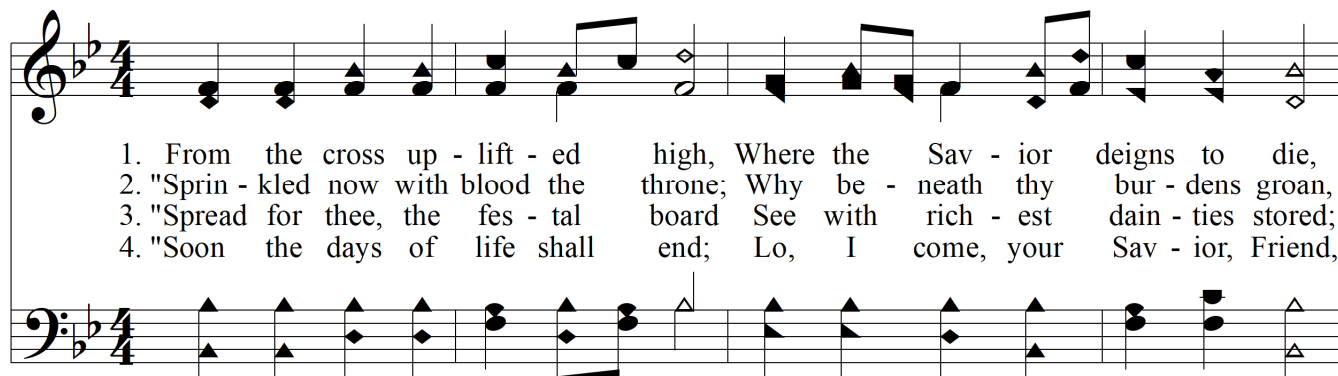


From The Cross Uplifted High

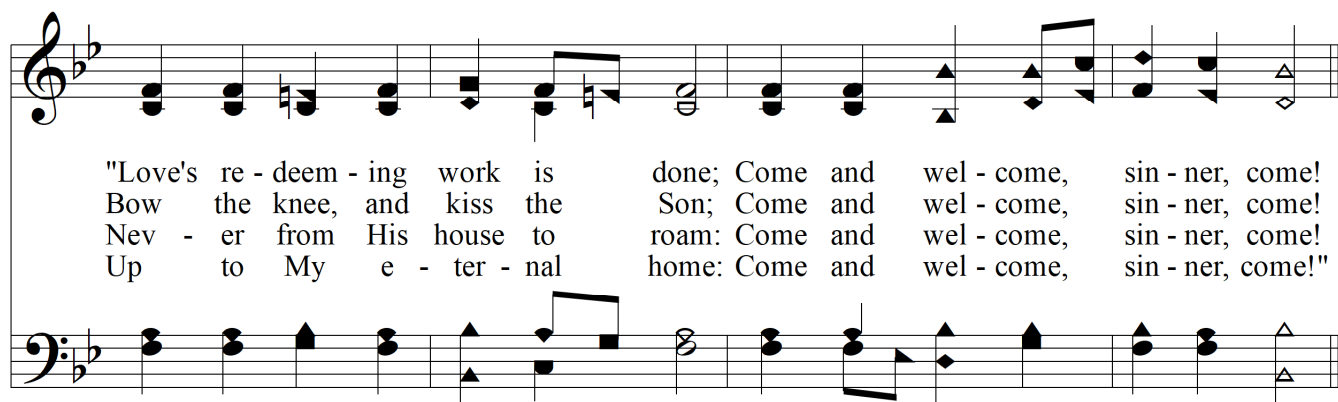
ROSEFIELD



1. From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Sav - ior deigns to die,
2. "Sprin - kled now with blood the throne; Why be - neath thy bur - dens groan,
3. "Spread for thee, the fes - tal board See with rich - est dain - ties stored;
4. "Soon the days of life shall end; Lo, I come, your Sav - ior, Friend,



What me - lo - dious sounds we hear, Burst - ing on the rav - ished ear!
On My pier - ed bod - y laid, Jus - tice owns the ran - som paid;
To thy Fa - ther's bos - om press'd, Yet a - gain a child con - fessed,
Safe your spir - it to con - vey To the realms of end - less day,



"Love's re - deem - ing work is done; Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come!
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son; Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come!
Nev - er from His house to roam: Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come!
Up to My e - ter - nal home: Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come!"