When I survey the wondrous cross,On which the Prince of glory died,My richest gain I count but loss,And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm me most— I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down; Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small: Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Wonderful merciful Savior Precious Redeemer and Friend Who would have thought that a Lamb Could rescue the souls of men? Oh You rescue the souls of men.

## **CHORUS:**

You are the One that we praise You are the One we adore You give the healing and grace Our hearts always hunger for Oh our hearts always hunger for

Counselor Comforter Keeper Spirit we long to embrace You offer hope when our hearts Have hopelessly lost our way Oh we hopelessly lost the way

Almighty infinite Father Faithfully loving Your own Here in our weakness You find us Falling before Your throne Oh we're falling before Your throne

O perfect redemption, the purchase of blood! To every believer the promise of God; The vilest offender who truly believes, That moment from Jesus a pardon receives. (chorus)

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