

# Drawn to the cross Thou hast blessed

J. Dryhurst Roberts, 1862-1907

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**Drawn to the Cross which Thou hast blessed  
With healing gifts for souls distressed,  
To find in Thee my life, my rest:  
Christ crucified, I come!**

**Stained with the sins which I have wrought  
In word and deed and secret thought,  
For pardon which Thy blood hath brought:  
Christ crucified, I come!**

**Weary of selfishness and pride,  
False pleasures gone, vain hopes denied,  
Deep in Thy wounds my shame to hide:  
Christ crucified, I come!**

**Thou knowest all my griefs and fears,  
Thy grace abused, my misspent years;  
Yet now to Thee, my cleansing tears:  
Christ crucified, I come!**

**I would not, if I could, conceal  
The ills which only Thou canst heal,  
So to the Cross, where sinners kneel:  
Christ crucified, I come!**

**Wash me, and take away each stain,  
Let nothing of my sin remain;  
For cleansing, though it be through pain:  
Christ crucified, I come!**

**To be what Thou wouldst have me be,  
Accepted, sanctified in Thee,  
Through what Thy grace shall work in me:  
Christ crucified, I come!**

Genevieve M. Irons