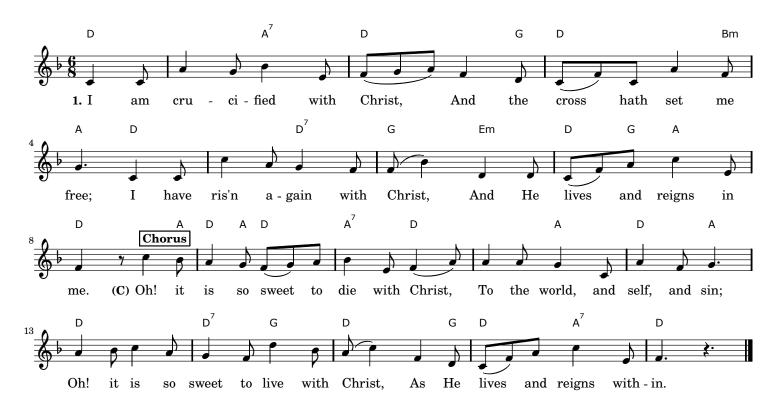
## I am crucified with Christ

## (Guitar: Capo 3)



- 2. Mystery hid from ancient ages!

  But at length to faith made plain:
  Christ in me the Hope of Glory,
  Tell it o'er and o'er again.
- 3. This the secret nature hideth,
  Harvest grows from buried grain;
  A poor tree with better grafted,
  Richer, sweeter life doth gain.
- 4. This the secret of the holy, Not our holiness, but Him; O Lord! empty us and fill us, With Thy fulness to the brim.

- 5. This the balm for pain and sickness, Just to all our strength to die, And to find His life and fulness, All our being's need supply.
- **6.** This the story of the Master, Thru the Cross, He reached the Throne, And like Him our path to glory, Ever leads through death alone.