

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 the 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 conquerors be and ills en - dure.