# Beneath the Cross of Jesus 329

1. Beneath the cross of Jesus  
   I long to take my stand;  
   the shadow of a mighty rock  
   within a weary land,  
   a home within a wilderness,  
   a rest upon the way,  
   from the burning of the noontide heat  
   and burdens of the day.
2. 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 contrite heart, with tears,  
   two wonders I confess:  
   the wonder of his glorious love  
   and my unworthiness.
3. The shadow of your cross, Lord,   
   be my abiding place;  
   I ask no other sunshine than  
   the sunshine of your face;  
   content to let the world go by,  
   to know no gain nor loss,  
   my sinful self my only shame,  
   my glory all, your cross.

TEXT: Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane (1868), alt.

TUNE: Frederick C. Maker (1881)

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