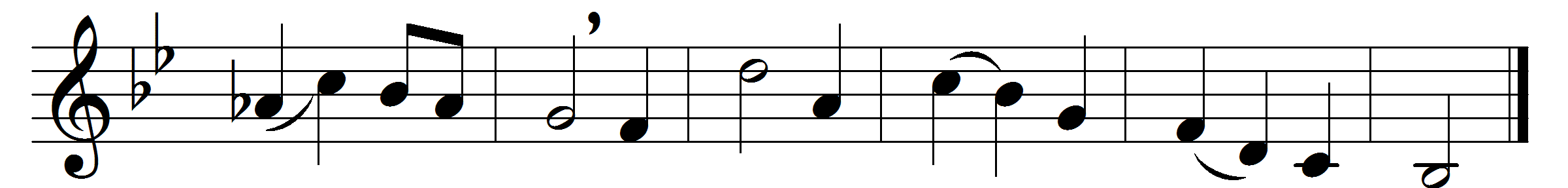
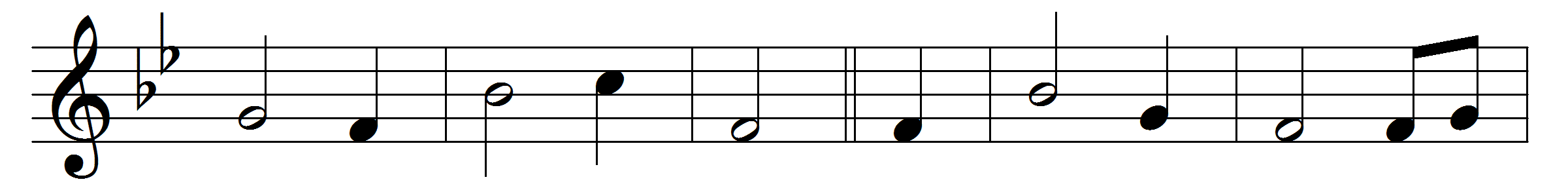
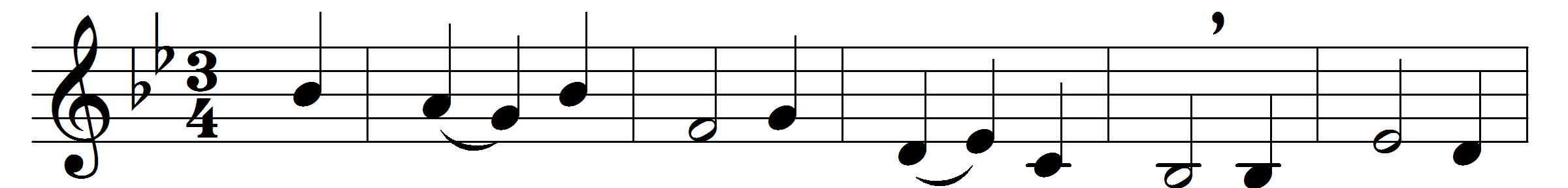
We sing the praise of him who died AMNS 138 Melody: Bow Brickhill L.M.



We sing the praise of him who died,  
of him who died upon the cross;  
the sinner’s hope let men deride,  
for this we count the world but loss.

Inscribed upon the cross we see  
in shining letters, ‘God is love’;  
he bears our sins upon the Tree;  
he brings us mercy from above.

The Cross! it takes our guilt away:  
it holds the fainting spirit up;  
it cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
and sweetens every bitter cup.

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:

the balm of life, the cure of woe,  
the measure and the pledge of love,  
the sinner’s refuge here below,  
the angels’ theme in heaven above.

Words: Thomas Kelly (1769-1855)

Music: Sydney Hugo Nicholson (1875-1947)