

BENEATH the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand—
The shadow of a mighty Rock,
 Within a weary land:
A home within the wilderness,
 A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat,
 And the burden of the day.

2 O safe and happy shelter,
 O refuge tried and sweet,
O trysting-place—where Heaven's love
 And Heaven's justice meet!
As to the holy patriarch
 That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's cross to me,
 A ladder up to Heaven.

3 There lies beneath its shadow,
 But on the farther side,
The darkness of an awful grave
 That gapes both deep and wide;
And there between us stands the cross,
 Two arms outstretched to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way
 From that eternal grave.

4 Upon the cross of Jesus
 Mine eyes at times can see
The very dying form of One
 Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart with tears
 Two wonders I confess—
The wonders of His glorious love,
 And my own worthlessness.

5 I take, O Cross, thy 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.

Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane, 1830-69