

Cross of Jesus, Cross of Sorrow
PHSS #231

1
Cross of Jesus, cross of sorrow,
Where the blood of Christ was shed,
Perfect Man on thee did suffer,
Perfect God on thee has bled!

2
From the "Holy, Holy, Holy,
We adore Thee, O Most High,"
Down to earth's blaspheming voices
And the shout of "Crucify."

3
Once the Lord of brilliant seraphs,
Winged with love to do His will,
Now the scorn of all His creatures,
And the aim of every ill.

4
Here the King of all the ages,
Throned in light ere worlds could be,
Robed in mortal flesh is dying,
Crucified by sin for me.

5
Who shall fathom that descending
From the rainbow-circled throne,
Down to earth's most base profaning,
Dying desolate, alone.

6
Evermore for human failure
By His passion we can plead;
God has borne all mortal anguish;
Surely He will know our need.

Cruz de Cristo, cruz de pena

1
Cruz de Cristo, cruz de pena,
Do Su sangre derramó,
Sufrió_en ti hombre perfecto,
Dios perfecto_en ti sangró.

2
De_aquel "Santo, santo, santo,
Digno_es el Altísimo",
A la tierra_y sus blasfemias;
Gritan: "Crucificalo".

3
Serafines allí_hacían
Con amor Su voluntad;
Sus criaturas aquí_ultrajan,
Y le_apuntan su maldad.

4
Rey, desde_antes del principio
Entronado en la luz,
¡Ved! Vestido_en carne, muere
Por mis culpas, en la cruz.

5
¡Qué misterio! De_aquel trono
de_arco iris descendió
A_este mundo,_y mofas viles;
Muere en desolación.

6
En fracaso, rogaremos;
Por su muerte,_Él mediará.
Dios cargó la_angustia_humana;
Con Él, nada faltará.