

RESTING AT THE CROSS.

Wm. J. SIMPKIN, RICK.

1 To the cross of Christ my Sa - viour I had brought my weary soul, Burden'd, faint, and

CHORUS

brok - en heart - ed, Pray - ing "Je - sus make me whole." Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Je - sus,

I am count - ing all but dross : I have found a full sal - va - tion, I am rest - ing

I'm rest - ing, I'm rest - ing I'm rest - ing, etc.

at the cross ; I'm rest - ing at the cross ; I'm rest - ing at the cross ; I'm rest - ing at the cross.

2 At the cross, while meekly bowing,
Jesus, smiling, bade me live :
"I have died for your transgressions,
And I freely all forgive."

Chorus.

3 At the cross, while prostrate lying,
Jesus' blood flowed o'er my soul,
All my guilt and sin were covered,
And He whisper'd, "Child be whole."

Chorus.

4 At the cross, I'm calmly trusting,
Every moment now is sweet ;
I am tasting of His glory,
I am resting at His feet. *Chorus.*