

The School Of The Cross

(Zion's Harp # 66)

1.) O teach me, Lord, in- stead of griev- ing, And wish - ing all my bur - dens moved,
2.) Thou know - est how I oft for - get Thee, Though from my - self the fact I hide,
3.) Thou know - est how 'midst earth's con - fu - sion I oft Thy ways al - most for - sook;
4.) Thou know'st how oft I come be - fore Thee And prize it not, that Thou art near.

To bear them pa - tient - ly, per - ciev- ing How Thou hast suf - fered, borne and loved.
How proud I love my strength to meas-ure When Thou dost not a cross pro - vide.
How of - ten I de - ciev - ing feel-ings For for - ward steps in faith mis - took.
To pray but emp - ty words and phras-es Moved by a sense of du - ty here.

Teach me the art of keep-ing si - lent, That calm, con - tent - ed I re - main;
From o - ver - con - fi - dence to save me To show me plain-ly what I am,
To prove to me my in - ward dam - age, That I was far from Thee a - stray,
Is prayer to bring to me a bless - ing? Am I to feel that Thou dost hear?

Cross - bear - er, Thee, I would re - sem - ble, O change to love my bitter - est pain!
Thou must pro - vide a cross to shame me, For on - ly thus my pride shall wane.
Hast Thou a cross up - on me la - den Up - on a dark and thorn - y way.
A cross must on my soul be press - ing; Thou to my brok - en heart art near.