

## 213 Our sins were laid on the Saviour's head

( COLLOONEY, P.M. )

$\text{♩} = 90$

1. Our sins were laid on the  
 2. Now void is the place where our  
 3. The gates of heaven are

Sav-iour's head, The curse by our Lord was  
 Sav-iour lay When He ent-ered the gloo-my  
 o-pened wide, At His name all the an-gels

borne; For us a vic-tim our  
 grave; That by death He the power of  
 bow; The Son of man who was

Sure-ty bled, And en-dured that death of  
 death might slay And His lambs from the li-on  
 cru-ci-fied Is the King of glo-ry

scorn; Him-self He gave our poor  
 save. Oh! glo-rious time when the  
 now: We love to look up and be-

hearts to win (Lord, nev - er was love like  
 Vic - tor a - rose ! He liv - eth, no more to  
 hold Him there, The Lamb for His cho - sen

Thine !) From the paths of fol - ly, and  
 die ; He hath bruised the head of our  
 slain ; And soon shall His saints all His

shame, and sin, And  
 migh - ty foes, For  
 glo - ries share, With their

fill them with joys di - vine.  
 us was His vic - to - ry !  
 Head and their Lord shall reign.

Green Hill, 147 ; Prospect, 287.