

## 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