

## We sing the praise of him who died

1. 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.

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 ev'ry bitter 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 angels' theme in heaven above.

