

I Greet Thee, Who My Sure Redeemer Art

1 I greet thee, who my sure Re - dee - mer art,
 2 Thou art the King of mer - cy and of grace,
 3 Thou art the life, by which a - lone we live
 4 Thou hast the true and per - fect gen - tle - ness,
 5 Our hope is in no o - ther save in thee;

my on - ly trust and Sa - viour of my heart,
 reig - ning o - mni - po - tent in ev - ery place:
 and all our sub - stance and our strength re - ceive;
 thou hast no harsh - ness and no bit - ter - ness;
 our faith is built up - on thy pro - mise free;

who pain didst un - der - go for my poor sake;
 so come, O King, and our whole be - ing sway;
 com - fort us by thy faith and by thy power,
 make us to taste thy sweet grace found in thee,
 come, give us peace, make us so strong and sure,

I pray thee from our hearts all cares to take.
 shine on us with the light of thy pure day.
 nor daunt our hearts when come the try - ing hour.
 and e - ver stay in thy sweet u - ni - ty.
 that we may con - querors be and ills en - dure.

Text: Attr. John Calvin (1509-1564);
 tr. Elizabeth I. Smith (1817-1898), alt.
 Tune: *Genevan Psalter*, 1551



10 10 10 10
 TOULON
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