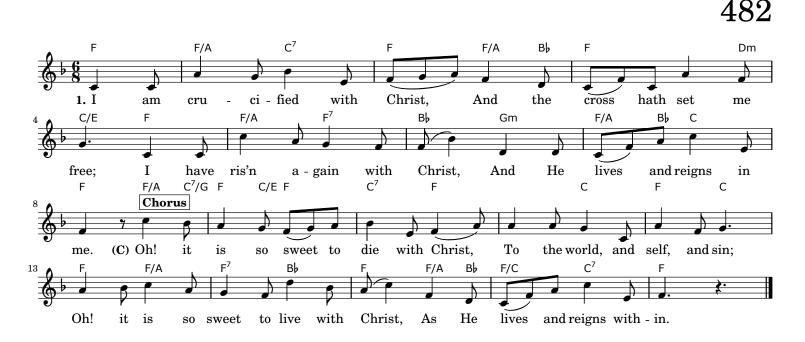
I am crucified with Christ Union with Christ — Identified with His Death and Resurrection



- 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.