In the Cross of Christ I Glory

1 In the cross of Christ I glory, towering o’er the wrecks of time;
2 When the woes of life o’er take me, hopes deceive and fears annoy,
3 When the sun of bliss is beam-ing light and love up on my way,
4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, by the cross are sanctified;

all the light of sacred story gathers round its head sublime,
never shall the cross forsake me, Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
from the cross the radiance stream-ing adds more luster to the day.
peace is there that knows no measure, joys that thro’ all time abide.

Text: John Bowring (1792-1872)
Tune: Ithamar Conkey (19815-1867)

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