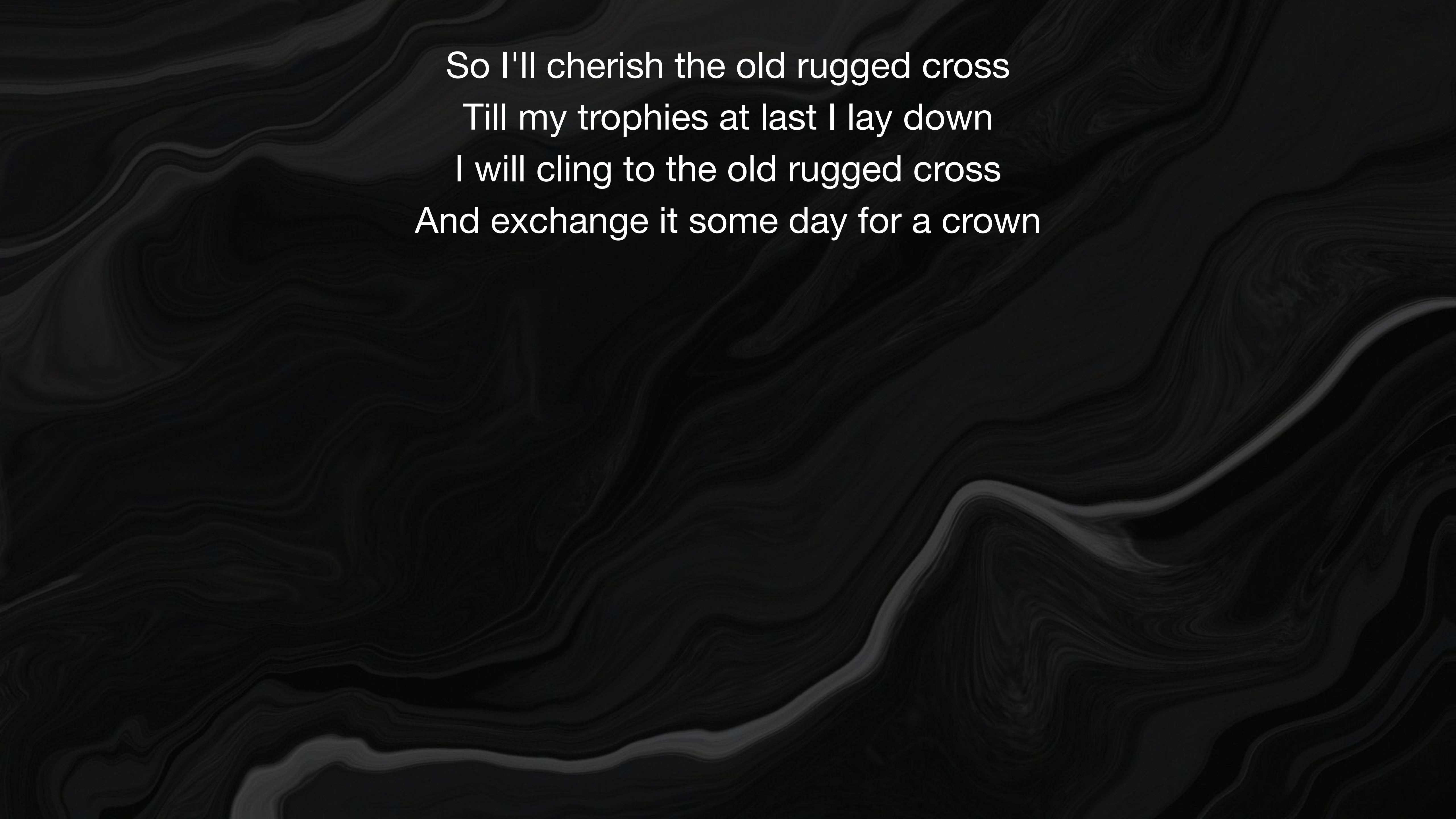


Mark 15:6-15

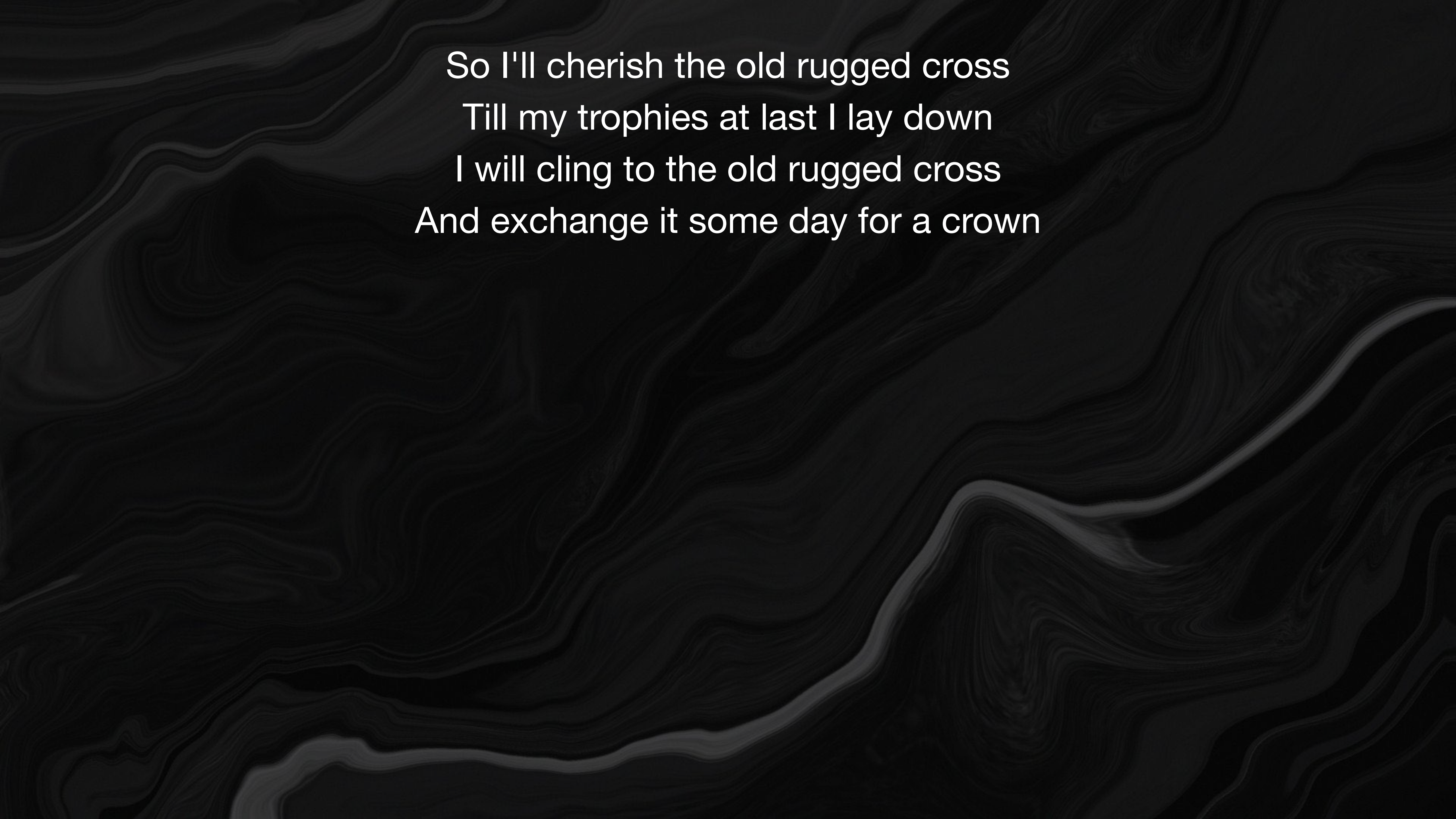
The Old Rugged Cross

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



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

O the 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
Till my trophies at last I lay down
I will cling to the old rugged cross
And exchange it some day for a crown

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true
Its 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
Till my trophies at last I lay down
I will cling to the old rugged cross
And exchange it some day for a crown

