

### **O God, Our Help in Ages Past #140**

O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come, our shelter from the stormy blast, and our eternal home.

Under the shadow of Your throne Your saints have dwelt secure; sufficient is Your arm alone, and our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood or earth received its frame, from everlasting You are God, to endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Your sight are like an evening gone, short as the watch that ends the night before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream bears all its sons away; they fly forgotten as a dream dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come, be thus our guide while life shall last, and our eternal home!

### **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!

### **The Look**

I saw one hanging on a tree in agony and blood, who fixed His loving eyes on me as near His cross I stood. And never till my dying breath will I forget that look; it seemed to charge me with His death, though not a word He spoke. Forever etched upon my mind is the look of Him who died, the Lamb I crucified. And now my life will sing the praise of pure atoning grace, that looked on me and gladly took my place.

My conscience felt and owned the guilt and plunged me in despair. I saw my sins His blood had spilt, and helped to nail Him there. But with a second look He said, "I freely all forgive. This blood is for your ransom paid; I died that you might live." Forever etched upon my mind is the look of Him who died, the Lamb I crucified. And now my life will sing the praise of pure atoning grace, that looked on me and gladly took my place.

Thus, while His death my sin displays for all the world to view, such is the mystery of grace: it seals my pardon, too. With pleasing grief and mournful joy, my spirit now is filled, that I should such a life destroy, yet live by Him I killed. Forever etched upon my mind is the look of Him who died, the Lamb I crucified. And now my life will sing the praise of pure atoning grace, that looked on me and gladly took my place.