

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