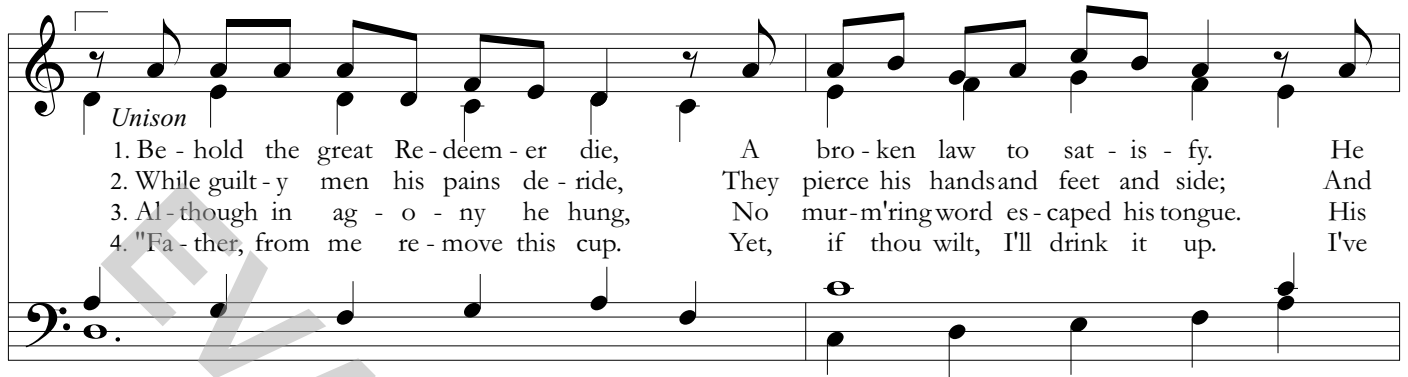


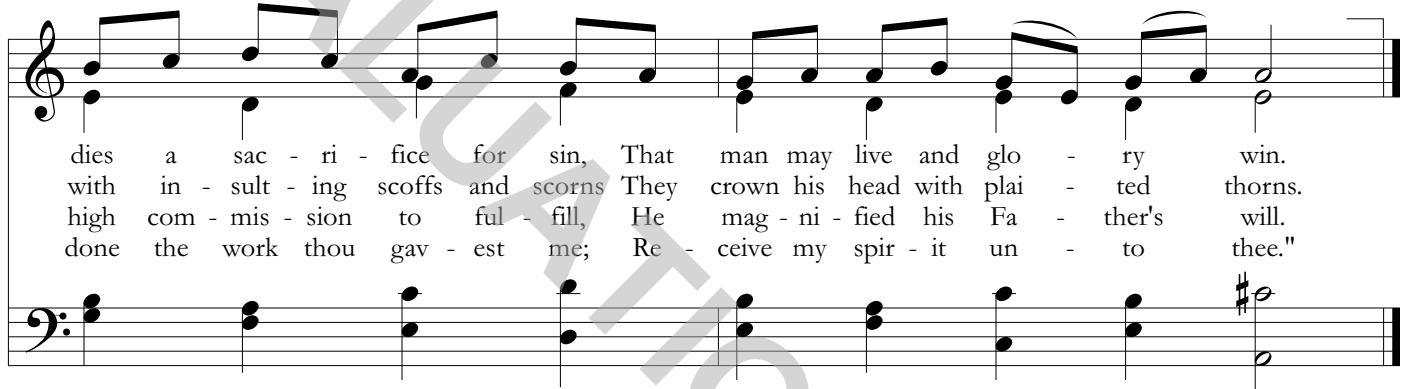
Behold the Great Redeemer Die

Prayerfully ♩ = 54-66

Unison



1. Be - hold the great Re - deem - er die, A bro - ken law to sat - is - fy. He
 2. While guilt - y men his pains de - ride, They pierce his hands and feet and side; And
 3. Al - though in ag - o - ny he hung, No mur - m'ring word es - caped his tongue. His
 4. "Fa - ther, from me re - move this cup. Yet, if thou wilt, I'll drink it up. I've



dies a sac - ri - fice for sin, That man may live and glo - ry win.
 with in - sult - ing scoffs and scorns They crown his head with plai - ted thorns.
 high com - mis - sion to ful - fill, He mag - ni - fied his Fa - ther's will.
 done the work thou gav - est me; Re - ceive my spir - it un - to thee."

5. He died, and at the awful sight
 The sun in shame withdrew its light!
 Earth trembled, and all nature sighed
 In dread response, "A God has died!"

6. He lives—he lives. We humbly now
 Around these sacred symbols bow,
 And seek, as Saints of latter days,
 To do his will and live his praise.

Text: Eliza R. Snow, 1804-1887
Music: Plainsong, Mode 2

JESU DULCIS MEMORIA
 L.M.