

- 1 Beneath the cross of Jesus
 I fain would take my stand –
 the shadow of a mighty rock
 within a weary land;
 a home within a wilderness,
 a rest upon the way,
 from burning of the noontide heat
 and the burden of the day.

- 2 Upon the cross of Jesus
 mine eye at times can see
 the very dying form of One
 who suffered there for me;
 and from my stricken heart, with tears,
 two wonders I confess –
 the wonders of redeeming love,
 and my own worthlessness.

- 3 I take, O cross, thy shadow,
 for my abiding-place!
 I ask no other sunshine than
 the sunshine of His face;
 content to let the world go by,
 to know no gain or loss –
 my sinful self my only shame,
 my glory all – the cross.

- 1 There is a green hill far away
 without a city wall,
 where the dear Lord was crucified,
 who died to save us all.

- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell
 what pains He had to bear;
 but we believe it was for us
 He hung and suffered there.

- 3 He died that we might be forgiven,
 He died to make us good,
 that we might go at last to heaven,
 saved by His precious blood.

- 4 There was no other good enough
 to pay the price of sin;
 He only could unlock the gate
 of heaven, and let us in.

- 5 O dearly, dearly has He loved,
 and we must love Him too,
 and trust in His redeeming blood,
 and try His works to do.

- 1 How deep the Father's love for us,
How vast beyond all measure,
That He should give His only Son
To make a wretch His treasure.
How great the pain of searing loss –
The Father turns His face away,
As wounds which mar the Chosen One
Bring many sons to glory.

- 2 Behold the man upon a cross,
My sin upon His shoulders;
Ashamed, I hear my mocking voice
Call out among the scoffers.
It was my sin that held Him there
Until it was accomplished;
His dying breath has brought me life –
I know that it is finished.

- 3 I will not boast in anything,
No gifts, no power, no wisdom;
But I will boast in Jesus Christ,
His death and resurrection.
Why should I gain from His reward?
I cannot give an answer;
But this I know with all my heart –
His wounds have paid my ransom.

- 1 Here is love, vast as the ocean,
Loving-kindness as the flood,
When the Prince of Life, our Ransom,
Shed for us His precious blood.
Who His love will not re-member?
Who can cease to sing His praise?
He can never be for-gotten,
Throughout Heav'n's eternal days.

- 2 On the mount of crucifixion,
Fountains opened deep and wide;
Through the floodgates of God's mercy
Flowed a vast and gracious tide.
Grace and love, like mighty rivers,
Poured incessant from above,
And Heav'n's peace and perfect justice
Kissed a guilty world in love.

- 3 Let me all Thy love accepting,
Love Thee, ever all my days;
Let me seek Thy kingdom only
And my life be to Thy praise;
Thou alone shalt be my glory,
Nothing in the world I see.
Thou hast cleansed and sanctified me,
Thou Thyself hast set me free.

- 4 In Thy truth Thou dost direct me
By Thy Spirit through Thy Word;
And Thy grace my need is meeting,
As I trust in Thee, my Lord.
Of Thy fullness Thou art pouring
Thy great love and power on me,
Without measure, full and boundless,
Drawing out my heart to Thee.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross
 on which the Prince of glory died,
 my richest gain I count but loss,
 and pour contempt on all my pride.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 save in the death of Christ my God:
 all the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

- 3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
 sorrow and love flow mingled down:
 did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 or thorns compose so rich a crown?

- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 that were an offering far too small,
 love so amazing, so divine,
 demands my soul, my life, my all.

- 1 What kind of love is this,
 that gave itself for me?
 I am the guilty one,
 yet I go free.
 What kind of love is this?
 A love I've never known.
 I didn't even know His name,
 what kind of love is this?

- 2 What kind of man is this,
 that died in agony?
 He who had done no wrong
 was crucified for me.
 What kind of man is this,
 who laid aside His throne
 that I may know the love of God?
 What kind of man is this?

- 3 By grace I have been saved,
 it is the gift of God.
 He destined me to be His son,
 such is His love.
 No eye has ever seen,
 no ear has ever heard,
 nor has the heart of man conceived,
 what kind of love is this?