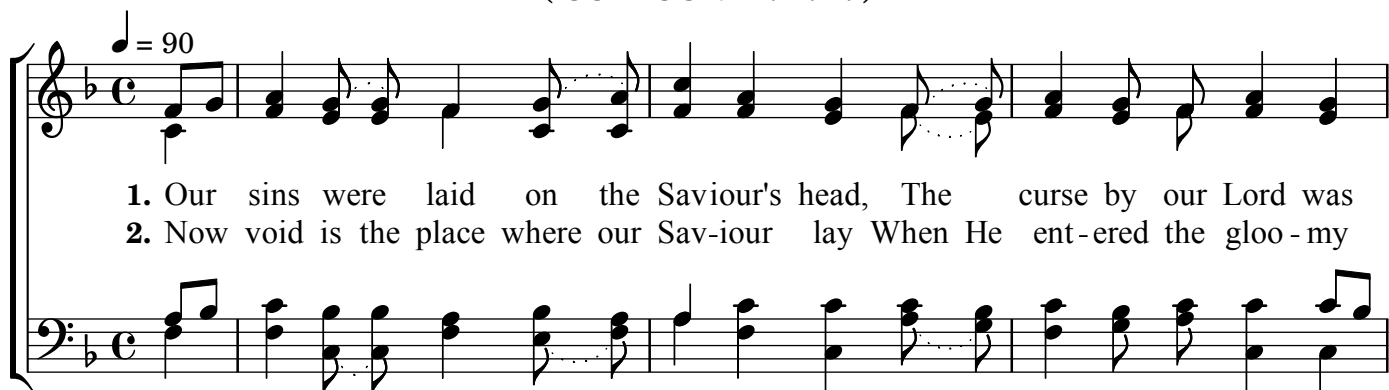
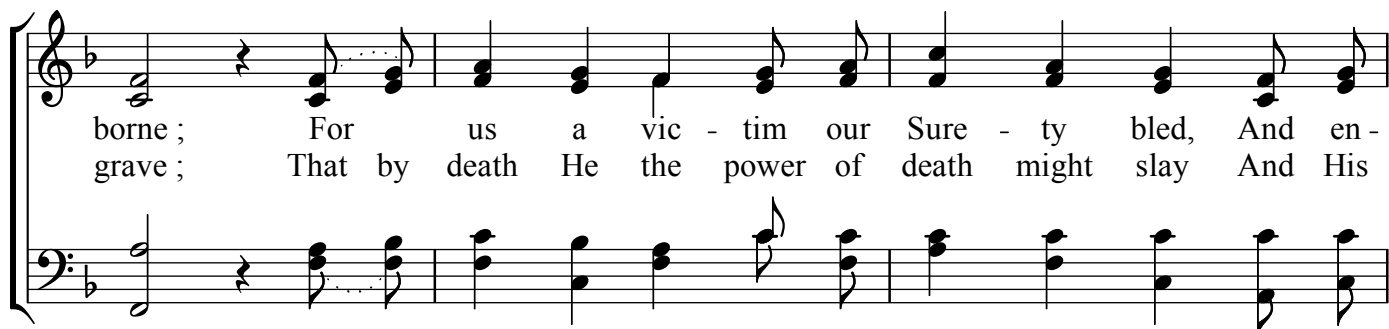


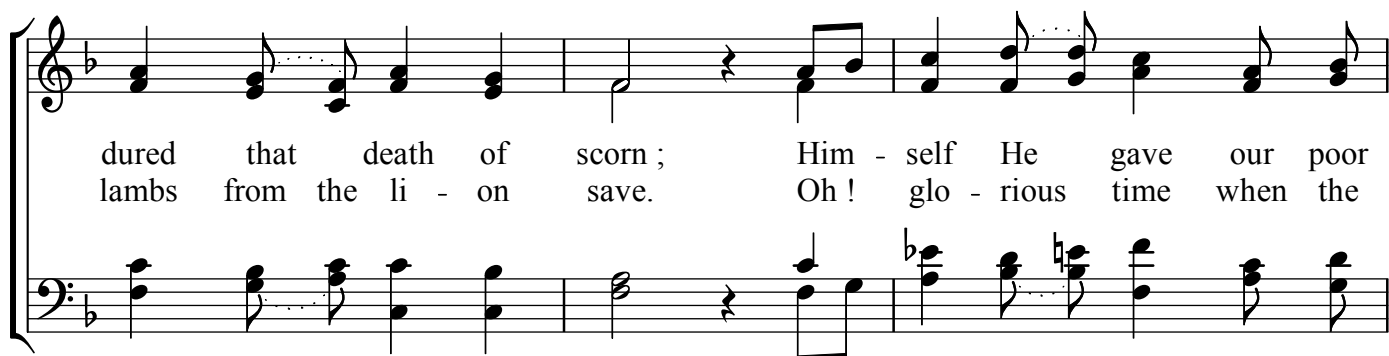
$\text{♩} = 90$



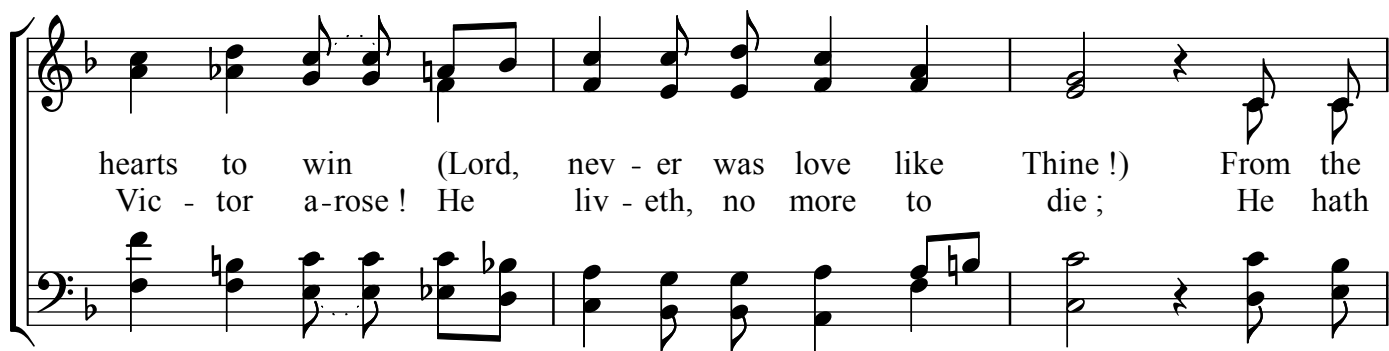
1. Our sins were laid on the Saviour's head, The curse by our Lord was  
2. Now void is the place where our Sav-iour lay When He ent-ered the gloo-my



borne ; For us a vic - tim our Sure - ty bled, And en -  
grave ; That by death He the power of death might slay And His



dured that death of scorn ; Him - self He gave our poor  
lambs from the li - on save. Oh ! glo - rious time when the



hearts to win (Lord, nev - er was love like Thine !) From the  
Vic - tor a-rose ! He liv - eth, no more to die ; He hath



paths of fol - ly, and shame, and sin, And fill them with joys di - vine.  
bruised the head of our migh - ty foes, For us was His vic - to - ry !

3. The gates of heaven are opened wide,  
At His name all the angels bow ;  
The Son of man who was crucified  
Is the King of glory now :  
We love to look up and behold Him there,  
The Lamb for His chosen slain ;  
And soon shall His saints all His glories share,  
With their Head and their Lord shall reign.

Green Hill, 147 ; Prospect, 287.