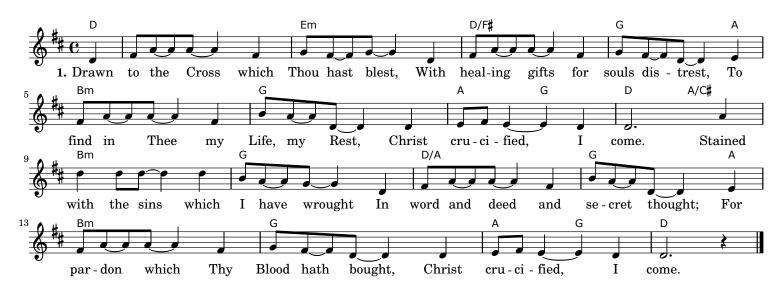
Drawn to the Cross which Thou hast blest (New Tune)

Gospel—Coming to the Lord

1049



- 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.