

- 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     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     Were you there when they crucified my Lord?  
      Were you there when they crucified my Lord?  
      Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble,  
          tremble;  
      Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
  
- 2     Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?  
      Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?  
      Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble,  
          tremble;  
      Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?
  
- 3     Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?  
      Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?  
      Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble,  
          tremble;  
      Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?
  
- 4     Were you there when God raised Him  
          from the dead?  
      Were you there when God raised Him  
          from the dead?  
      Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble,  
          tremble;  
      Were you there when God raised Him  
          from the dead?

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...*

- 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 From heaven You came, helpless babe,  
entered our world, Your glory veiled,  
not to be served but to serve,  
and give Your life that we might live.

*This is our God, the Servant King,  
He calls us now to follow Him,  
to bring our lives as a daily offering  
of worship to the Servant King.*

- 2 There in the garden of tears  
my heavy load He chose to bear;  
His heart with sorrow was torn,  
'Yet not my will but yours,' He said.

*This is our God...*

- 3 Come and see His hands and His feet,  
the scars that speak of sacrifice,  
hands that flung stars into space  
to cruel nails surrendered.

*This is our God...*

- 4 So let us learn how to serve  
and in our lives enthrone Him,  
each other's needs to prefer,  
for it is Christ we're serving.

*This is our God...*