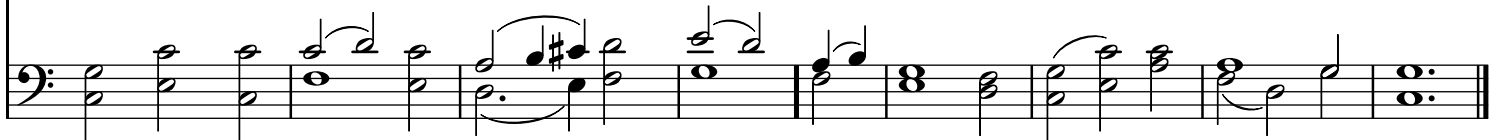


1. We sing the praise of Him who died, Of Him who died up - on the cross,
 2. In-scribed up - on the cross we see, In shin - ing let - ters, "God is love!"
 3. The cross! it took our guilt a - way, It holds the faint - ing spir - it up;



The sin - ner's hope - let men de - ride; For this we count the world but loss.
 The Lamb who died up - on the tree Has brought us mer - cy from a - bove.
 It cheers with hope the gloom - y day, 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.