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.

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