

## A View of Christ on the Cross

Adoring, I gaze on my Lord  
By faith, as He hangs on the tree  
And marvel that blood so submissively shed  
Could cover a wretch such as me.

I see as I look on His face  
A tear and a smile blend as one  
And wonder as I stand in awe of the scene...  
Could He include me as a son?

I fall 'neath the cross on my knees  
With tears running down from my face  
And cry, "Are my sins charged to Him as He bleeds  
And does He now die in my place?"

A glimpse from His agonized face  
Assures me of covenant grace  
And love beyond words floods my penitent heart  
As I look again on His face.

Such beauty I cannot express  
As this morbid scene now unfolds  
And I contemplate the great price that He paid  
For millions of sanctified souls.

And though my heart bleeds for His pain  
Yet lift I my face to the skies:  
Words fail me to pen this unspeakable scene  
As He so triumphantly dies.

O, do I mistake His design  
And have I been wrong in it all?  
Then why this deep love that burns hot in my breast  
And why do I yet on Him call?

I'll hope in His mercy till death  
And ne'er begrudge one temp'ral loss  
But cling to the glory I felt when I viewed  
My Lord as he hung on the cross.

Elder Ralph Harris