Blessed Redeemer

Avis M. Christiansen, 1920

Ludwig van Beethoven, *Symphony No. 7*, 1811
Arr. by Devra Dato-on, 2012

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. Oh, how I love Him, Sav - ior and Friend, How can my prais - es

wear - y 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! Through years un - num - bered on heav-en's shore,

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

Pre - cious Re - deem - er! Seems now I see Him on Cal-v'ry's tree; Wound - ed and

bleed - ing for sin-ners plead - ing, Blind and un - heed - ing, dy - ing for me!