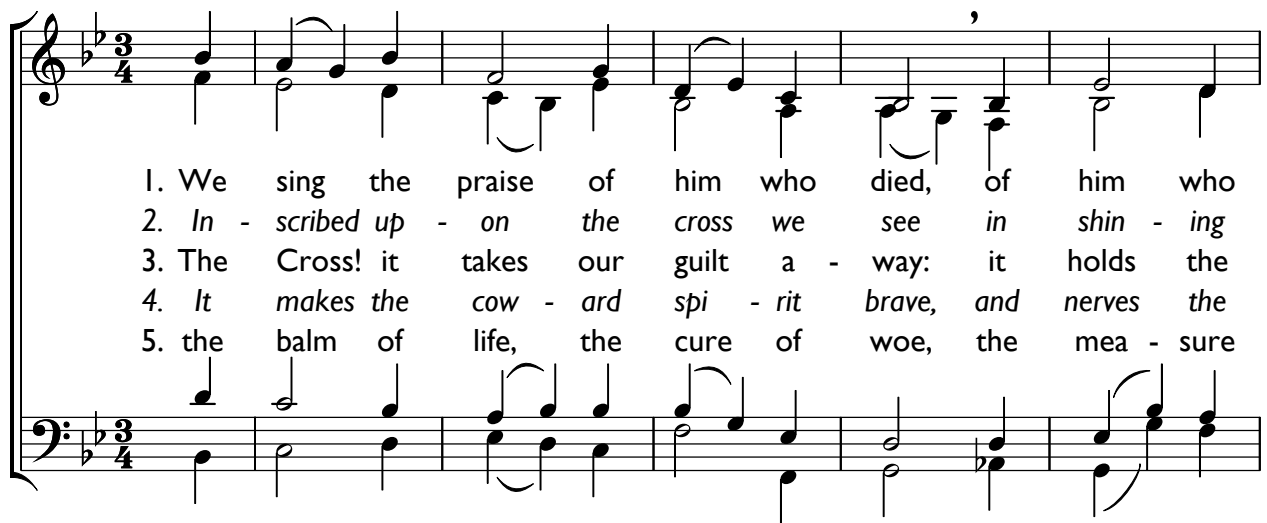


AMNS 138 We sing the praise of him who died

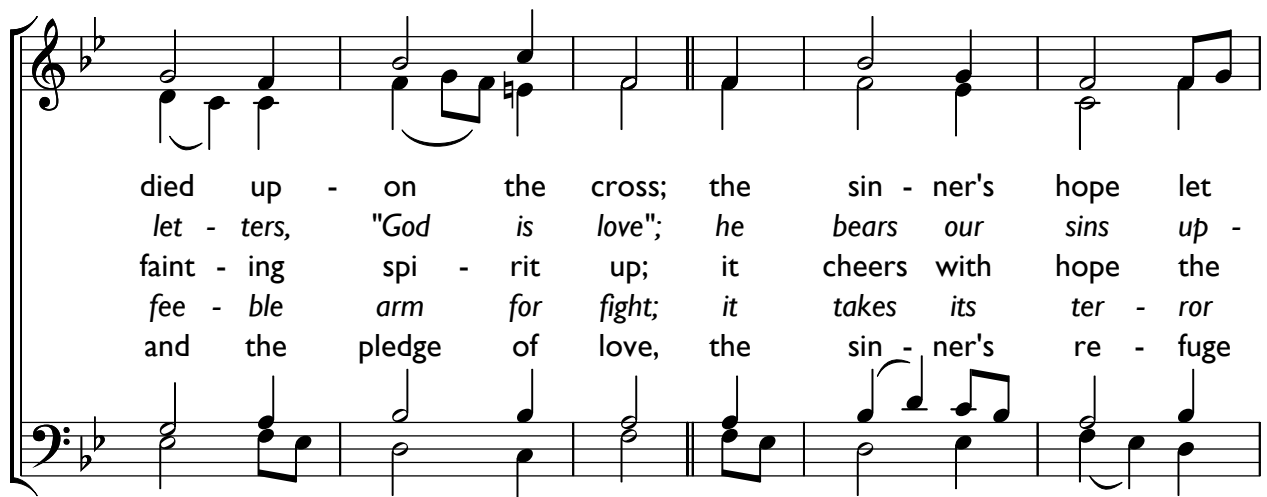
Melody: Bow Brickhill

T. Kelly
(1769-1855)


S. H. Nicholson
(1875-1947)



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
4. It makes the cow - ard spi - rit brave, and nerves the
5. the balm of life, the cure of woe, the mea - sure



died up - on the cross; the sin - ner's hope let
let - ters, "God is love"; he bears our sins up -
faint - ing spi - rit up; it cheers with hope the
fee - ble arm for fight; it takes its ter - ror
and the pledge of love, the sin - ner's re - fuge



men 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 - 'ry bit - ter cup.
from the grave, and gilds the bed of death with light:
here be - low, the an - gels' theme in heav'n a - bove.