

### **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!

### **O Great God #281**

O Great God of highest heav'n, occupy my  
lowly heart; own it all and reign supreme,  
conquer ev'ry rebel power. Let no vice or sin  
remain that resists Your holy war; You have  
loved and purchased me; make me Yours  
forevermore.

I was blinded by my sin, had no ears to hear  
Your voice, did not know Your love within,  
had no taste for heaven's joys. Then Your  
Spirit gave me life, opened up Your Word to  
me; through the Gospel of Your Son, gave  
me endless hope and peace.

Help me now to live a life that's dependent  
on Your grace. Keep my heart and guard my  
soul from the evils that I face. You are worthy  
to be praised with my every thought and  
deed; O great God of highest heav'n, glorify  
Your name through me!

### **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.