

# Redemption

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

1. A - las, the cru-el spear Went deep into his side; And the rich drops of pur - ple blood their murderous weapons dyed. Down to the shades of

2. Tell how he took our flesh, To take away our guilt; Sing the dear drops of sa - cred blood That hellish monsters spilt. No more the bloody

3. There the Re-dee-mer sits High on the Father's throne; The Father lays his ven - geance by, And smiles upon his Son. There his full glo-ries

5 10

1. death He bowed his sacred head; Yet he a - rose to live and reign, \_\_\_ When death \_\_\_ it - self \_\_\_ is dead. Down

2. spear, The cross and nails no more, For hell itself shakes at his name, \_\_\_ And all \_\_\_ the heav'ns \_\_\_ a - dore. No

3. shine With un-cre-a-ted rays, And bless his saints' and angels' eyes \_\_\_ To e - - - - ver - las - ting days. There

15 20 1. 2.