

197. Beneath the Cross of Jesus

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.

2 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.

3 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.

198. Were You There

1 Were you there when they crucified my Lord? (were you there)
Were you there when they crucified my Lord? (were you there)
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they crucified my Lord? (were you there)

2 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree? (were you there)
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree? (were you there)
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree? (were you there)

3 Were you there when they laid him in the tomb? (were you there)
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb? (were you there)
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb? (were you there)

196. Go to Dark Gethsemane

1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
all who feel the tempter's power;
your Redeemer's conflict see,
watch with him one bitter hour;
turn not from his griefs away;
learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment hall;
view the Lord of life arraigned,
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suff'ring, shame, or loss;
learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calv'ry's mournful mountain climb;
there, adoring at his feet,
mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished!" hear him cry;
learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
where they laid his breathless clay;
all is solitude and gloom.
Who has taken him away?
Christ is ris'n! He meets our eyes;
Savior, teach us so to rise.