



## A LOOK AT THE CROSS

Through the velvet shadows,  
I behold the cross,  
Gleaming golden glory  
After pain and loss.

Roughly hewn and bloodstained,  
Was the torture tree,  
Holding close its victim,  
Bruising Him for me.

As the Savior died, He  
Willed to me His life,  
But His robe of glory  
To the cross of strife.

When my day is darkness;  
Life becomes as dross;  
Light and life I find in  
Shining splendor at the cross.

-- Edmund E. Wells

© 1965

[www.wellssofsalvation.com](http://www.wellssofsalvation.com)

