

## 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 - ror  
 grief and an - guish sore, Be praise from all the

11 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.

Music: Sydney H. Nicholson, 1939

Text: Thomas Kelly, 1815

BOW BRICKHILL

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