

We sing the praise of Him who died

Daniel Read, 1757-1836

Windham
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 the 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 Heav'n above.**

**To Christ, who won for sinners grace
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransomed race
Forever and forevermore.**

Thomas Kelly