

METRE 3 Lydia Sigourney

ST. BRIDES S.M.

Samuel Howard

1. Bless'd com - for - ter di - vine, Whose rays of heav'n-ly love A - mid our gloom and dark-ness shine, And point our souls a - bove:

2. Thou, who with "still small voice," Dost stop the sin - ner's way, And bid the mourn-ing saint re-joyce, Though earth-ly joys de - cay:—

3. Thou, whose in - spir - ing breath Can make the cloud of care, And e'en the gloom - y vale of death A smile of glo - ry wear:—

4. Thou, who dost fill the heart With love to all our race—Bless'd com - for - ter! to us im - part The bless-ings of thy grace.