

The Power of the Cross #197

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
sinful thought, every evil deed crowning Your
blood-stained brow. This the power of the
cross: Christ became sin for us. Took the
blame, bore the wrath; we stand forgiven at
the cross!

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 cross: Christ became sin for us. Took the
blame, bore the wrath; we stand forgiven at
the cross!

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 cross: Son of God, slain for us. What a
love, what a cost—we stand forgiven at the
cross!

Come, Behold the Wondrous Mystery

Come, behold the wondrous mystery, in the
dawning of the King. He the theme of
heaven’s praises, robed in frail humanity. In
our longing, in our darkness, now the light of
life has come! Look to Christ who
condescended, took on flesh to ransom us.

Come, behold the wondrous mystery, He the
perfect Son of Man. In His living, in His
suffering, never trace or stain of sin. See the
true and better Adam, come to save the hell-
bound man. Christ, the great and sure
fulfillment of the law; in Him we stand.

Come, behold the wondrous mystery, Christ
the Lord upon the tree. In the stead of ruined
sinners hangs the Lamb in victory. See the
price of our redemption, see the Father’s
plan unfold. Bringing many sons to glory,
grace unmeasured, love untold.

Come, behold the wondrous mystery, slain
by death the God of life. But no grave could
e’er restrain Him; praise the Lord; He is alive!
What a foretaste of deliv’rance, how
unwavering our hope. Christ in power
resurrected as we will be when He comes.

His Mercy is More #221

What love could remember no wrongs we
have done? Omniscient all knowing He
counts not their sum. Thrown into a sea
without bottom or shore. Our sins they are
many His mercy is more. Praise the Lord,
His mercy is more. Stronger than darkness,
new every morn; our sins, they are many—
His mercy is more.

What patience would wait as we constantly
roam? What Father so tender is calling us
home? He welcomes the weakest, the vilest,
the poor. Our sins they are many His mercy
is more. Praise the Lord, His mercy is more.
Stronger than darkness, new every morn;
our sins, they are many—His mercy is more.

What riches of kindness He lavished on us.
His blood was the payment, His life was the
cost. We stood ‘neath a debt we could never
afford. Our sins they are many His mercy is
more. Praise the Lord, His mercy is more.
Stronger than darkness, new every morn;
our sins, they are many—His mercy is more.