

# Blessed Redeemer

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Harry Dixon Loes

1. Up Cal - v'ry's moun - tain, one dread - ful morn,  
2. "Fa - ther for - give love, them!" thus did He pray,  
3. O how I love Him, Sav - ior and Friend,

Walked Christ my Sav - ior, wea - ry and worn;  
E'en while His life - blood flowed fast a - way;  
How can my prais - es ev - er find end!

Fac - ing for sin - ners death on the cross,  
Pray - ing for sin - ners while in such woe -  
Through years un - num - bered on heav - en's shore,

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!