In the Cross of Christ I Glory

1 In the cross of Christ I glory, tow’ring o’er the wrecks of time. All the light of sacred story gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o’er take me, hopes deceiving, and fears annoying, never shall the cross for sake me; lo, it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beam ing light and love upon my way, from the cross the radiance streaming adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, by the cross are sanctified; peace is there that knows no measure, joys that through all time abide.

Text: John Bowring, 1792–1872
Music: RATHBUN, Ithamar Conkey, 1815–1867