

# The Song of the Cross

Albert & Olive Beddoe, 1924

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♩=120

1. The song of the cross Is more sweet to my soul Than the tone of an  
2. Ah, once the world's cla - mor, And clat - ter and din Dis - cor - dant-ly  
3. The song of the cross Tells of blood that was shed On the sum-mit of

old vi - o - lin, For its mes - sage brought peace Like the ev - en bell's  
flood-ed my soul, But the song of the cross Like a bless - ing crept  
dark Cal - va - ry, Ho - w Je - sus the Na - za - rene Suf - fered and

toll As I groped in the dark-ness of sin. For - got - ten my pa - st As  
in, And I yield - ed to Je - sus' con - trol. I sing now of Christ who dis -  
bled That lost man - kind From sin should be free; It tells that the sin - ner Who

black as the night, For - got - ten the world and its dross— And my  
- pels ev - ery woe, The hearts of lost sin - ners are stirred; And I'll  
trusts in His name, And re - jects this old world with its dross, M - ay

soul thrilled with rap - ture, And glo - ry, and light, When they sang me the  
sing the sweet mes - sage Wher - ev - er I go, Ti - ll all of the  
find full for - give-ness From Him who o'er - came When He died for us

*Refrain*

song of the cross.  
na - tions have heard. Oh, sing them the song, The song of the cross, They'll  
all on the cross.

count the world no-thing but loss; They'll for - sake all their sin, And let Je-sus come

in, If you'll sing them a song of the cross.