

O Purest Of Creatures

ST DENIO (11.11.11.11)

Frederick W. Faber (1814-1863)

Welsh Traditional, adapt. John Roberts (1839)

S
A

1. O pu - rest of crea - tures! Sweet. mo - ther, sweet maid;
2. Deep night hath come down on this rough - spo - ken world.
3. He, gazed on thy soul, it was spot - less and fair;
4. Earth gave Him one lodg - ing; 'twas deep in thy breast,
5. Oh, bliss - ful and calm was the won - der - ful rest

T
B

5

the one spot - less womb where - in Je - sus was laid.
The ban - ners of dark - ness are bold - ly un - furled.
the em - pire of sin - it had ne - ver been there.
and God found a home where the sin - ner finds rest.
thou gav - est thy God in thy vir - gin - al breast.

9

Dark night hath come down on us, mo - ther, and we
The tem - pest tossed Church: all her eyes are on thee;
None ev - er had thee, dear Mo - ther, but He
His home and His own hi - ding - place: both were in thee;
When heav - en he left He found heav - en in thee

13

look out for thy shin - ing,
they look to thy shin - ing,
who blessed thy clear shin - ing, sweet. Star of the Sea.
He was won by thy shin - ing,
and shone in thy shin - ing,