

## 66. THE SCHOOL OF THE CROSS

67, 158, 179.

1. O teach me, Lord, in - stead of griev - ing, And  
 2. Thou know - est how I oft for - get Thee, Though  
 3. Thou know - est how 'midst earth's con - fu - sion I  
 4. Thou know'st how oft I come be - fore Thee And

wish - ing all my bur - dens moved, To bear them pa - tient -  
 from my - self the fact I hide, How proud I love my  
 oft Thy ways al - most for - sook; How of - ten I de -  
 prize it not, that Thou art near To pray but emp - ty

ly, per - ceiv - ing How Thou hast suf - fered, borne and  
 strength to meas - ure When Thou dost not a cross pro -  
 ceiv - ing feel - ings For for - ward steps in faith mis -  
 words and phras - es Moved by a sense of du - ty

loved. Teach me the art of keep - ing si - lent, That  
 vide. From o - ver - con - fi - dence to save me, To  
 took. To prove to me my in - ward dam - age, That  
 here. Is prayer to bring to me a bless - ing? Am

calm, con - tent - ed I re - main; Cross - bear - er, Thee, I  
 show me plain - ly what I am, Thou must pro - vide a  
 I was far from Thee a - stray, Hast Thou a cross up -  
 I to feel that Thou dost hear? A cross must on my

would re - sem - ble, O change to love my bitter - est pain!  
 cross to shame me, For on - ly thus my pride shall wane.  
 on me lad - en, Up - on a dark and thorn - y way.  
 soul be press - ing; Thou to my brok - en heart art near.

5. O Lord, Thou knowest every secret,  
 Thou seest, hearest, knowest all.  
 My sighs and groans, although yet sleeping,  
 Thou in advance by name dost call.  
 O grant that Thou, Lord, and Thy purpose  
 My foremost thought in life may be;  
 Yea, in Thy silence take and hide me,  
 Or I shall ne'er from sin be free,

6. Lord, in Thy presence naught is lacking,  
 No wish denied, but all is right;  
 Transformed to love is all my burden,  
 The yoke is eased, the load seems light.  
 For in Thy stillness nothing threatens  
 The soul amidst earth's woe and pain.  
 To me Thy grace shall be sufficient,  
 The cross shall be my greatest gain.

7. No more complaining, no more grieving,  
 But grateful praise shall be my lot;  
 Although chastised, amid oppression,  
 Thy love and grace forsake me not.  
 The paths that seem to us the darkest  
 Are blessings rich, although disguised;  
 All things for good shall work together  
 To them that love Thee, Jesus Christ.