

Blest Comforter Divine

Words: Lydia Sigourney, 1824.

Music: Charles Kettle, 1876.

Blest Comforter divine,
Whose rays of heav'nly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above;

Thou, who with still small voice
Dost stop the sinner's way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay;

Thou, whose inspiring breath
Can make the cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear;

Thou, who dost fill the heart
With love to all our race;
Blest Comforter, to us impart
The blessings of Thy grace.