The Cross Of Jesus

Words: Miss E. C. Clephane
Music: Ira D. Sankey

1. Beneath the Cross of Jesus I fain would take my stand—The shadow of a mighty Rock, With-in a wea-ry land. A
2. O safe and happy shelter, O refuge tried and sweet, O tryst-ing place where Heav-en's love, And Heav-en's jus-tice meet! As
dark-ness of an aw-ful grave That gapes both deep and wide; And
ever-y dy-ing form of One, Who suf-fered there for me; And
very dy-ing form of One, Who suf-fered there for me; And
ask no other sun-shine Than the sun-shine of His face Con-

home with-in the wil-der-ness, A rest up-on the way, From the
to the Ho-ly Pa-tri-arch That won-drous dream was giv'n, So
there be-tween us stands the Cross, Two arms out-stretch to save, Like a
from my smit-ten heart with tears Two won-ders I con-fess,— The
tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,— My

burn-ing of the noon-tide heat, And the burn-ing of the day.
seems my Sav-ior's Cross to me, A lad-der up to heav'n.
watch-man set to guard the way From that e-ter-nal grave.
won-ders of His glo-rious love, And my own worth-less-
sin-ful self, my on-ly shame,— My glo-ry all the Cross.