

# NEAR THE CROSS

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Jesus, keep me near the cross,  
There a precious fountain  
Free to all, a healing stream  
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

*Refrain:*

In the cross, in the cross,  
Be my glory ever;  
'Til my ransomed soul shall find  
Rest beyond the river.

Near the cross, a trembling soul,  
Love and mercy found me;  
There the bright and morning star  
Sheds its beams around me.

*Refrain*

Near the cross! O Lamb of God,  
Bring its scenes before me;  
Help me walk from day to day,  
With its shadow o'er me.

*Refrain*

Near the cross I'll watch and wait  
Hoping, trusting ever,  
'Til I reach the golden strand,  
Just beyond the river.

*Refrain x2*

'Til my ransomed soul shall find  
Rest beyond the river.

# ROCK OF AGES CLEFT FOR ME

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Rock of ages cleft for me  
Let me hid myself in Thee  
Let the water and the blood  
From Thy riven side which flowed  
Be of sin the double cure  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power

Not the labors of my hands  
Can fulfill the Law's demands  
Could my zeal no respite know  
Could my tears forever flow  
All for sin could not atone  
Thou must save and Thou alone

Nothing in my hand I bring  
Simply to the cross I cling  
Naked come to Thee for dress  
Helpless look to Thee for grace  
Foul I to the fountain fly  
Wash me, Savior, or I die

Whilst I draw this fleeting breath  
When my eyelids close in death  
When I soar through tracts unknown  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne  
Rock of Ages cleft for me  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

# IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

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When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,  
When sorrows like sea billows roll;  
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,  
It is well, it is well with my soul.

*Refrain:*

It is well with my soul,  
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,  
Let this blest assurance control,  
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,  
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

*Refrain*

My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!—  
My sin, not in part but the whole,  
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

*Refrain*

And Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,  
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;  
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,  
Even so, it is well with my soul.

*Refrain x 2*