

***Lift high the cross, the love of Christ proclaim***  
*till all the world adore his sacred name.*

Come, let us follow where our Captain trod,  
our King victorious, Christ the Son of God:

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*till all the world adore his sacred name.*

O Lord, once lifted on the glorious tree,  
as thou hast promised, draw us unto thee:

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Let every race and every language tell  
of him who saves our souls from death and hell.

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From farthest regions let them homage bring,  
and on his cross adore their Saviour King:

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Set up thy throne, that earth's despair may cease  
beneath the shadow of its healing peace@

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For thy blest cross which doth for all atone  
creation's praises rise before thy throne:

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till all the world adore his sacred name.*

*Michael Robert Newbolt (1874-1956),  
George William Kitchin (1827-1912)*

**Glory be to Jesus,**  
who, in bitter pains,  
poured for me the life-blood  
from his sacred veins.

Grace and life eternal  
in that blood I find;  
blest be his compassion  
infinitely kind.

Blest through endless ages  
be the precious stream,  
which from endless torments  
did the world redeem.

Abel's blood for vengeance  
pleaded to the skies;  
but the blood of Jesus  
for our pardon cries.

Oft as it is sprinkled  
on our guilty hearts,  
Satan in confusion  
terror-struck departs;

Oft as earth exulting  
wafts its praise on high,  
angel-hosts rejoicing  
make their glad reply.

Lift ye then your voices;  
swell the mighty flood;  
louder still and louder  
praise the precious blood.

*Anonymous Italian translated Edward Caswall (1814-1878))*

**We sing the praise of him who died,**

of him who died upon the cross;  
the sinner's hope let men deride,  
for this we count the world but loss.

Inscribed upon the cross we see  
in shining letters, 'God is love';  
he bears our sins upon the tree;  
he brings us mercy from above.

The cross! It takes our guilt away:  
it holds the fainting spirit up;  
it cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
and sweetens every bitter cup.

It makes the coward spirit brave,  
and nerves the feeble arm for fight;  
it takes its terror from the grave,  
and gilds the bed of death with light:

The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
the measure and the pledge of love,  
the sinner's refuge here below,  
the angels' theme in heaven above.

*Thomas Kelly (1769-1855)*

**O Jesus I have promised**

to serve thee to the end;  
be thou for ever near me,  
my Master and my Friend:

I shall not fear the battle  
if thou art by my side,  
nor wander from the pathway  
if thou wilt be my guide.

O let me hear thee speaking  
in accents clear and still,  
above the storms of passion,  
the murmurs of self-will;  
O speak to reassure me,  
to hasten or control;  
O speak, and make me listen,  
thou guardian of my soul.

O Jesus, thou hast promised  
to all who follow thee,  
that where thou art in glory  
there shall thy servant be;  
and, Jesus, I have promised  
to serve thee to the end:  
O give me grace to follow,  
my Master and my Friend.

O let me see thy foot-marks,  
and in them plant mine own;  
my hope to follow duly  
is in thy strength alone:  
O guide me, call me, draw me,  
uphold me to the end;  
and then in heaven receive me,  
my Saviour and my Friend.

*John Ernest Bode (1816-1874)*