

We sing the praise of Him who died

Praise of the Lord — His Death

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(Guitar: Capo 1)

1. We sing the praise of Him who died, Of Him who died up - on the Cross; The
sin - ner's hope let men de - ride, For this we count the world but loss.

2. 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.
3. 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.
4. 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.