

# Blessed Redeemer — 218

AVIS B. CHRISTIANSEN

HARRY DIXON LOES

1. Up Cal - v'ry's moun - tain, one dread - ful morn, Walked Christ my Sav - ior,  
 2. "Fa - ther, for - give them!" thus did He pray, E'en while His life - blood  
 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 cross,  
 flowed fast a - way, Pray - ing for sin - ners while in such woe -  
 ev - er find end! Thru years un - num - bered on heav - en's shore,

CHORUS

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

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!