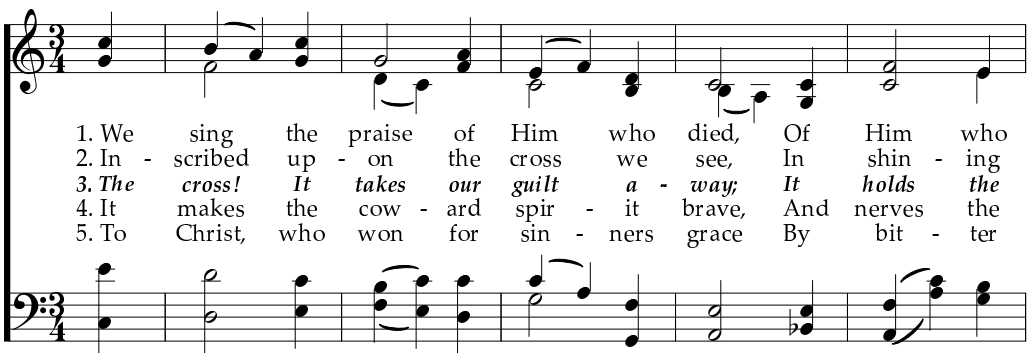
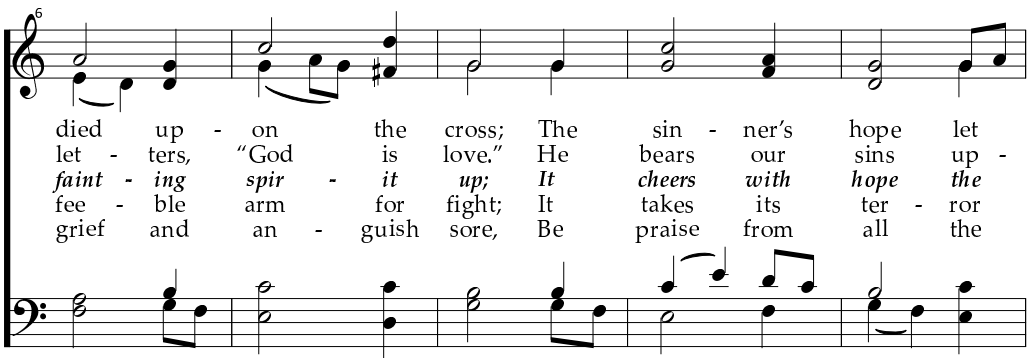



We Sing the Praise of Him Who Died



1. We sing the praise of Him who died, Of Him who
 2. In - scribed up - on the cross we see, In shin - ing
 3. *The cross! It takes our guilt a - way; It holds the*
 4. It makes the cow - ard spir - it brave, And nerves the
 5. To Christ, who won for sin - ners grace By bit - ter



died up - on the cross; The sin - ner's hope let
 let - ters, "God is love." He bears our sins up -
faint - ing spir - it up; It cheers with hope the
 fee - ble arm for fight; It takes its ter -
 grief and an - guish sore, Be praise from all the



none de - ride; For this we count the world but loss,
 on the tree; He brings us mer - cy from a - bove,
gloom - y day And sweet - ens ev - 'ry bit - ter cup.
 from the grave And gilds the bed of death with light;
 ran - somed race For - ev - er and for - ev - er - more.