

# THE CROSS YOU BORE

♩ = 100

words / music by William E. Miller

The cross You bore,  
The ta- ble here,  
me!  
shed,

the thorns You wore,  
Now Cal- va- ry  
as we've drawn near,  
this cup and bread

the price You paid as Your bo- dy in the tomb was laid--  
en- sures that I nev- er  
pro- vides a place where Your saints can find sweet grace de- sired.  
now of- fer all that our

'twas all for  
By blood You  
more need be a- fraid.  
spir- its have re- quired.

***“THE CROSS YOU BORE” (4/4) (tempo: 100)***

**G            Am -D7                            G -Em**  
**The cross You bore, the thorns You wore,**  
**Am                            D    D7    C            G**  
**The price You paid as Your body in the tomb was laid –**  
**Am-D7                            -G -Em**  
**‘Twas all for me! Now Calva-ry**  
**Am    -D                            D7 -G -C -G**  
**Ensures that I never-more need be a-fraid.**

**Am-D7                            G -Em**  
**The table here, as we’ve drawn near,**  
**Am                            D            D7            C            -G**  
**Provides a place where Your saints can find sweet grace de-sired**  
**Am-D7                            G -Em**  
**By blood You shed, this cup and bread**  
**Am                            D    D7    -G -C -G**  
**Now offer all that our spirits have re-quired.**