

HYMN

# # 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

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

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 - ery bit - ter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,  
 and nerves the feeble arm for fight;  
 it takes the terror from the grave,  
 and gilds the bed of death with light.

5 To Christ, who won for sinners grace  
 by bitter grief and anguish sore,  
 be praise from all the ransomed race  
 forever and forevermore

Text: Thomas Kelly, 1769–1855  
 Tune: Sydney Nichol森, 1875–1947

LM  
 BOW BRICKHILL  
 Alternative tune: GERMANY