

## BENEATH THE CROSS OF JESUS

Beneath the cross of Jesus  
I fain would take my stand,  
The shadow of a mighty Rock  
    Within a weary land;  
A home within the wilderness,  
    A rest upon the way,  
From the burning of the noontide heat,  
    And the burden of the day.

Oh, safe and happy shelter!  
    Oh, refuge tried and sweet!  
Oh, trysting place where heaven's love  
    And heaven's justice meet.  
As to the holy patriarch  
    That wondrous dream was given,  
So is my Savior by the cross  
    A ladder up to heaven.

There lies beneath its shadow,  
    But on the farther side,  
The darkness of an awful grave  
    That gapes both deep and wide;  
And there between us stands the cross,  
    Two arms outstretched to save,  
Like a watchman set to guard the way  
    From that eternal grave.

Upon that cross of Jesus  
    Mine eye at times can see  
The very dying form of One,  
    Who suffered there for me;  
And from my smitten heart, with tears,  
    Two wonders I confess,  
The wonders of His glorious love,  
    And my own worthlessness.

I take, O cross, thy shadow  
    For my abiding place;  
I ask no other sunshine than  
    The sunshine of His face;  
Content to let the world go by,  
    To know no gain nor loss,  
My sinful self my only shame,  
    My glory all the cross.

## WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died  
My richest gain I count but loss  
And pour contempt on all my pride

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
save in the death of Christ, my God;  
all the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
sorrow and love flow mingled down.  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
that were an offering far too small;  
love so amazing, so divine,  
demands my soul, my life, my all.

## O TEACH ME WHAT IT MEANETH

O teach me what it meaneth:  
That Cross uplifted high,  
With One, the Man of Sorrows,  
Condemned to bleed and die.  
O teach me what it cost Thee  
To make a sinner whole;  
And teach me, Savior, teach me  
The value of a soul.

O teach me what it meaneth:  
That sacred crimson tide,  
The blood and water flowing  
From Thine own wounded side.  
Teach me that if none other  
\*Had sinned, but I alone,  
Yet still, Thy blood, O Jesus,  
Thine only, must atone.

O teach me what it meaneth,  
Thy love beyond compare,  
The love that reacheth deeper  
Than depths of self-despair!  
Yea, teach me, till there gloweth  
In this poor heart of mine  
Some feeble, pale reflection  
Of that pure love of Thine.

O teach me what it meaneth,  
For I am full of sin;  
And grace alone can reach me,  
And love alone can win.  
O teach me, for I need Thee,  
I have no hope beside,  
The chief of all the sinners  
For whom the Savior died.

O infinite Redeemer,  
I bring no other plea;  
Because Thou dost invite me  
I cast myself on Thee.  
Because Thou dost accept me  
I love and I adore;  
Because Thy love constraineth,  
I'll praise Thee evermore.

## HE DIED FOR ME

1) I saw One hanging on a tree,  
In agony and blood;  
He fixed His languid eyes on me,  
As near His cross I stood.

### REFRAIN:

Oh, can it be, upon a tree  
The Savior died for me?  
My soul is thrilled,  
My heart is filled,  
To think He died for me!

2) My conscience felt and owned the guilt,  
And plunged me in despair;  
I saw my sins His blood had spilt  
And helped to nail Him there.

### REFRAIN

3) A second look He gave, which said,  
"I freely all forgive:  
This blood is for thy ransom paid,  
I die that thou may'st live."

### REFRAIN