George Bennard
CCLI Song #19722

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Mark 15:16-20

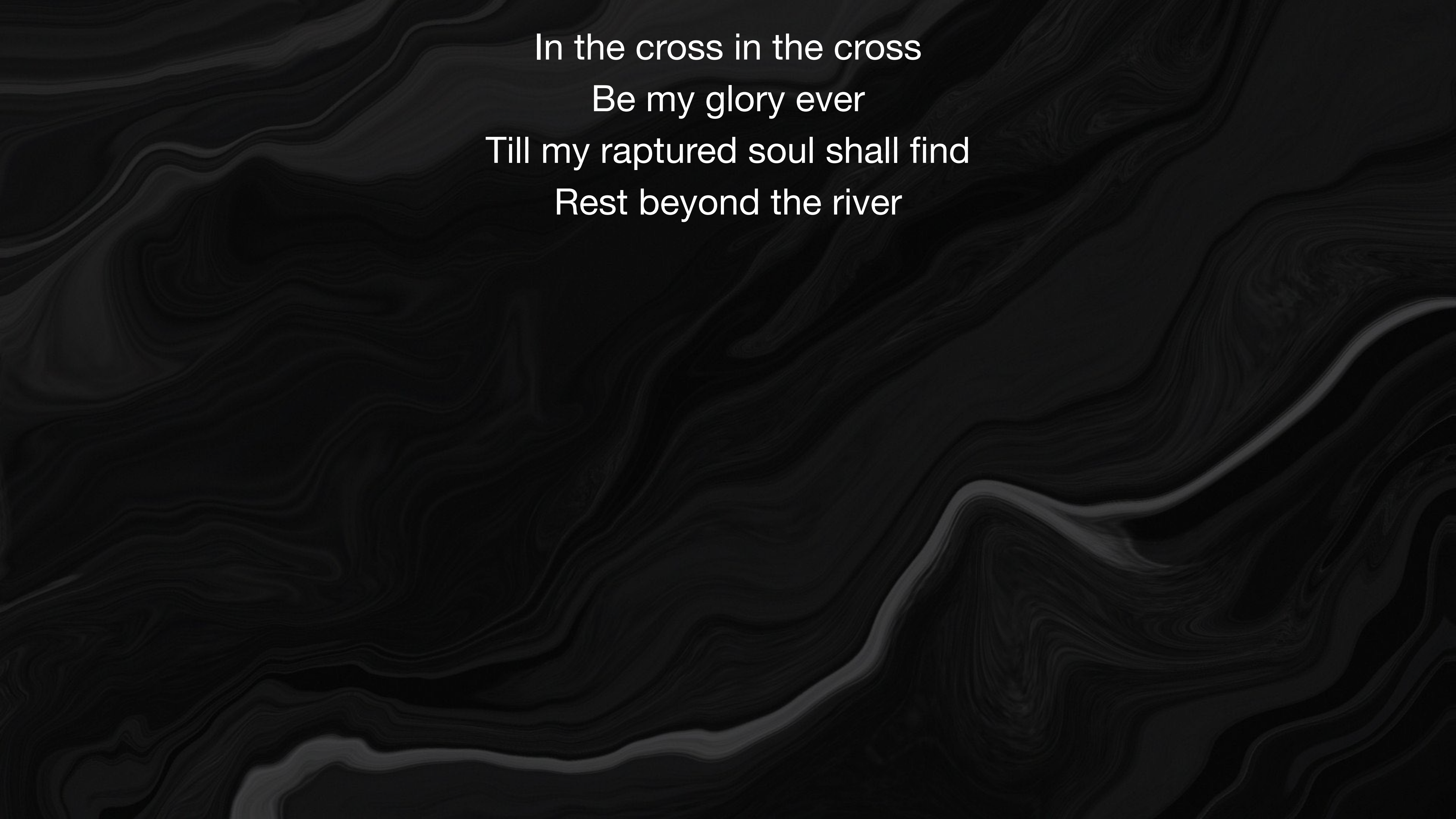
Near The Cross

