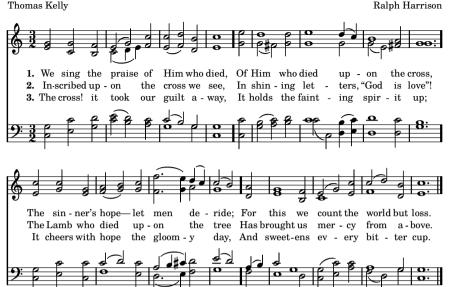
## 131 We Sing the Praise of Him Who Died

(Warrington. L. M.)



- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave, And nerves the feeble arm for fight; It takes its terror from the grave, And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe, The measure and the pledge of love, The sinner's refuge here below, The theme of praise in heaven above.