

Close to Thy Cross, O Christ
Josephus Anderson, 1897.
William Kirkpatrick.

Close, close to Thy cross, O Christ!
My guilty soul would fly;
Thy flowing blood can wash me white
From sins of crimson dye!

Refrain

Close to Thy cross, close to Thy cross,
Jesus, my Lord, I cling;
Shelter me there, shelter me there,
'Neath Thy protecting wing.

Close, close to Thy cross, O Christ!
My burdened soul would go;
There's sweet relief in Thy warm love
For every grief I know!

Refrain

Close, close to Thy cross, O Christ!
My tempted soul would stand;
No foe can harm, no work o'ertask,
While under Thy kind hand!

Refrain

Close, close to Thy cross, O Christ!
My weary soul would rest;
No wrath, no fear, no shadows there
Disturb my quiet breast!

Refrain