Jesus keep me near the cross

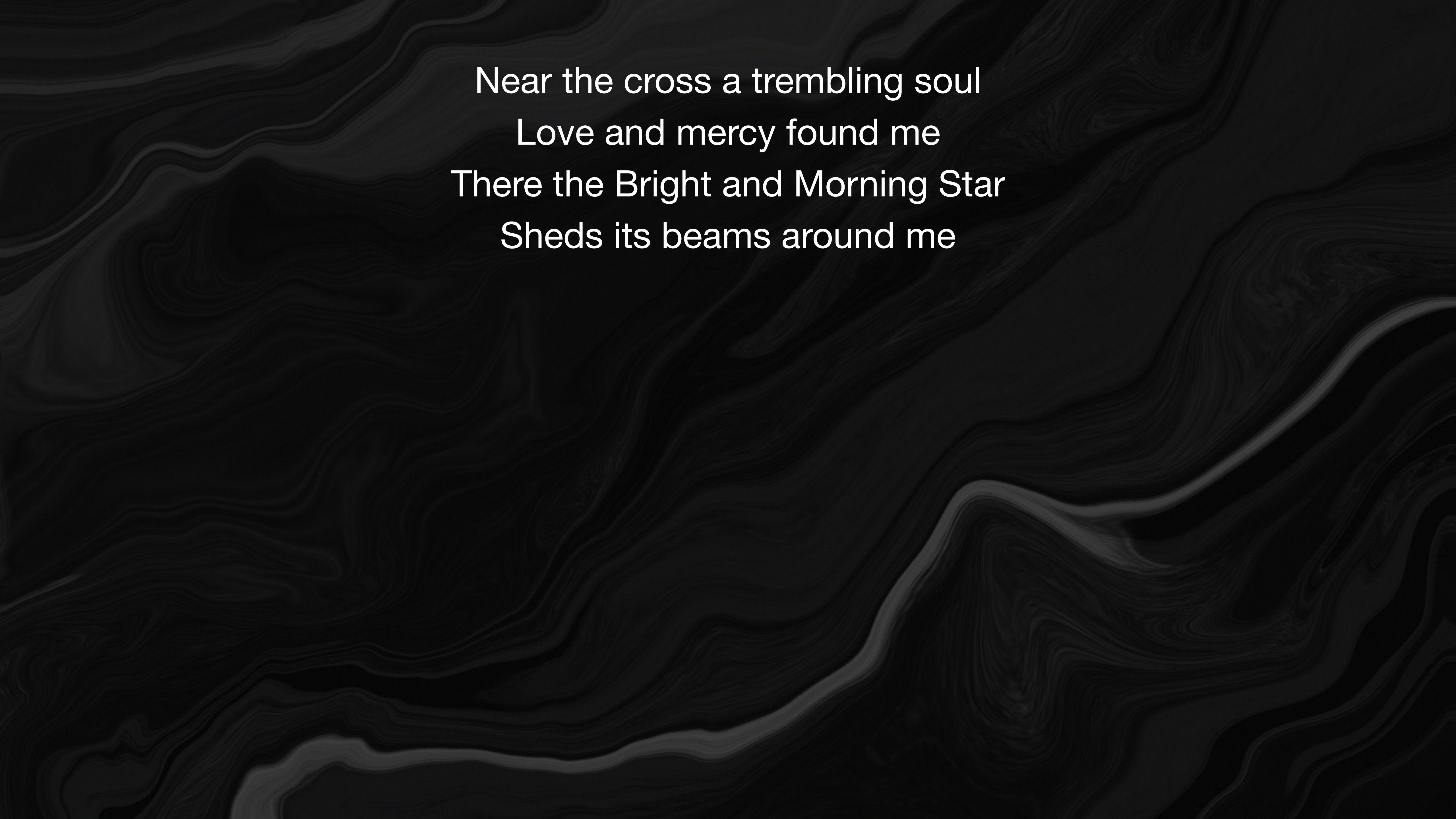
There a precious fountain

Free to all a healing stream

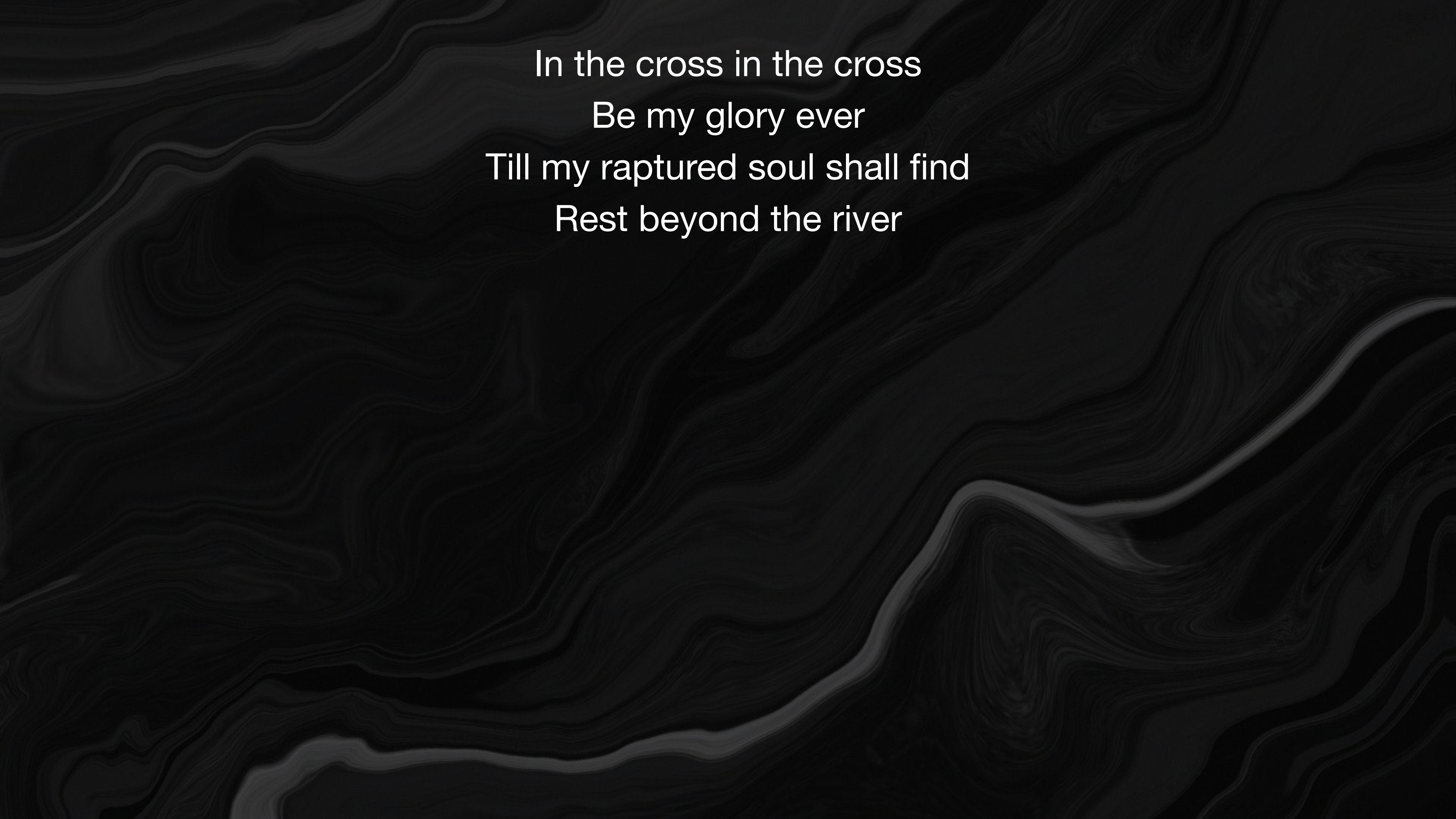
