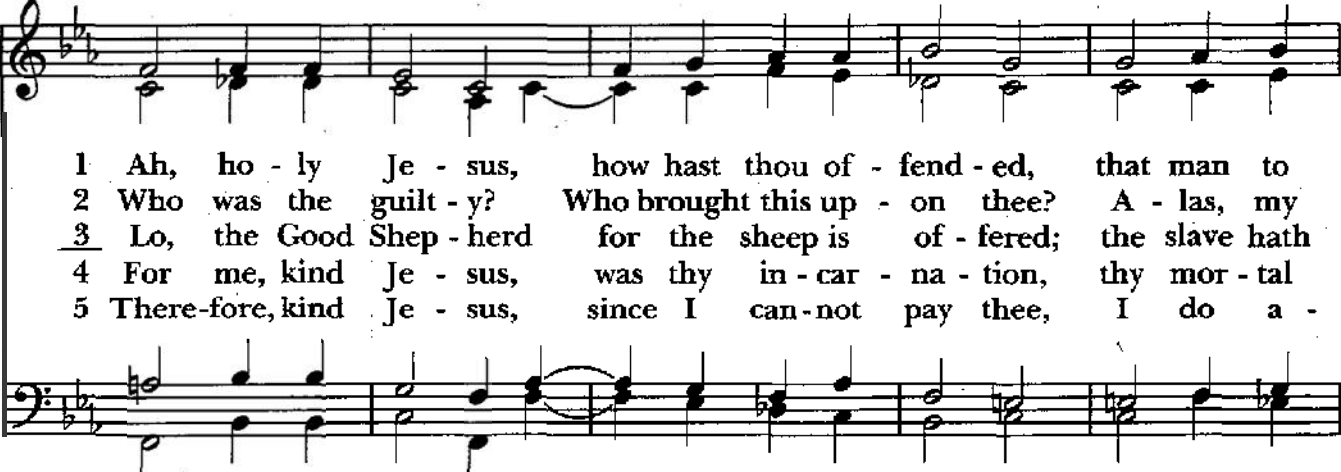


1 In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, tower - ing
 2 When the woes of life o'er - take me, hopes de -
 3 When the sun of bliss is beam - ing light and
 4 Bane and bless - ing, pain and plea - sure, by the
 *5 In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, tower - ing

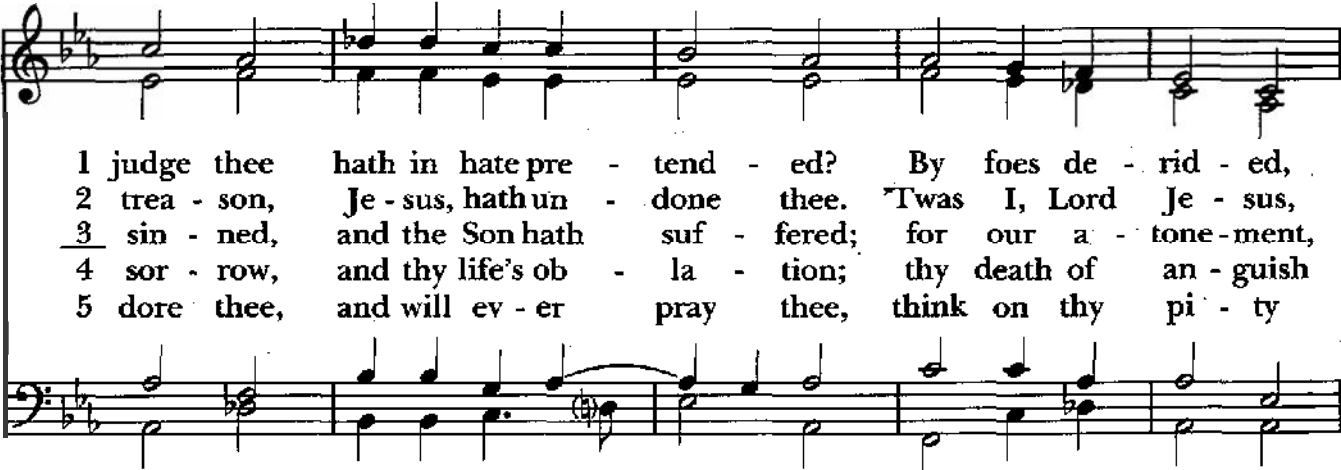
1 o'er the wrecks of time; all the light of
 2 ceive, and fears an - noy, nev - er shall the
 3 love up - on my way, from the cross the
 4 cross are sanc - ti - fied; peace is there that
 5 o'er the wrecks of time; all the light of

1 sa - cred sto - ry gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
 2 cross for - sake me: lo, it glows with peace and joy.
 3 ra - diance stream - ing adds new lus - ter to the day.
 4 knows no mea - sure, joys that through all time a - bide.
 5 sa - cred sto - ry gath - ers round its head sub - lime.

