

## ***Flowering of the Cross***

Open in Prayer

Scripture readings:

Isaiah 53:1, 4-5

John 3:16-17

Hymn: "The Old Rugged Cross"

*(Hymns are included below)*

Scripture Reading:

John 14:6

Hymn: "In Christ Alone"

Scripture Reading:

Philippians 2:5-11

Hymns: "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross"

"O Sacred Head Now Wounded"

"Jesus, Thank You"

Scripture Readings:

Revelation 5:11-13

Hebrews 12:1-3

Hymn: "Crown Him with Many Crowns"

Close in Prayer



### ***The Old Rugged Cross***

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

#### *Refrain:*

*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 someday 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.

In that 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.

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true;  
Its shame and reproach gladly bear;  
Then He'll call me someday to my home far away,  
Where His glory forever I'll share.

### ***In Christ Alone***

In Christ alone my hope is found;  
He is my light, my strength, my song;  
This cornerstone, this solid ground,  
Firm through the fiercest drought and storm.  
What heights of love, what depths of peace,  
When fears are stilled, when strivings cease!  
My comforter, my all in all—  
Here in the love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone, Who took on flesh,  
Fullness of God in helpless babe!  
This gift of love and righteousness,  
Scorned by the ones He came to save.  
Till on that cross as Jesus died,  
The wrath of God was satisfied;  
For ev'ry sin on Him was laid—  
Here in the death of Christ I live.

There in the ground His body lay,  
Light of the world by darkness slain;  
Then bursting forth in glorious day,  
Up from the grave He rose again!  
And as He stands in victory,  
Sin's curse has lost its grip on me;  
For I am His and He is mine—  
Bought with the precious blood of Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death—  
This is the pow'r of Christ in me;  
From life's first cry to final breath,  
Jesus commands my destiny.  
No pow'r of hell, no scheme of man,  
Can ever pluck me from His hand;  
Till He returns or calls me home—  
Here in the pow'r of Christ I'll stand."

### ***When I Survey the Wondrous Cross***

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.

### ***O Sacred Head Now Wounded***

O sacred Head, now wounded,  
with grief and shame weighed down,  
now scornfully surrounded  
with thorns, Thine only crown:  
how pale Thou art with anguish,

with sore abuse and scorn!  
How does that visage languish  
which once was bright as morn!

What Thou, my Lord, has suffered  
was all for sinners' gain;  
mine, mine was the transgression,  
but Thine the deadly pain.  
Lo, here I fall, my Savior!  
'Tis I deserve Thy place;  
look on me with Thy favor,  
vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

What language shall I borrow  
to thank Thee, dearest friend,  
for this Thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?  
O make me Thine forever;  
and should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never  
outlive my love for Thee.

### ***Jesus, Thank You***

The mystery of the cross I cannot comprehend  
The agonies of Calvary  
You the perfect Holy One, crushed Your Son  
Who drank the bitter cup reserved for me

### ***CHORUS***

Your blood has washed away my sin  
Jesus, thank You  
The Father's wrath completely satisfied  
Jesus, thank You  
Once Your enemy, now seated at Your table  
Jesus, thank You

By Your perfect sacrifice I've been brought near  
Your enemy You've made Your friend  
Pouring out the riches of Your glorious grace  
Your mercy and Your kindness know no end

### ***BRIDGE***

Lover of my soul  
I want to live for You

### ***Crown Him With Many Crowns***

Crown Him with many crowns,  
The Lamb upon His throne;  
Hark! How the heav'nly anthem drowns  
All music but its own!  
Awake, my soul and sing  
Of Him Who died for thee,  
And hail Him as thy matchless King  
Through all eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of love!  
Behold His hands and side—  
Rich wounds, yet visible above,  
In beauty glorified.  
No angel in the sky  
Can fully bear that sight,  
But downward bends His wond'ring eye  
At mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of life!  
Who triumphed o'er the grave,  
Who rose victorious in the strife  
For those He came to save.  
His glories now we sing,  
Who died, and rose on high,  
Who died eternal life to bring,  
And lives that death may die.

Crown Him the Lord of heav'n!  
One with the Father known,  
One with the Spirit through Him giv'n  
From yonder glorious throne,  
To Thee be endless praise,  
For Thou for us hast died;  
Be Thou, O Lord, through endless days  
Adored and magnified.