

Hymns for Lectionary 24 – Holy Cross Day – September 17, 2023

660 - Lift High the Cross

Refrain

Lift high the cross, the love of Christ proclaim
till all the world adore his sacred name.

- 1 Come, Christians, follow where our captain trod,
our king victorious, Christ, the Son of God. *Refrain*
- 2 All newborn servants of the Crucified
bear on their brows the seal of him who died. *Refrain*
- 3 O Lord, once lifted on the glorious tree,
as thou hast promised, draw us all to thee. *Refrain*
- 4 So shall our song of triumph ever be:
praise to the Crucified for victory! *Refrain*

324 - In the Cross of Christ I Glory

- 1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time.
All the light of sacred story
gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
never shall the cross forsake me;
lo, it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
light and love upon my way,
from the cross the radiance streaming
adds more luster to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
by the cross are sanctified;
peace is there that knows no measure,
joys that through all time abide.

338 - Beneath the Cross of Jesus

- 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 at times 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 I take, O cross, your shadow
for my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine than
the sunshine of his face;
content to let the world go by,
to know no gain nor loss,
my sinful self my only shame,
my glory all, the cross.

803 - When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross
on which the prince of glory died,
my richest gain I count but loss
and pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
save in the death of Christ, my God;
all the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
sorrow and love flow mingled down.
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were a present far too small;
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.