Flows from Calv'ry's mountain



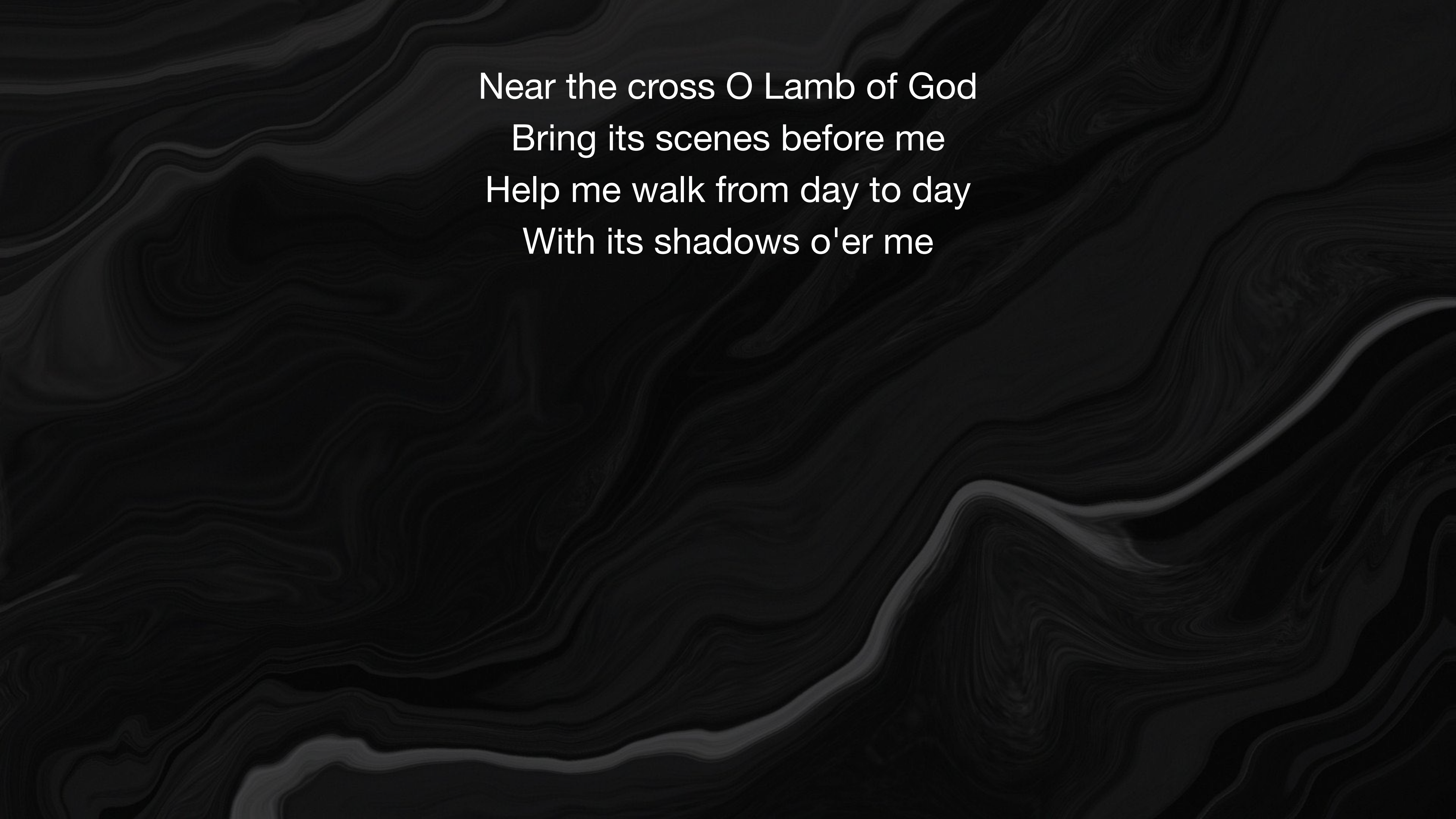
In the cross in the cross
Be my glory ever
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river



