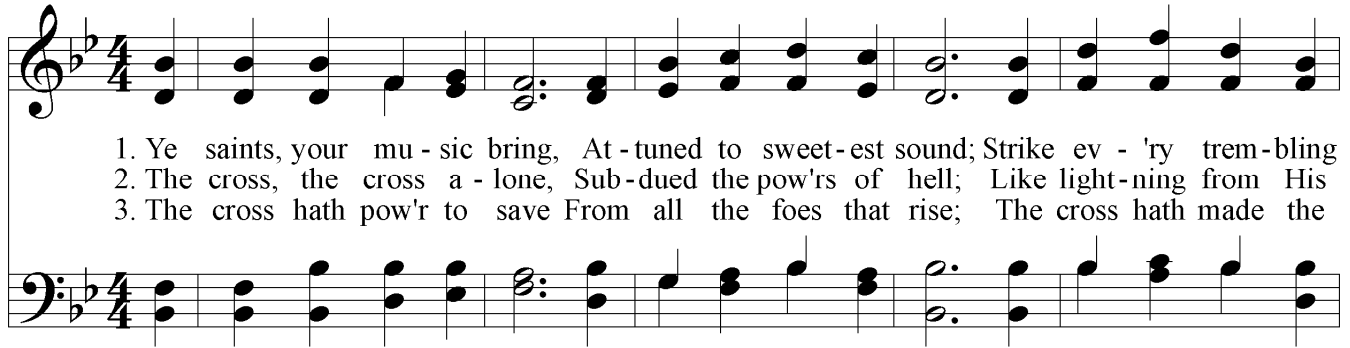
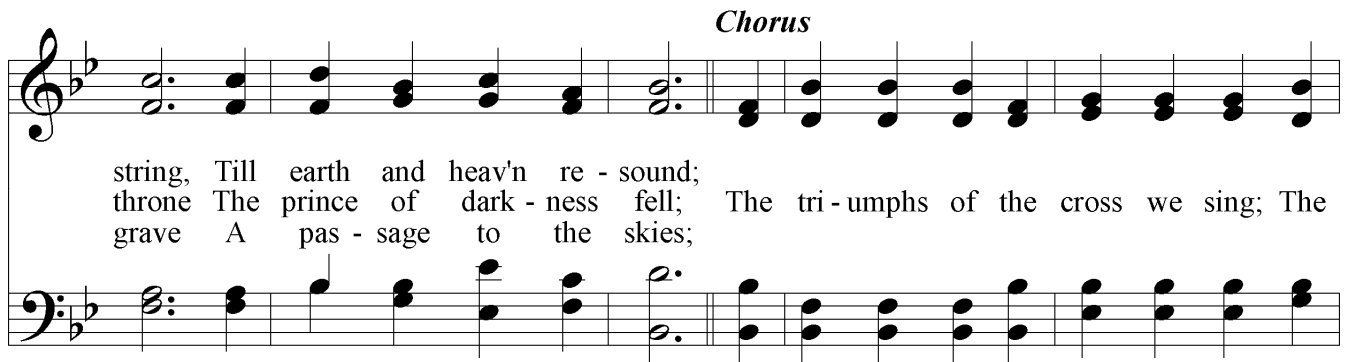


# Lenox H. M.

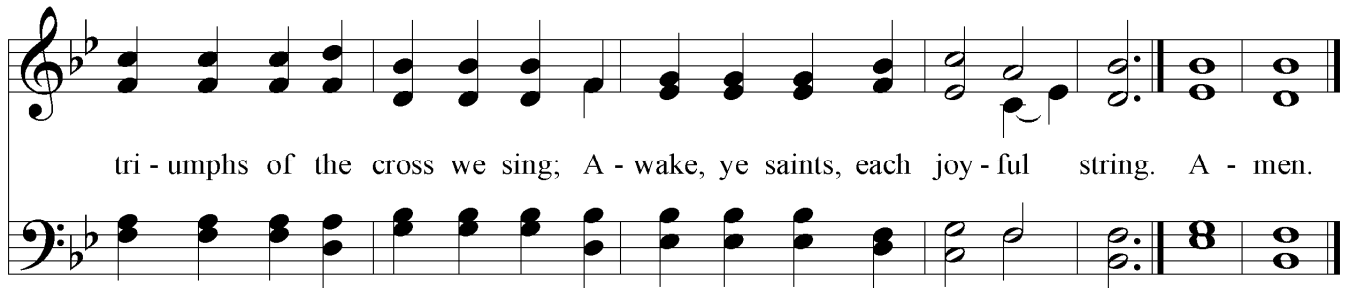


1. Ye saints, your mu - sic bring, At - tuned to sweet - est sound; Strike ev - 'ry trem - bling  
2. The cross, the cross a - lone, Sub - dued the pow'rs of hell; Like light - ning from His  
3. The cross hath pow'r to save From all the foes that rise; The cross hath made the

*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.