

345 For your gift of God the Spirit

F B^b F C Dm A⁷ B^b F

1 For your gift of God the Spir - it, power to make our
2 He who in cre - a - tion's dawn - ing brood - ed on the
3 He, him-self the liv - ing Au - thor, wakes to life the

C G⁷ C F B^b F C

lives a - new, pledge of life and hope of glo - ry,
life - less deep,^a still a - cross our na - ture's dark - ness
sa - cred word, reads with us its ho - ly pa - ges

Dm C F Gm F C F A⁷ Dm

Sav - iour, we would wor - ship you! Crown - ing gift of
moves to wake our souls from sleep, moves to stir, to
and re - veals our ris - en Lord. He it is who

B^b F C F C⁷ F C Dm G C

res - ur - rec - tion sent from your as - cend - ed throne,
draw, to quick - en,^b thrusts us through with sense of sin;
works with - in us, teach - ing reb - el hearts to pray,

^a Gen. 1:2 ^b to make alive

For your gift of God the Spirit

B \flat C 7 F C F C F C 7 F Gm F C 7 F

full - ness of the ver - y God - head, come to make your life our own.
brings to birth and seals and fills us - sav - ing Ad - vo - cate with-in.
he whose ho - ly in - ter - ces - sions rise for us both night and day.

4 He, the mighty God, indwells us;
his to strengthen, help, empower;
his to overcome the tempter,
ours to call in danger's hour.
In his strength we dare to battle
all the raging hosts of sin,
and by him alone we conquer
foes without and foes within.

5 Father, grant your Holy Spirit
in our hearts may rule today,
grieved not, quenched not, but unhindered,
work in us his sovereign way.
Fill us with your holy fullness,
God the Father, Spirit, Son;
in us, through us, then, forever,
shall your perfect will be done.

346 Our great Redeemer, as he breathed

D (Em D) G D \flat Bm 7 E 7 A

1 Our great Re-deem-er, as he breathed his ten-der last fare-well,
2 He came in tongues of liv-ing flame to teach, con-vince, sub-due;
3 And ev-ery vir-tue we pos-sess, and ev-ery vic-tory won,
4 Spir-it of pu-ri-ty and grace, our fail-ing strength re-new;

A 7 D G D 7 G D A 7 D

a guide, a Com-fort-er, be-queathed with us to dwell.
un-seen as rush-ing wind he came - as power-ful too.
and ev-ery thought of hol-i-ness are his a-lone.
and make our hearts a worth-ier place to wel-come you.

Text: Harriet Auber, 1829; rev. The Jubilate Group.

© The Jubilate Group (admin. Hope Publishing Co.), 1982

Tune: John B. Dykes, 1861

86 84

ST. CUTHBERT