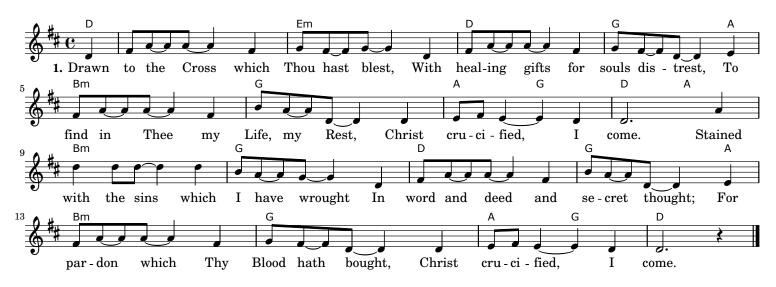
Drawn to the Cross which Thou hast blest (New Tune)

Gospel—Coming to the Lord

(Guitar)



2. Weary of selfishness and pride, False pleasures gone, vain hopes denied, Deep in Thy wounds my shame to hide, Christ crucified, I come. Thou knowest all my griefs and fears,

Thy grace abused, my misspent years; Yet now to Thee, for cleansing tears, Christ crucified, I come.

3. I would not, if I could, conceal The ills which only Thou canst heal; So to the Cross, where sinners kneel, Christ crucified, I come.

Wash me, and take away each stain,

Let nothing of my sin remain;

For cleansing, though it be through pain, Christ crucified, I come. 4. To share with Thee Thy life divine, Thy very likeness to be mine, Since Thou hast made my nature Thine, Christ crucified, I come. To be what Thou wouldst have me be,

Accepted, sanctified in Thee, Through what Thy grace shall work in me, Christ crucified, I come.

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