

## We sing the praise of Him who died

(FEDERAL STREET. L.M.)

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. We sing the praise of Him who died,  
 2. In - scribed up - on the cross we see,  
 3. The Cross — it took our guilt a - way,

Of Him who died up - on the cross,  
 In shin - ing let - ters, God is Love,  
 It holds the faint - ing spi - rit up ;

The sin - ner's Hope — let men de - ride ;  
 The Lamb who died up - on the tree,  
 It cheers with hope the gloo - my day,

For this we count the world but loss.  
 Has brought us mer - cy from a - bove.  
 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.