

# Blessed Redeemer

Avis M. Christiansen

Harry Dixon Loes

1. Up Calv'ry's mountain, one dreadful morn, Walked Christ my Sav-ior,  
2. "Father for - give them!" thus did He pray, E'en while His lifeblood  
3. O how I love Him, Sav - ior and Friend, How can myprais-es

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

cross, That He might save them from endless loss.  
woe—No one but Je - sus ev - er loved so. Blessed Redeem - er!  
shore, My tongue shall praise Him for - ev - er-more.

Precious Redeem er! Seems now I see Him on Calvary's tree; Wounded  
and bleeding, for sinners pleading, Blind and un heeding—dying for me!