

- 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.

Jesus Christ, I think upon Your sacrifice,
You became nothing, poured out to death.
Many times I've wondered at Your gift of life,
And I'm in that place once again.
And I'm in that place once again.

*And once again I look upon
The cross where You died,
I'm humbled by Your mercy
And I'm broken inside.
Once again I thank You,
Once again I pour out my life.*

Now You are exalted to the highest place,
King of the heavens, where one day I'll bow.
But for now, I marvel at this saving grace,
And I'm full of praise once again.
I'm full of praise once again.

And once again...

Thank You for the cross,
Thank You for the cross,
Thank You for the cross, my Friend.
(Repeat)

- 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 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 Above all powers, above all kings,
 above all nature and all created things;
 above all wisdom
 and all the ways of man,
 You were here before the world began.

2 Above all kingdoms, above all thrones,
 above all wonders
 the world has ever known;
 above all wealth
 and treasures of the earth,
 there's no way to measure
 what You're worth.

*Crucified, laid behind the stone;
You lived to die, rejected and alone;
like a rose trampled on the ground,
You took the fall and thought of me,
 above all.*

Oh, to see the dawn
Of the darkest day:
Christ on the road to Calvary.
Tried by sinful men,
Torn and beaten, then
Nailed to a cross of wood.

*This, the power of the cross:
Christ became sin for us,
Took the blame, bore the wrath:
We stand forgiven at the cross.*

Oh, to see the pain
Written on Your face
Bearing the awesome weight of sin;
Every bitter thought,
Every evil deed
Crowning Your bloodstained brow.

This, the power of the...

Now the daylight flees,
Now the ground beneath
Quakes as its Maker bows His head.
Curtain torn in two,
Dead are raised to life;
'Finished!' the victory cry.

This, the power of the...

Oh, to see my name
Written in the wounds,
For through Your suffering I am free.
Death is crushed to death,
Life is mine to live,
Won through Your selfless love.

This, the power of the...