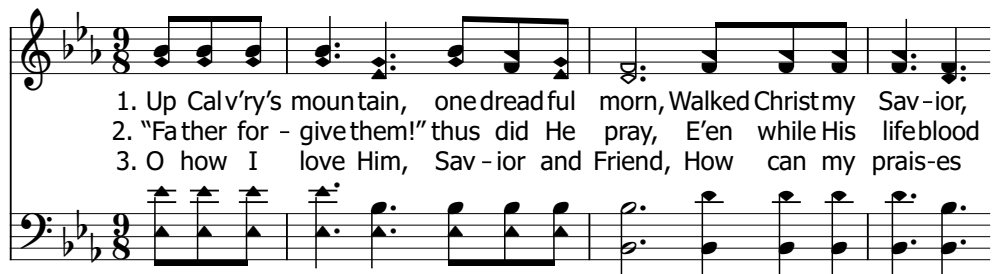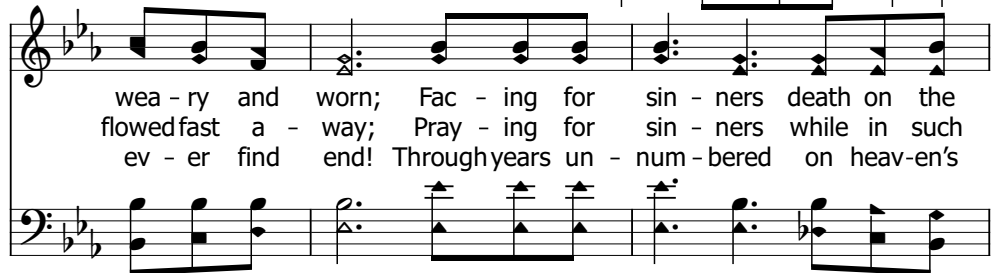# Blessed Redeemer

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 my prais-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. Blessed Re-deem-er!
woe—No one but Je - sus ev - er loved so.
shore, My tongue shall praise Him for - ev - er - more.

Precious Re - deem-er! Seems now I see Him on Cal vary's tree; Wounded

and bleeding, for sinners pleading, Blind and un-heeding—dying for me!