

On a hill far away

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On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
The emblem of suffering and shame,
And I love that old cross where the Dearest and Best
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
Till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
And exchange it some day for a crown.

Oh, that old rugged cross, so despised by the world,
Has a wondrous attraction for me;
For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above,
To bear it to dark Calvary.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross...

In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,
A wondrous beauty I see;
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,
To pardon and sanctify me.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross...

To the rugged old cross I will ever be true,
It's shame and reproach gladly bear,
Then he'll call me some day to my home far away,
Where his glory forever I'll share.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross...

O to see the dawn

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 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:
Son of God, slain for us.
What a love! What a cost!
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...

Let there be love

Let there be love shared among us
Let there be love shared among us,
Let there be love in our eyes.
May now Your love sweep this nation.
Cause us oh Lord to arise!
Give us a fresh understanding,
Of brotherly love that is real.
Let there be love shared among us,
Let there be love.

Yet not I, but through Christ in me

What gift of grace is Jesus my redeemer
There is no more for heaven now to give
He is my joy, my righteousness, and freedom
My steadfast love, my deep and boundless peace.

To this I hold, my hope is only Jesus
For my life is wholly bound to His
Oh how strange and divine, I can sing: all is mine!
Yet not I, but through Christ in me.

The night is dark but I am not forsaken
For by my side, the Saviour He will stay
I labour on in weakness and rejoicing
For in my need, His power is displayed.

To this I hold, my Shepherd will defend me
Through the deepest valley He will lead
Oh the night has been won, and I shall overcome!
Yet not I, but through Christ in me.

No fate I dread, I know I am forgiven
The future sure, the price it has been paid
For Jesus bled and suffered for my pardon
And He was raised to overthrow the grave.

To this I hold, my sin has been defeated
Jesus now and ever is my plea
Oh the chains are released, I can sing: I am free!
Yet not I, but through Christ in me.

With every breath I long to follow Jesus
For He has said that He will bring me home
And day by day I know He will renew me
Until I stand with joy before the throne.

To this I hold, my hope is only Jesus
All the glory evermore to Him
When the race is complete, still my lips shall repeat
Yet not I, but through Christ in me!
When the race is complete, still my lips shall repeat
Yet not I, but through Christ in me!