

HYMN

We sing the praise of him who died

C Dm C G7 C Dm7 C G7 Am C7 F Em

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

Dm G C D7 G C Dm G7 C

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

Bb C F Em C G7 Dm C F G7 C

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