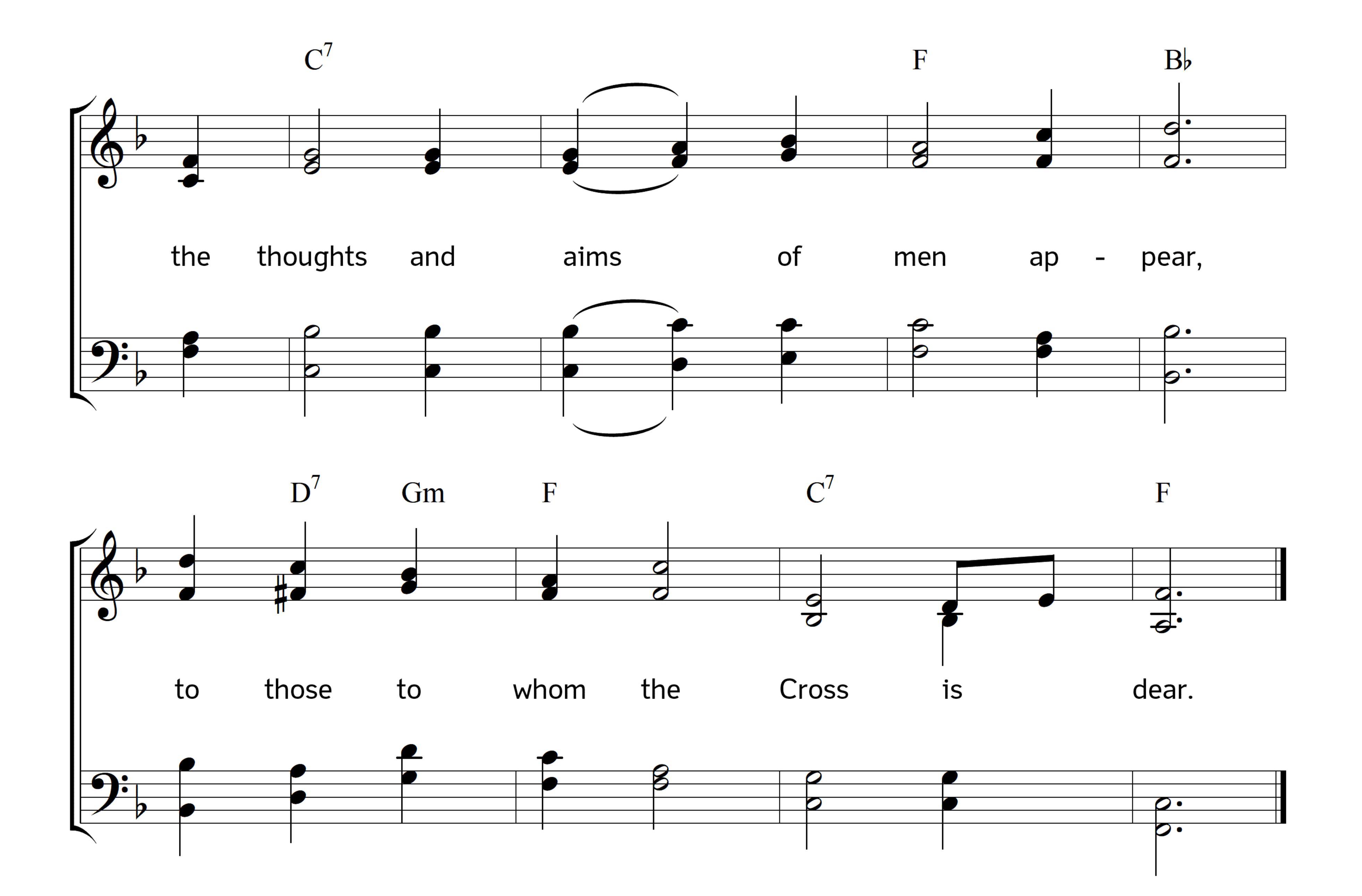
THE CROSSI MY HOPE, MY BOAST, MY THEME





- 2. The Cross! the Cross! mysterious tree, on which the Saviour breathed his last; thou wondrous Cross, I look to thee!

 The bitterness of death is past; the sense of guilt, so keen before, so terrible, is felt no more.
- 3. The carcase of the lion, thus of old, did "meat" and "sweetness" yield; a riddle then, not so to us: its import is no more concealed; what then lay hid, the Cross explains, the type is past, the truth remains.
- 4. The Cross! the Cross! how safe he is who trusts in it, and it alone;the promise and the blessing his:'tis better than a royal throne;a throne, what is it but a toy,compared to what the saints enjoy?
- 5. The Cross! the Cross! 'tis shame, I know, it may be death, I love it still!The Cross be mine, come weal, come woe; from it can come no real ill:
 'tis fraught with blessings rich and free, and he who has them, blessed is he.

Words: Thomas Kelly. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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