

Hymn 159

Lift High the Cross

*(Refrain) Lift high the cross, the love of Christ proclaim
till all the world adore his sacred name.*

Come, Christians, follow this triumphant sign.
The hosts of God in unity combine.
(Refrain)

Each newborn servant of the Crucified
bears on the brow the seal of him who died.
(Refrain)

O Lord, once lifted on the glorious tree,
as thou hast promised, draw the world to thee.
(Refrain)

So shall our song of triumph ever be:
Praise to the Crucified for victory!
(Refrain)

(words: George William Kitchin and Michael Robert Newbolt, 1916, alt.)

Hymn (bulletin cover)

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.

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.

(Words: Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1872; Music: David L. Patton)