

Beneath the Cross of Jesus

Words: E.C.D. Clephane (1830-1869)

Music: Mark Peterson

Beneath the cross of Jesus
I gladly take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty rock
Within a weary land,
O blessed shelter from the storm,
The sinner's sure retreat,
O glorious place where heaven's love
And heaven's justice meet.

There lies beneath its shadow,
Upon the farther side,
The darkness of an awful pit
That opens deep and wide;
And there between us stands the cross,
Of him who died to save,
With his own life-blood my lost soul
From that eternal grave.

Upon the cross of Jesus
My eye by faith 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 wonder of his glorious love,
And my unworthiness.

O Christ beneath that shadow
Be my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of your face;
Content to let the world go by,
And count its gain but loss,
This sinful self my only shame,
My only hope your cross.