Near the cross a trembling soul
Love and mercy found me
There the Bright and Morning Star
Sheds its beams around me



In the cross in the cross
Be my glory ever
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river



Near the cross O Lamb of God
Bring its scenes before me
Help me walk from day to day
With its shadows o'er me

In the cross in the cross
Be my glory ever
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river

CCLI Song # 36736

Fanny Jane Crosby | William Howard Doane

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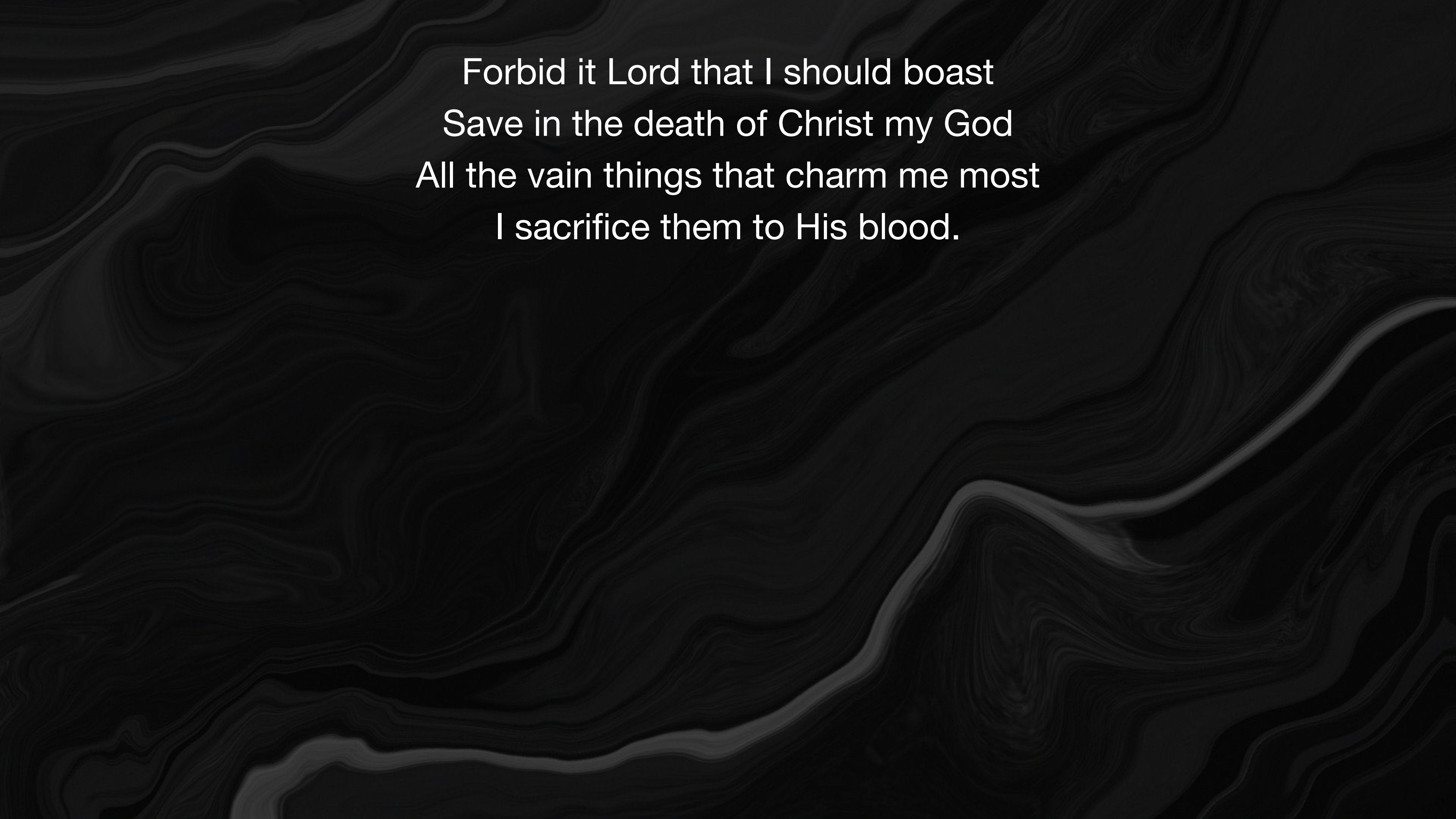
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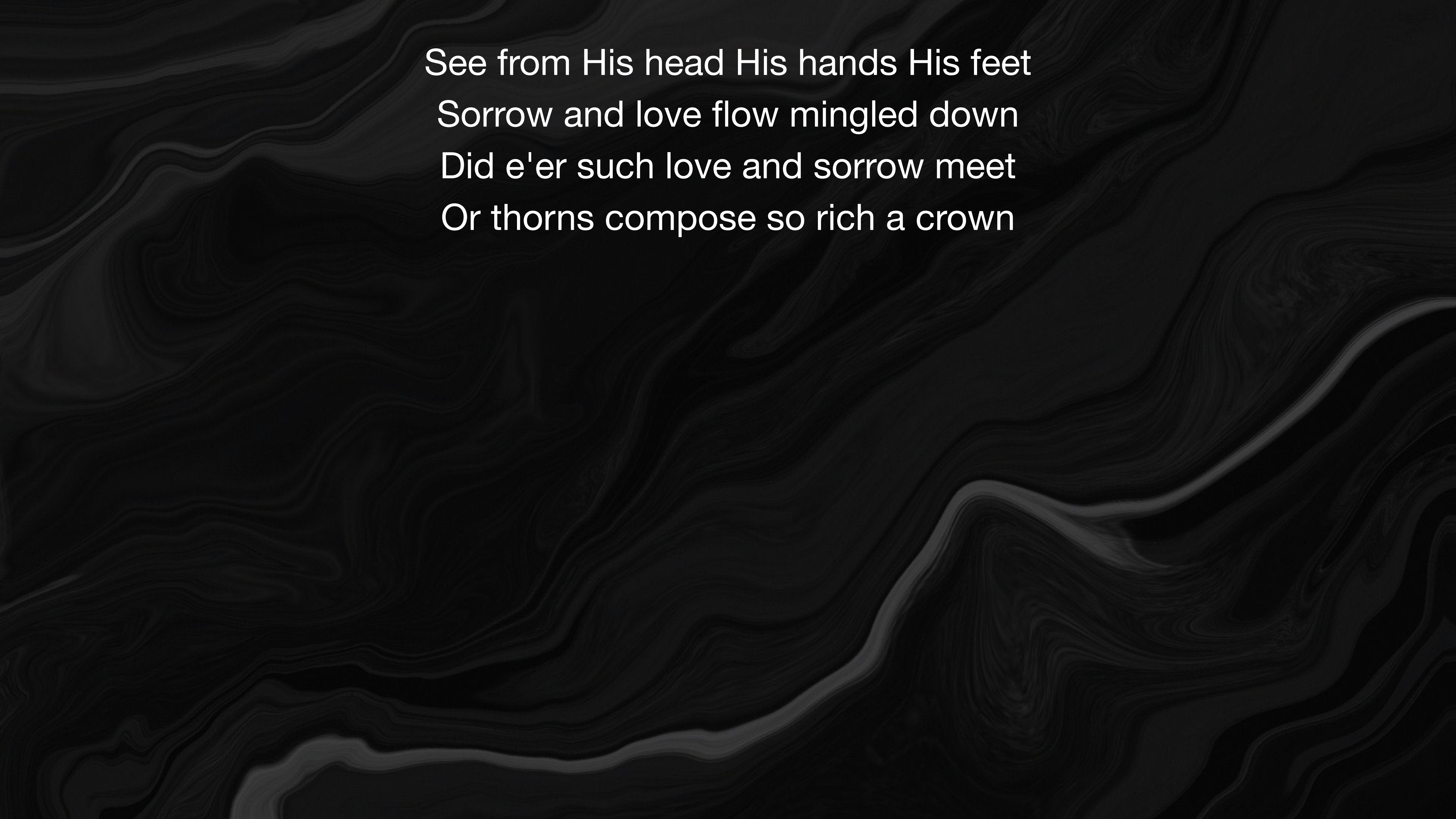
Mark 15:21-32

When I Survey

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 an offering far too small
Love so amazing so divine
Demands my soul my life my all

