

Redemption

Isaac Watts, 1709

(Hymn 84, Book 2) 66. 86. (S. M.)

Transcribed from Jenks and Griswold, *The American Compiler*, 1803.

A minor

Stephen Jenks, 1803

1. A las, the cru-el spear Went deep in-to his side; And the rich drops of pur - ple

2. Tell how he took our flesh To take a-way our guilt; Sing the dear drops of sa - cred

3. There the Re-dee-mer sits High on the Fa-ther's throne; The Fa-ther lays his ven - geance

Treble
Counter
Tenor
Bass

10
15

blood their mur-derous wea-pons dyed. Down to the shades of death He bowed his sa-cred head; Yet

blood That hel-lish mon-sters spilt. No more the bloo-dy spear, The cross and nails no more, For

by, And smiles up - on his Son. There his full glo-ries shine With un-cre-a-ted rays, And

Tr.
C.
T.
B.

20
1. 2.

he a-rose to live and reign, When death it-self is dead. Down

hell it-self shakes at his name, And all the heav'ns a-dore. No

8 bless his saints' and an-gels' eyes To e-ver-las-ting praise. There

Tr.
C.
T.
B.