

I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5. Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die :
They see the triumph from afar—
By faith they bring it nigh.
- 6, When that illustrious day shall rise
When all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

ON THE CROSS.

1. Behold, behold the Lamb of God,
On the cross, on the cross.
For you he shed his precious blood,
On the cross, on the cross.
Now hear his all important cry,
" Eloi lama sabaethani ;"
Draw near and see your Saviour die,
On the cross, on the cross.
2. Behold his arms extended wide,
Behold his bleeding hands and side,
The sun withholds its rays of light,
The heaven's are cloth'd in shades of night,
While Jesus doth with devils fight.
3. Come sinners see him lifted up,
He drinks for you the bitter cup.
To heaven he turns his languid eyes,
" 'Tis finished, " now the conquerer cries,
Then bows his sacred head and dies.
4. 'Tis done ! the might deed is done,
The battle fought the victory won,
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,