

Cross Of Glory

Michael Card

From the pages of the prophets
He stepped out into the world
And walked the earth in lowly majesty
For He had been creator
A creature now was He
Come to bare love's sacred mystery
He the Truth was called a liar
The only lover hated so
He was many times a martyr before He died
Forsaken by the Father
Despised by all the world
He alone was born to be the crucified

Upon the cross of Glory
His death was life to me
A sacrifice of love's most sacred mystery
And death rejoice to hold Him
For soon He would be free
For love must always have the victory
Though no rhyme could ever tell it
And no words could ever say
And no cord is foul enough to sing the pain
Still we feel the burden
And suffer with your song
You love us so and yet you bid us sing
Repeat Chorus
For love must always have the victory