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.

O safe and happy shelter, O refuge tried and sweet, O trysting place where Heaven's love and Heaven's justice meet! As to the holy patriarch that wondrous dream was giv'n, So seems my Savior's cross to me, a ladder up to Heav'n.

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 stricken heart with tears two wonders I confess; The wonders of redeeming love and my unworthiness.

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 or loss, My sinful self my only shame, my glory all the cross.

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