

# I Sing My Savior's Wondrous Death

1. I sing my Sav - ior's won-drous death; He con - quered when He fell.  
 2. "'Tis fin-ished!" our Im - man - uel cries; The dread-ful work is done.  
 3. *His cross a sure foun - da - tion laid For glo - ry and re - nown,*  
 4. Ex - alt - ed at His Fa - ther's side Sits our vic - to - rious Lord;  
 5. The saints, from His pro - pi - tious eye, A - wait their sev - eral crowns,

*"'Tis fin-ished!" said His dy - ing breath, And shook the gates of Hell.  
 Hence shall His sov'-reign throne a - rise; His king - dom is be - gun.  
 When through the re - gions of the dead He passed to reach the crown.  
 To Heav'n and Hell His hands di - vide The venge - ance or re - ward.  
 And all the sons of dark-ness fly The ter - ror of His frowns.*

Music: Charles Wesley, Jr., (1757–1834); arr.

Text: Isaac Watts (1764–1748)

EPWORTH

8 6. 8 6.