

## We sing the praise of Him who died

( FEDERAL STREET. L.M. )

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. We sing the praise of Him who died, Of Him who died up -  
 2. In - scribed up - on the cross we see, In shin - ing let - ters,  
 3. The Cross — it took our guilt a - way, It holds the faint - ing

on the cross, The sin - ner's Hope — let men de -  
 God is Love, The Lamb who died up - on the  
 spi - rit up ; It cheers with hope the gloo - my

ride ; For this we count the world but loss.  
 tree, Has brought us mer - cy from a - bove.  
 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 its terror from the grave,  
 And gilds the bed of death with light.

5. The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
 The measure and the pledge of love,  
 The sinner's refuge here below,  
 The theme of praise in heaven above !

Alternate Tunes : Old Hundredth, 368 ; Duke Street, 87.