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MUSIC DEPARTMENT

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The True Cross



WORDS BY
Geo. Cooper.

MUSIC BY
J.R. Thomas.

EHROTT & KREBS, LITH. CINCINNATI

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THE TRUE CROSS.

SACRED SONG OR QUARTET.

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.



1. No wreath of ro-ses dew-y sweet Shall lie be-fore your wand'ring
2. True cross that bears no flow'rs to cheer; O, wea-ry bur-den, dark and
3. Tho' earth-ly hopes that cheer'd your way In tears and anguish die to-

1 feet! Your way must be thro' pain and loss, If
2 deare! Yet sweet the bless-ing while ye rove, Your
3 -day; Tho' hearts ye love, the good, the tried, No

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cres.

1 ye would bear your Saviour's cross! For dark and nar - row is the way That
 2 Sa - viour's pure and precious love! Like balm it soothes the wea - ry soul While
 3 long - er lin - ger by your side, Ye know the Heav'n - ly Crown is won, Thro'

cres. *p*

1 leads to realms of per - fect day! Then fal - ter not, tho' eyes grow dim,— Bear
 2 round the storm - y bil - lows roll! Then fal - ter not, tho' eyes grow dim,— Bear
 3 paths which bear nor flow'rs nor sun! Then fal - ter not, tho' eyes grow dim,— Bear

p

Slow.

ye the cross that leads to Him! Bear ye the cross that leads.... to

Him!

THE TRUE CROSS. (Quartet.)

May be sung with or without the Accompaniment.

Soprano and Alto.

1. No wreath of ro - ses, dew - y sweet Shall lie be - fore your wand'ring feet! Your
 2. True cross, that bears no flow'rs to cheer; O, wea - ry bur - den, dark and drear! Yet

Tenor.

3. Tho' earth - ly hopes that cheer'd your way, In tears and an - guish die to - day; Tho'

Bass.

1 way must be thro' pain and loss, If ye would bear your Saviour's cross! For dark and narrow
 2 sweet the blessing while ye rove, — Your Saviour's pure and precious love! Like balm it soothes the

3 hearts ye love, the good, the tried, No long - er lin - ger by your side, Ye know the heavenly

rit. *a tempo.*

1 is the way That leads to realms of per - fect day! Then fal - ter not, tho' eyes grow
 2 wea - ry soul While round the storm - y bil - lows roll! Then fal - ter not, tho' eyes grow

3 Crown is won, Thro' paths which bear nor flowers nor sun! Then fal - ter not, tho' eyes grow

dim, Bear ye the cross that leads to Him, Bear ye the cross that leads to Him!

dim, Bear ye the cross that leads to Him, Bear ye the cross that leads to Him!