## THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS



2. Beneath that cross clear waters burst, a fountain sparkling free; and there I quench my desert thirst, – no spring like this for me!

3. A stranger here, I pitch my tent beneath this spreading tree; here shall my pilgrim life be spent, – no home like this for me!

4. For burdened ones a resting-place, beside that cross I see; here I cast off my weariness, — no rest like this for me!

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