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Mark 15:33-39

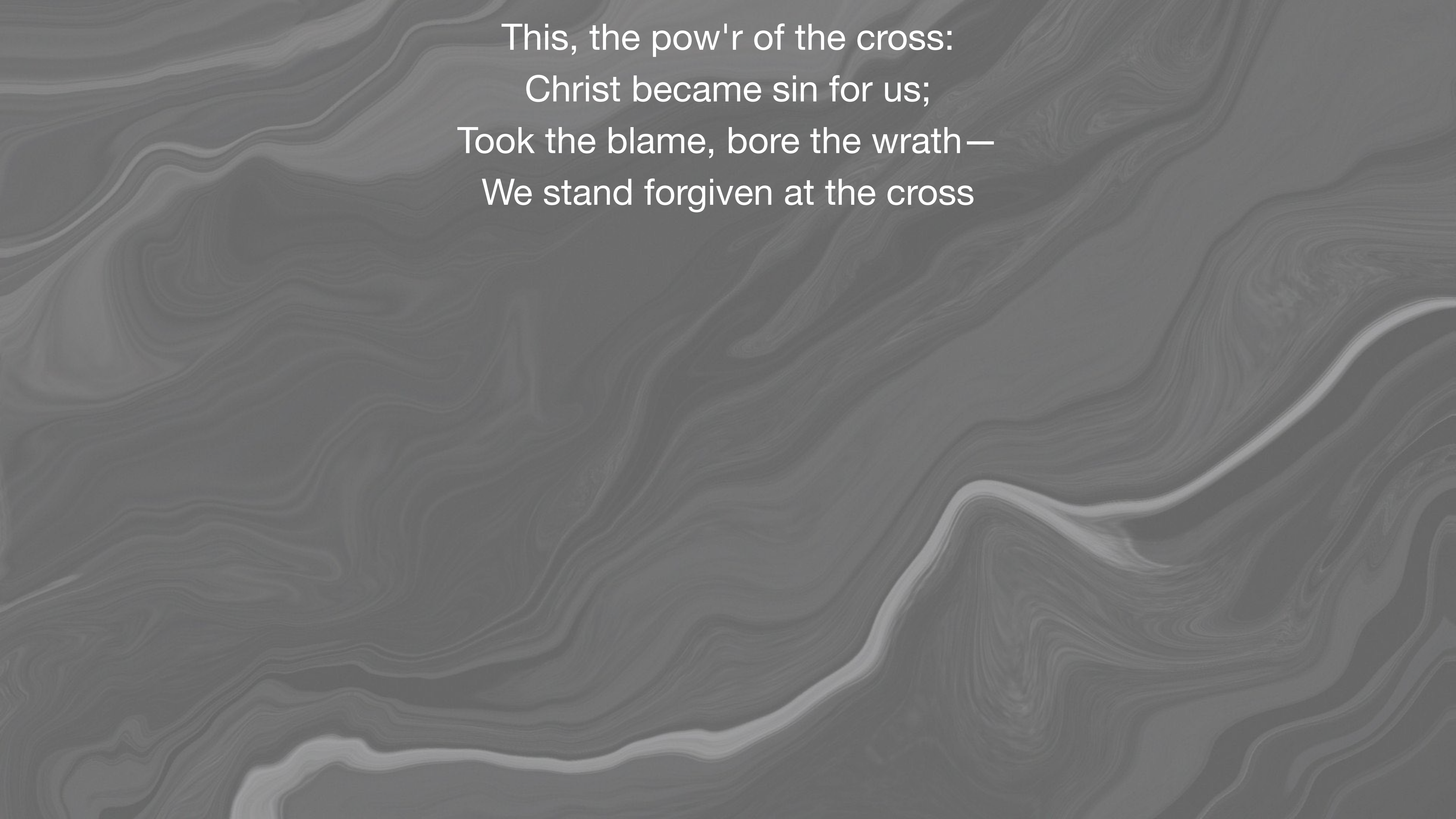
The Power of the Cross

Oh, to see the dawn of the darkest day:

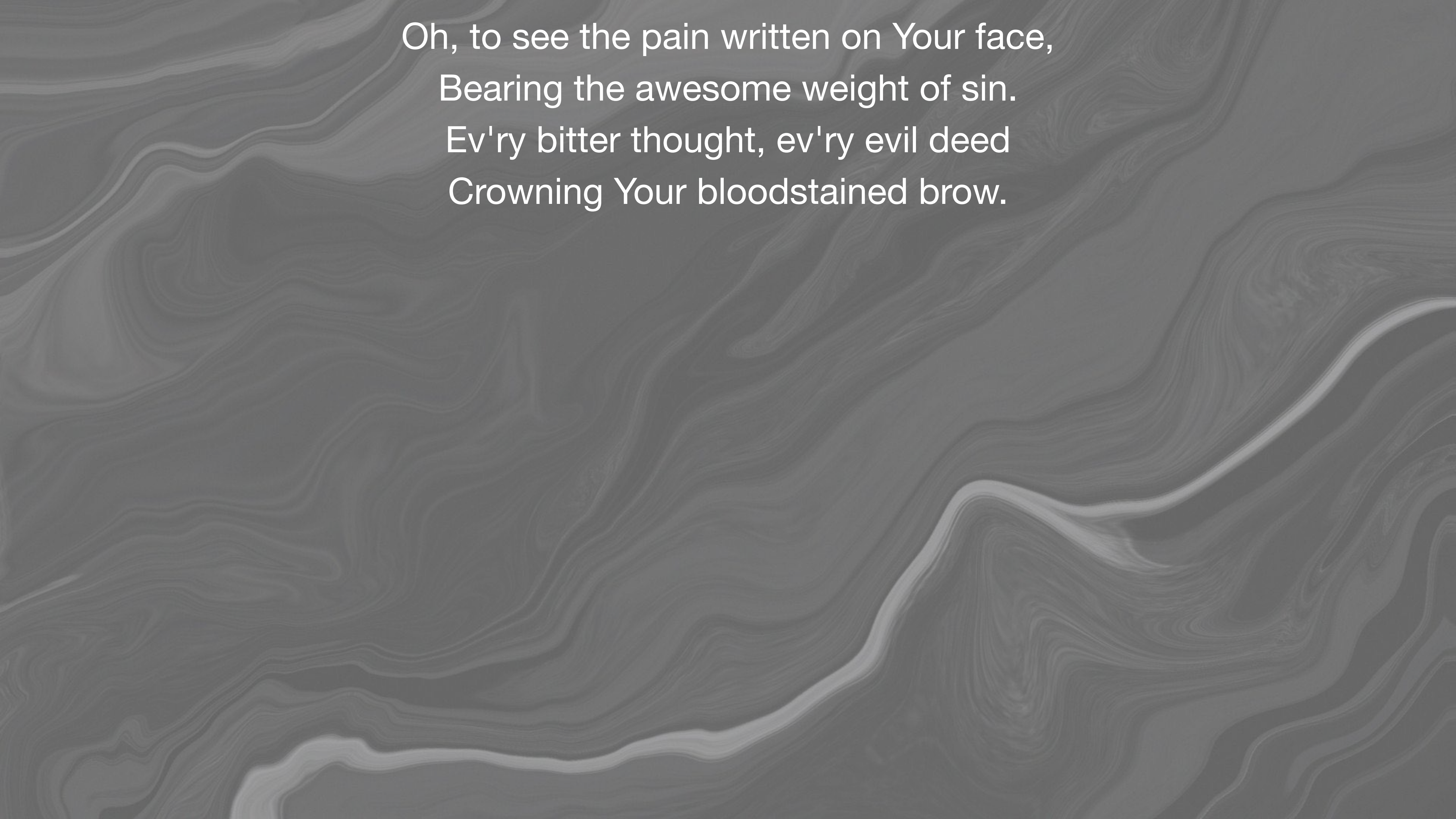
Christ on the road to Calvary.

