Well, the Redeemer's Gone

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: FRANCONIA

| d - | r - m - f - s - | m - - - - - s - |
Well, the Redeemer's gone T'ap-

| l - d' - f - m - | r - - - - - s - |
pear before our God, To

| d' - t - l - s - | l - l - s - s - |
sprinkle o'er the flaming throne With

| d - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
his atoning blood.

The other verses

2 No fiery vengeance now,
Nor burning wrath comes down;
If justice call for sinners' blood,
The Saviour shews his own.

3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves,
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honour sing,
Jesus the priest receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

5 We bow before his face,
And sound his glories high,
"Hosanna to the God of grace
"That lays his thunder by.

6 "On earth thy mercy reigns,
"And triumphs all above;"
But, Lord how weak are mortal strains
To speak immortal love!

7 How jarring and how low
Are all the notes we sing!
Sweet Saviour, tune our songs anew,
And they shall please the King.

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