

Beneath The Cross Of Jesus

Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1868

Frederick C. Maker, 1881



Beneath the cross of Je-sus I fain would take my stand,
Up-on that cross of Je-sus Mine eye at times can see
I take, O cross, thy shadow For my a - bid - ing place;



The shadow of a mighty rock Within a weary land,
The very dying form of One Who suffered there for me;
I ask no other sunshine than The sunshine of His face;



A home within the wil-der-ness, A rest upon the way,
And from my smitten heart with tears, Two wonders I confess:
Con-tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,



From the burning of the noontide heat, And the burden of the day.
The wonders of His glorious love And my unworthiness.
My sinful self my only shame, My glory all, the cross.

