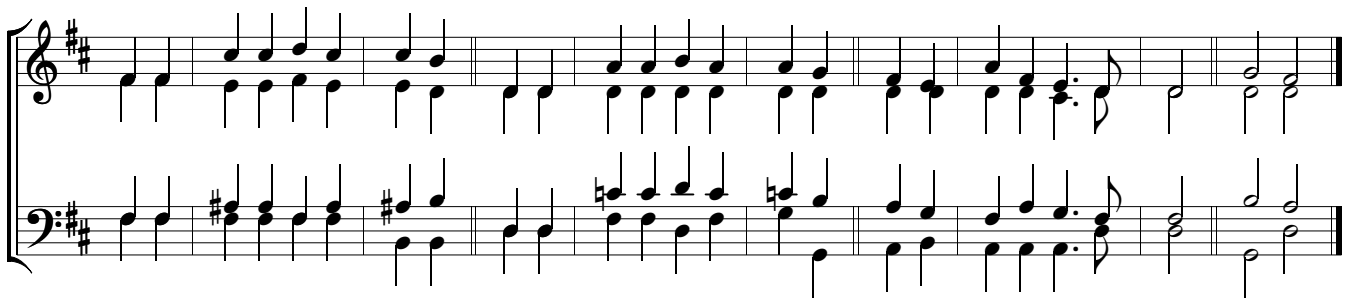
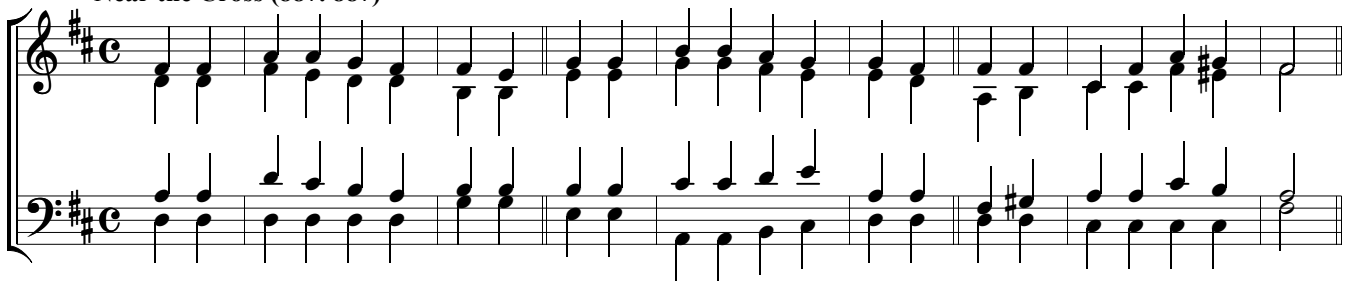


Henry Mills
(1786-1867)

Near the Cross was Mary weeping

Joseph Barnby
(1838-96)

Near the Cross (887. 887)



1 Near the cross was Mary weeping,
There her mournful station keeping,
Gazing on her dying Son,
There with speechless grief oppressed,
Anguish-stricken, and distressed;
Through her soul the sword had gone.

3 When no eye its pity gave us,
When there was no arm to save us,
He His love and power displayed;
By His stripes He wrought our healing;
By His death, our life revealing,
He for us the ransom paid.

2 Who upon that Sufferer gazing,
Bowed in sorrow so amazing,
Would not with His mother mourn?
'Twas our sins brought Him from heaven;
These the cruel nails had driven;
All His griefs for us were borne.

4 Jesus, may Thy love constrain us
That from sin we may refrain us,
In Thy griefs may deeply grieve.
Thee our best affections giving,
To Thy glory ever living,
May we in Thy glory live.