

(Mercy's Free. 8. 6. 8. 6. D.)

A. Midlane


D. F. E. Auber




1. Oh, what a glo-ri-ous truth is this— Je - sus died, Je - sus died;
 2. To save my soul from death and hell, Je - sus died, Je - sus died;
 3. Oh, tell it un - to all a - round, Je - sus died, Je - sus died;
 4. Soon heav'n shall raise the hap - py song, Je - sus died, Je - sus died;



Has o - pened up the path to bliss; Je - sus died, Je - sus died;
 Such love a - maz - ing who can tell? Je - sus died, Je - sus died;
 'Tis such a precious, bless - ed sound— Je - sus died, Je - sus died;
 Which end - less a - ges shall pro - long, Je - sus died, Je - sus died;



God loved the world, His Son He gave, That all who do in Him be - lieve
 Yes, He for wretch - ed men was slain, That they thro' Him might life ob - tain,
 En - treat poor sin - ners to re - ly On that which brings the guilt - y nigh;
 By vir - tue of that pre - cious blood Be - liev - ers are brought nigh to God;



Should a full, gra - cious par - don have; Je - sus died, Je - sus died.
 And ev - ver - last - ing glo - ry gain; Je - sus died, Je - sus died.
 E'en to the blood of Christ to fly; Je - sus died, Je - sus died.
 Oh, spread the glo - ri - ous news a - broad— Je - sus died, Je - sus died.