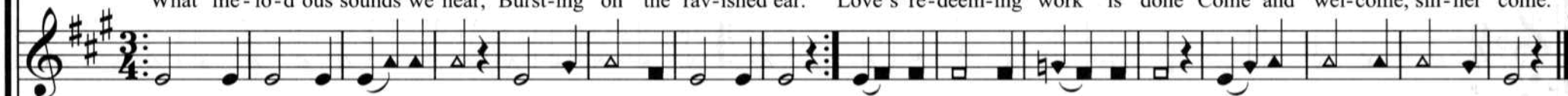


Ignaz Joseph Pleyel



1. From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Sav - ior deigns to die,
 What me - lo - d'ous sounds we hear, Burst - ing on the rav - ished ear. "Love's re - deem - ing work is done Come and wel - come, sin - ner come."



2. Sprin - kled now with blood the throne, Why be - neath thy bur - dens groan?
 On my wound - ed bod - y laid, Jus - tice owns the ran - som paid "Bow the knee and kiss the Son Come and wel - come, sin - ner come."

