

Beneath The Cross of Jesus

Frederick C. Maker, 1844-1927

St. Christopher
7.6.8.6.8.6.8.6

D^b D^bdim7 D^b A^b7 D^b E^bmin7 A^b7 D^b F7 B^b Adim

B^bmin B^b7 E^bmin B^bmin G^b G^b7 F D^b Cdim D^b E^bmin7 D^b G^b D^b7 G^b B^b

E^bmin A^b7 G^b9 A^b7 D^b7 G^b D^b A^b7 D^b

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.

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.

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 or loss,
My sinful self my only shame, my glory all the cross.

Elizabeth C. Clephane