

**At the Cross There's Room****Words: Fanny Crosby, 1870. Music: Robert Lowry.**

Mourner, wheresoever thou art,  
At the cross there's room!  
Tell the burden of thy heart,  
At the cross there's room!  
Tell it in thy Savior's ear,  
Cast away thine every fear,  
Only speak, and He will hear;  
At the cross there's room!

Haste thee, wand'rer, tarry not,  
At the cross there's room!  
Seek that consecrated spot;  
At the cross there's room!  
Heavy laden, sore oppressed,  
Love can soothe thy troubled breast;  
In the Savior find thy rest;  
At the cross there's room!

Thoughtless sinner, come today;  
At the cross there's room!  
Hark! the Bride and Spirit say,  
At the cross there's room!  
Now a living fountain see,  
Opened there for you and me,  
Rich and poor, for bond and free,  
At the cross there's room!

Blessed thought! For every one  
At the cross there's room!  
Love's atoning work is done;  
At the cross there's room!  
Streams of boundless mercy flow,  
Free to all who thither go;  
Oh, that all the world might know  
At the cross there's room!