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;

thorne 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