

Beneath the Cross of Jesus (231~)

- Vs 1** 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.
- Vs 2** 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.
- Vs 3** Upon the cross of Jesus mine eyes at times can see
The very dying form of One who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart, with tears, these wonders I confess:
The wonder of His glorious love, and my unworthiness.
- Vs 4** 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.

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The Old Rugged Cross (233~)

Vs 1 On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
The emblem of suffering and shame;
And I love that old cross, where the dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
Till my trophies at last I lay down.
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
And exchange it someday for a crown.

Vs 2 O the old rugged cross, so despised by the world,
Has a wondrous attraction for me;
For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above
To bear it to dark Calvary.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
Till my trophies at last I lay down.
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
And exchange it someday for a crown.

Vs 3 In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,
A wondrous beauty I see;
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died
To pardon and sanctify me.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
Till my trophies at last I lay down.
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
And exchange it someday for a crown.

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