

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 every bitter cup.
- 4 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.
- 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.

Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855