## THE EYE OPENING ON THE CROSS



- 2. The Son of God is there,the holy One is hanging on that tree.He took on him, in love, my sins, and bore them all:the Just for the unjust has paid the penalty.
- 3. My Surety hangeth there, my Substitute, who gave his life for mine; who died my death that I should live; transferring all my guilt to him, to me his excellence divine.
- 4. He died my awful death; therefore I know that I shall never die; and from that death divine, to me, flows righteous love, the love that cannot change, the love of God most high.

- 5. How brightly now that cross shineth; in splendour like a new-made sun! All light is there; no gloom, no terror, and no wrath; the grace that floweth out has heights and depths unknown.
- 6. That cross, it suits me well: it soothes my fears, and speaks true words of peace; it breaks my bonds in twain, and liberates my soul; it healeth all my wounds, and bids my sorrows cease.
- 7. It gives me heavenly strength, and in that strength I fight the fight of God; it draws me on; it lifts me up from sin and dust; it lightens all my path, and shows the heavenly road.
- 8. It giveth peace with God!
  It gives the peace of God that passeth thought;
  it shows the Christ of God, himself our only peace, —
  the sure and perfect peace, which the world knoweth not.
- 9. At morn and even it shines!It is our matin and our vesper song.Like Israel's desert cloud, it will abide with us;'twill cheer our earthly path, however rough and long.
- 10. It is our resting-place, where we behold the piercèd hands and side, and where the wondrous cry, 'Tis finished!' we can hear: there safe as in the rock of God we would abide.
- 11. It is our meeting-place, where righteousness and grace have met in love; where God the holy can unholy man embrace, where earth saluteth heaven descending from above.

- 12. No cross of gold or gems, graven to adorn, by man's device and art, is that in which my soul delights and ever trusts, – with which, in guilt's dread hour, I calm my trembling heart.
- 13. The all-atoning death,
  in shame and agony for sinners here.
  The finished work of love, the reconciling blood, –
  that is the cross which in my heart of hearts I wear.
- 14. I need no earthly cross, no carnal emblem of a dying Lord; it seemeth but to mock his shame, and blood, and cries: with closèd eyes I muse upon the awful word, –
- 15. awful, yet blessed still, –
  'TIS FINISHED, the atoning work is done!
  all righteousness fulfilled, all shadows passed away;
  shines now all clear and fair the one unsetting sun.
- 16. I glory in the cross!

  There with the Son of God the death I died.

  By it this evil world is crucified to me,

  and I unto this evil world am crucified.
- 17. O Christ the Son of God! reveal thyself to me, thy truth and grace, that I, partaking of thy fulness daily here, may, when thy kingdom comes, behold thy glorious face.