Close To Thy Cross, O Christ

1. Close, close to Thy cross, O Christ! My guilty soul would fly;
Thy flowing blood can wash me white From sins of crimson dye!
There’s sweet relief in Thy warm love For every grief I know!
No foe can harm, no work o’er-task, While under Thy kind hand!
No wrath, no fear, no shadows there Dis-turb my quiet breast!

2. Close, close to Thy cross, O Christ! My sinful soul would go;
Chorus
Close to Thy cross, close to Thy cross, Jesus, my Lord, I cling;
Shelter me there, shelter me there, ’Neath Thy protecting wing.
I cling;

3. Close, close to Thy cross, O Christ! My tempted soul would stand;

4. Close, close to Thy cross, O Christ! My weary soul would rest;

Words by Josephus Anderson
Music by William J. Kirkpatrick