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Blessed Redeemer

Avis B. Christiansen, 1895-

Harry Dixon Loes: 1892-1965

1. Up Cal-v'ry's moun-tain, one dread-ful morn, Walked Christ my Sav-ior,
2. "Fa-ther, for-give them!" thus did He pray, E'en while His life-blood
3. O how I love Him, Sav-ior and Friend! How can my prais-es

wea-ry and worn; Fac-ing for sin-ners death on the cross,
flowed fast a-way; Pray-ing for sin-ners while in such woe—
ev-er find end! Thru years un-num-bered on heav-en's shore,

CHORUS

That He might save them from end-less loss.
No one but Je-sus ev-er loved so.
My tongue shall praise Him for-ev-er-more.

Bless-ed Re-deem-er, pre-cious Re-

deem-er! Seems now I see Him on Cal-va-ry's tree, Wound-ed and

bleed-ing, for sin-ners plead-ing—Blind and un-heed-ing— dy-ing for me!