Lenox H. M.

1. Ye saints, your music bring, At-tuned to sweet-est sound; Strike ev 'ry trem-bling
2. The cross, the cross a - lone, Sub-dued the pow'rs of hell; Like light-ning from His
3. The cross hath pow'r to save From all the foes that rise; The cross hath made the

Chorus

string, Till earth and heav'n re - sound;
throne The prince of dark - ness fell; The tri - umphs of the cross we sing; The
grave A pas - sage to the skies;

tri - umphs of the cross we sing; A - wake, ye saints, each joy - ful string. A - men.

Words: Andrew Reed
Music: Lewis Edson