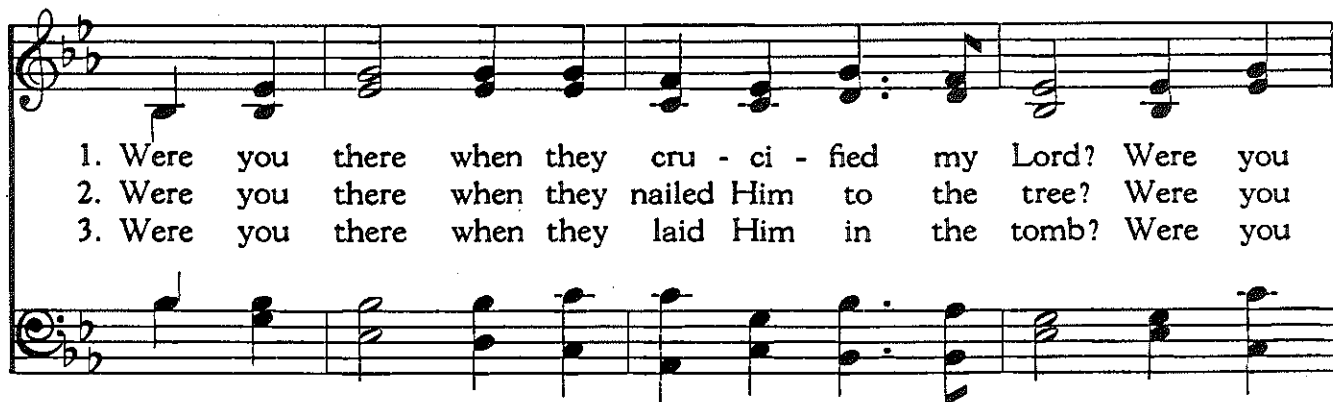


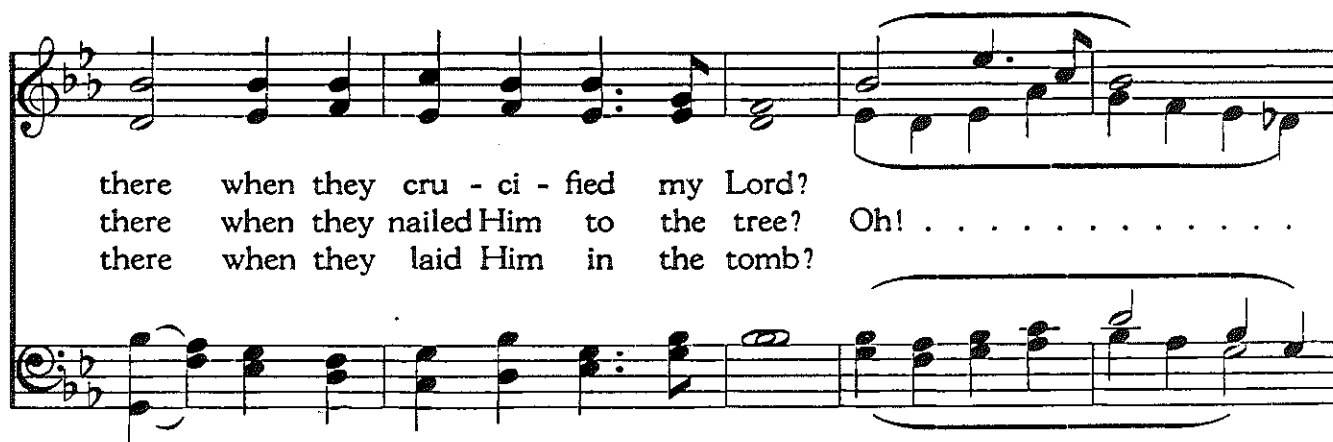
Were You There When They Crucified My Lord? 201

