1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend,—

2. Here I'll sit forever viewing Mercy stream in streams of blood;

3. Truly blessed is this station, Low before His cross to lie,—

4. Here it is I find my heaven, While upon the cross I gaze;

5. Love and grief my heart dividing With my tears His feet I bathe;

Life and health, and peace possessing, From the sinners dying Friend.
Precious drops, my soul bedewing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
While I see divine compassion Floating in His languid eye.
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,— I'm a miracle of grace.
Constant still in faith bidding, Life deriving from His death.

Words: James Allen, Arr by Walter Shirley
Music: I. B. Woodbury