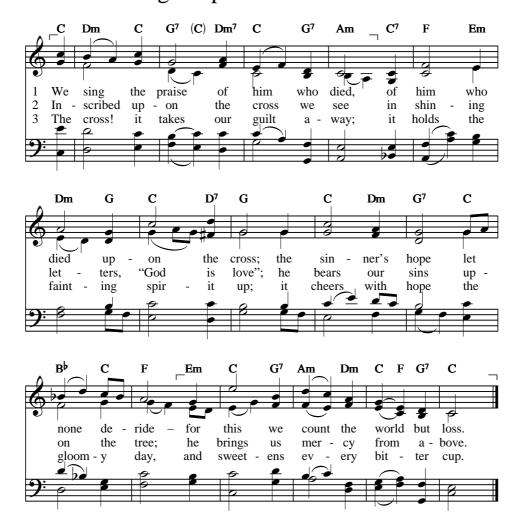
We sing the praise of him who died



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

LM

BOW BRICKHILL

Text: Thomas Kelly, 1815 Tune: Sydney Nicholson, 1939 Alternative tune: GERMANY