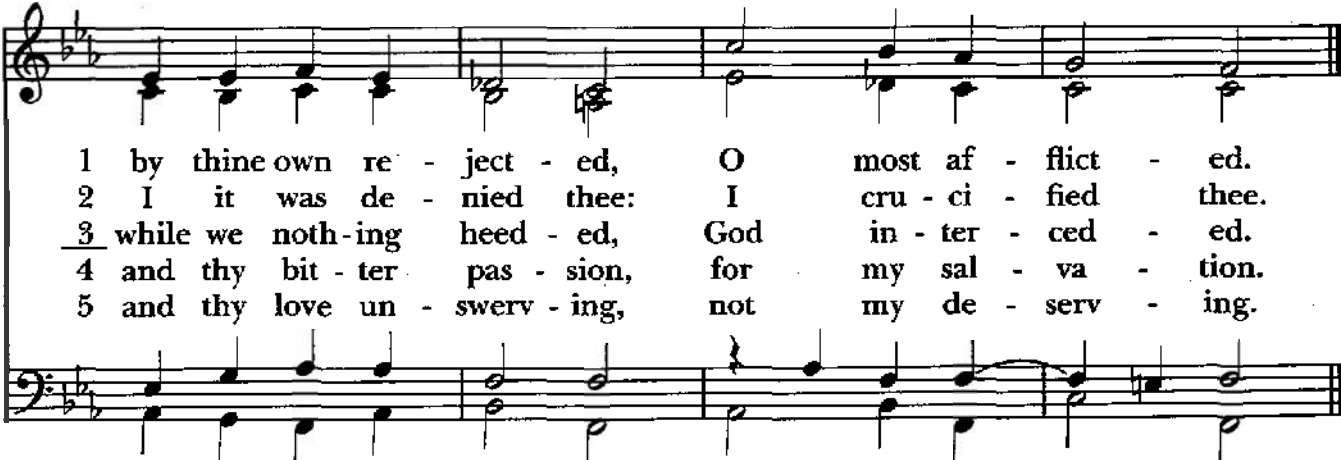
Words: John Bowring (1792-1872)
 Music: Rathbun, Ithamar Conkey (1815-1867)



1 Ah, ho - ly Je - sus, how hast thou of - fend - ed, that man to
 2 Who was the guilt - y? Who brought this up - on thee? A - las, my
 3 Lo, the Good Shep - herd for the sheep is of - fered; the slave hath
 4 For me, kind Je - sus, was thy in - car - na - tion, thy mor - tal
 5 There - fore, kind Je - sus, since I can - not pay thee, I do a -



1 judge thee hath in hate pre - tend - ed? By foes de - rid - ed,
 2 trea - son, Je - sus, hath un - done thee. 'Twas I, Lord Je - sus,
 3 sin - ned, and the Son hath suf - fered; for our a - tone - ment,
 4 sor - row, and thy life's ob - la - tion; thy death of an - guish
 5 dore thee, and will ev - er pray thee, think on thy pi - ty



1 by thine own re - ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed.
 2 I it was de - nied thee: I cru - ci - fied thee.
 3 while we noth - ing heed - ed, God in - ter - ced - ed.
 4 and thy bit - ter pas - sion, for my sal - va - tion.
 5 and thy love un - swerv - ing, not my de - serv - ing.

Words: Johann Heermann (1585-1647); tr. Robert Seymour Bridges (1844-1930)
 Music: *Herzliebster Jesu*, Johann Crüger (1598-1662), alt.

11 11. 11 5

1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross where the young
 2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the
 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet, sor - row and
 4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, that were an

Prince of Glo - ry died, my rich - est gain I
 cross of Christ, my God: all the vain things that
 love flow min - gled down! Did e'er such love and
 of - fering far too small; love so a - maz - ing,

count but loss, and pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
 sor - row meet, or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 so di - vine, de - mands my soul, my life, my all.

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Music: Rockingham, from *Second Supplement to Psalmody in Miniature*, ca. 1780; harm. Edward Miller (1731-1807) LM