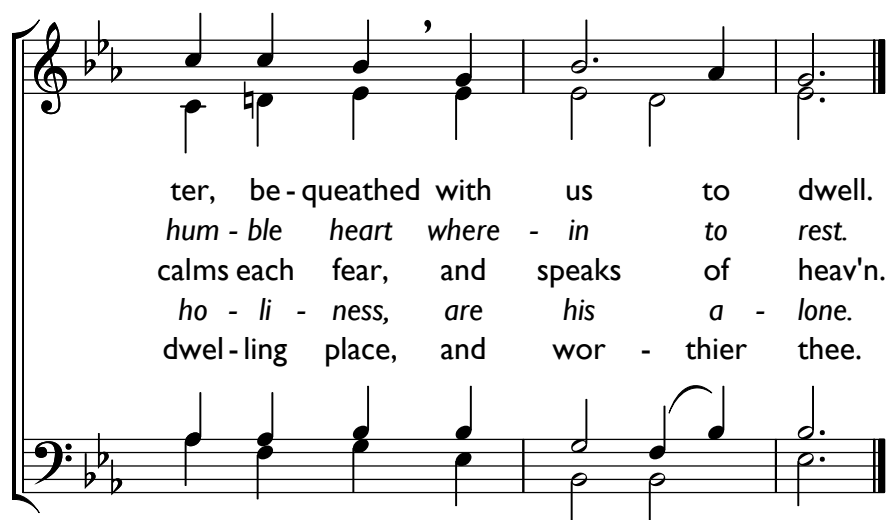
J. B. Dykes  
(1823-1876)



1. Our blest Re - deem - er, ere he breathed his  
2. He came sweet in - fluence to im - part, a  
3. And his that gen - tle voice we hear, soft  
4. And ev - 'ry vir - tue we pos - sess, and  
5. Spi - rit of pu - ri - ty and grace, our



ten - der last fare - well, a Guide, a Com - for -  
gra - cious will - ing guest, while he can find one  
as the breath of ev'n, that checks each fault, that  
ev - 'ry con - quest won, and ev - 'ry thought of  
weak - ness, pi - tying, see: O make our hearts thy



ter, be - queathed with us to dwell.  
hum - ble heart where - in to rest.  
calms each fear, and speaks of heav'n.  
ho - li - ness, are his a - lone.  
dwel - ling place, and wor - thier thee.