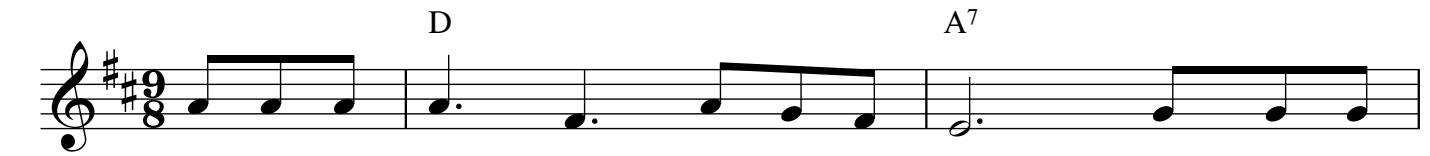


Blessed Redeemer

Avis B. Christiansen

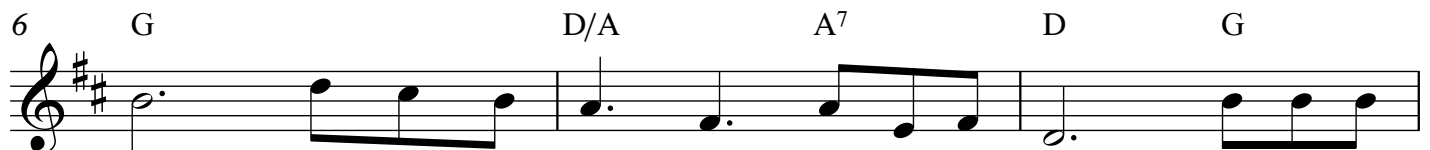
Harry Dixon Loes



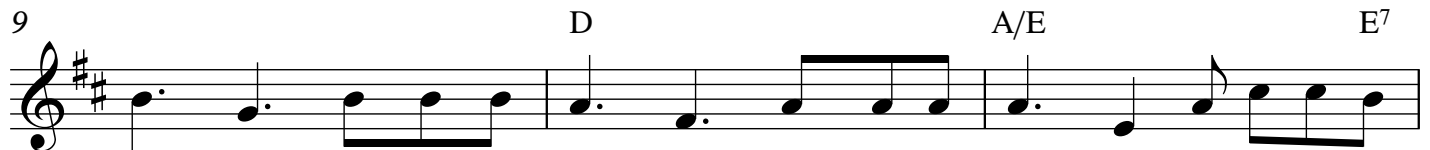
Up Cal v'ry's moun - tain one dread-ful morn Walked Christ my
"Fa-ther, for - give them," thus did He pray, E'en while His
O how I love Him, Sav - ior and Friend! How can my



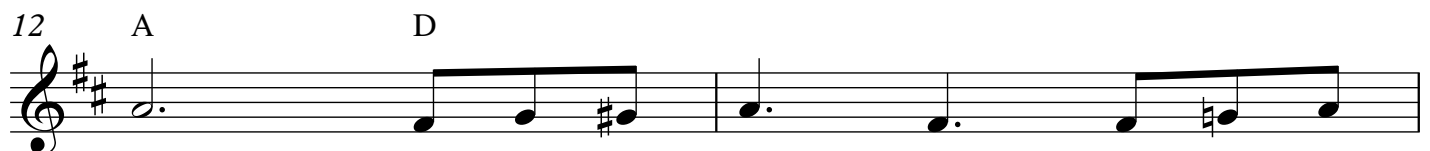
Sav - ior, wea - ry and worn; Fac - ing for sin - ners death on the
life - blood flowed fast a - way. Pray - ing for sin - ners while in such
prais - es ev - er find end? Through years un - num - bered on heav-en's



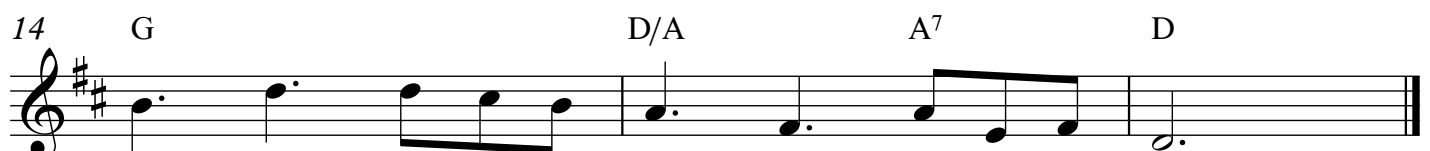
cross, That He might save them from end less loss. Bless-ed Re -
woe, No one but Je - sus ev - er loved so!
shore, My tongue shall praise Him for - ev - er - more.



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!