Negro spiritual

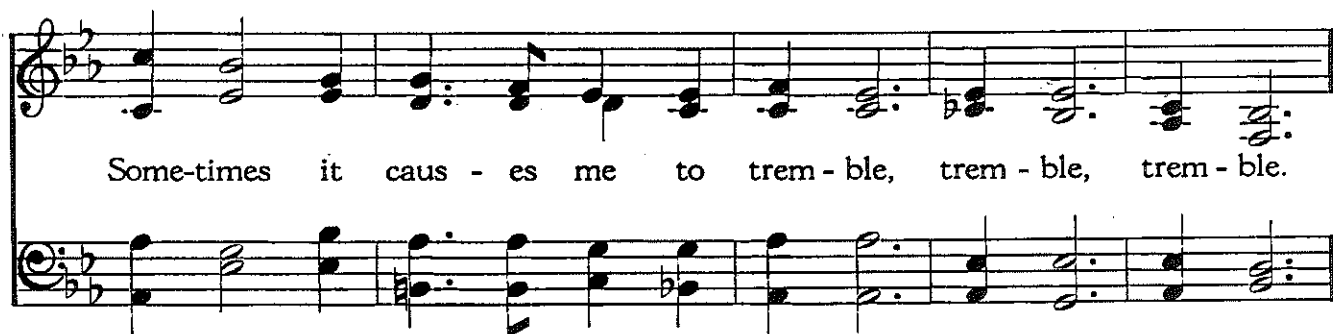
WERE YOU THERE: Irregular
Negro melody



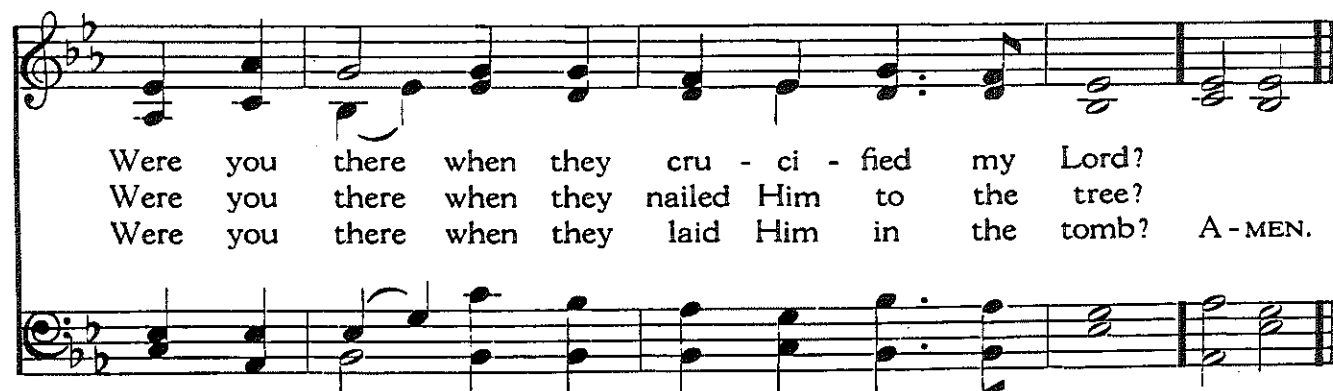
1. Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? Were you
2. Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree? Were you
3. Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? Were you



there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
there when they nailed Him to the tree? Oh!
there when they laid Him in the tomb?



Some-times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble.



Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?
Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? A - MEN.

JESUS CHRIST: HIS PASSION AND ATONEMENT

CCL: 107-0973

Beneath the Cross of Jesus

190

Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1872

ST. CHRISTOPHER: 7. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.
Frederick C. Maker, 1881



1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand—
2. Up - on the cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing place:



The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With - in a wea - ry land;
The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - fered there for me:
I ask no oth - er sun - shine than The sun - shine of His face;



A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
And from my strick - en heart with tears Two won - ders I con - fess—
Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss:



From the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.
The won - ders of re - deem - ing love And my un - worth - i - ness.
My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all, the cross. A - MEN.



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JESUS CHRIST: HIS PASSION AND ATONEMENT

[173]

CCL: 107-0973

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

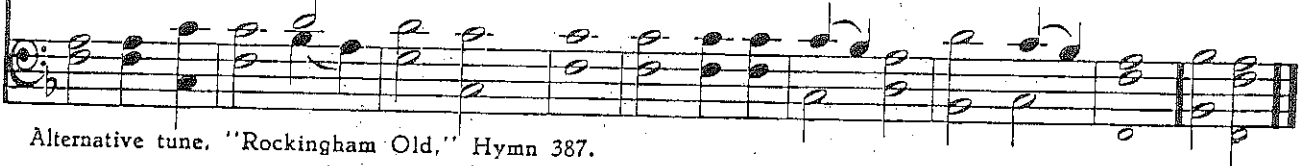
Isaac Watts, 1707

HAMBURG: L. M.
Lowell Mason, 1824

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God:
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down:
4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;



My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
 Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all. A-MEN.



Alternative tune. "Rockingham Old," Hymn 387.