

Albert B. Simpson

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1. I am cru - ci - fied with Je - sus, And the
 2. Mys - t'ry hid from an - cient a - ges; But at
 3. This the se - cret, na - ture hid - eth, Sum - mer
 4. This the se - cret of the ho - ly, Not our
 5. This the balm for pain and sick - ness, Just to

cross hath set me free; I have ris'n a - gain with
 length to faith made plain; Christ in me the Hope of
 dies and lives a - gain, Spring from win - ter's grave a -
 ho - li - ness, but Him; Je - sus! emp - ty us and
 all our strength to die, And to find His life and

Refrain

Je - sus, And He lives and reigns in me.
 Glo - ry, Tell it o'er and o'er a - gain.
 ris - eth, Har - vest grows from bur - ied grain. Oh! It
 fill us with Thy full - ness to the brim.
 full - ness, All our be - ings' need sup - ply.

is so sweet to die with Je - sus, To the world, and

self, and sin; Oh! It is so sweet to live with

Je - sus as He lives and reigns with - in.

6. This the story of the Master,
 Through the Cross, He reached the throne,
 and like Him our path to glory,
 Ever leads through death alone.