Tried by sinful men, torn and beaten, then

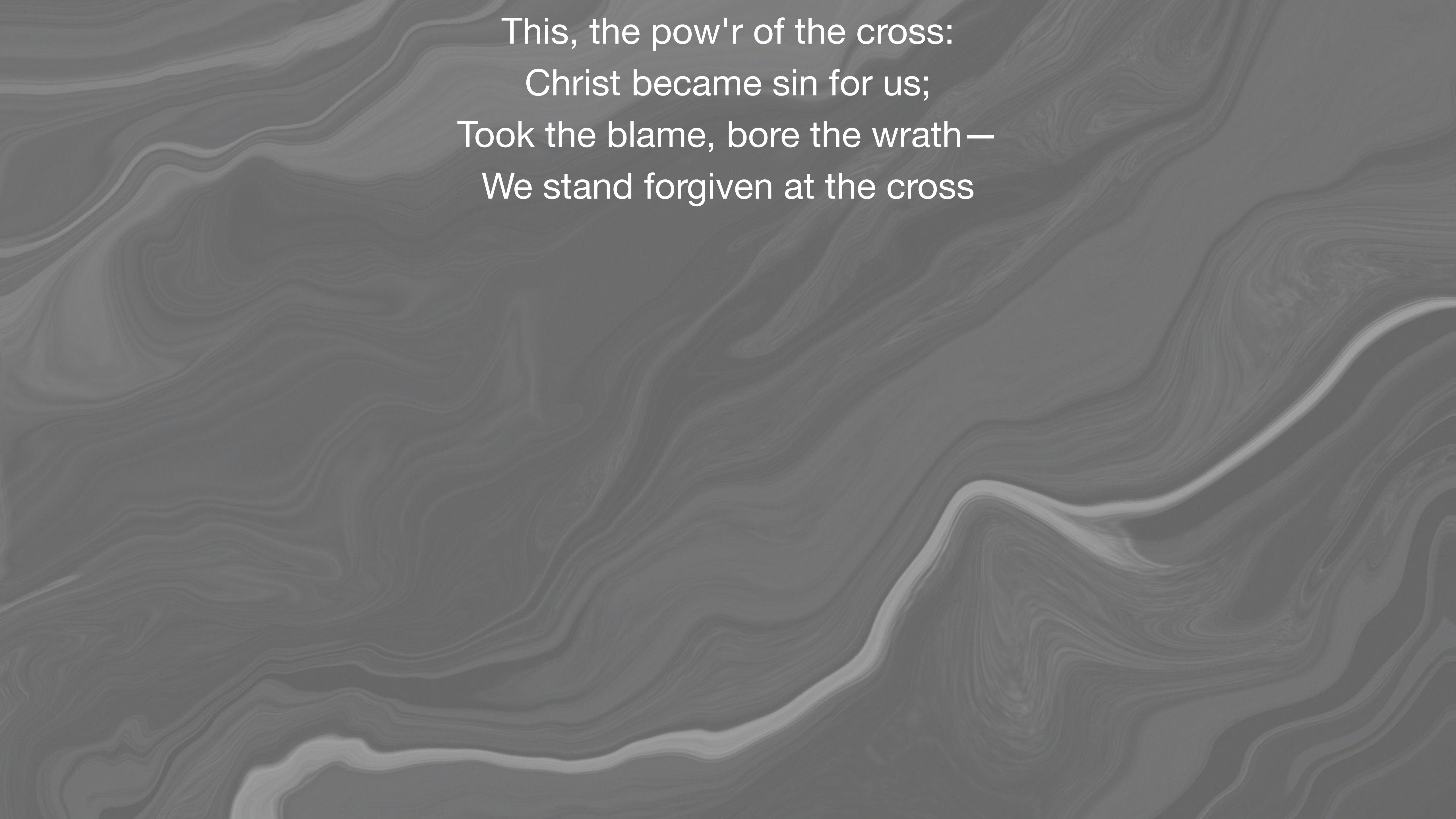
Nailed to a cross of wood.



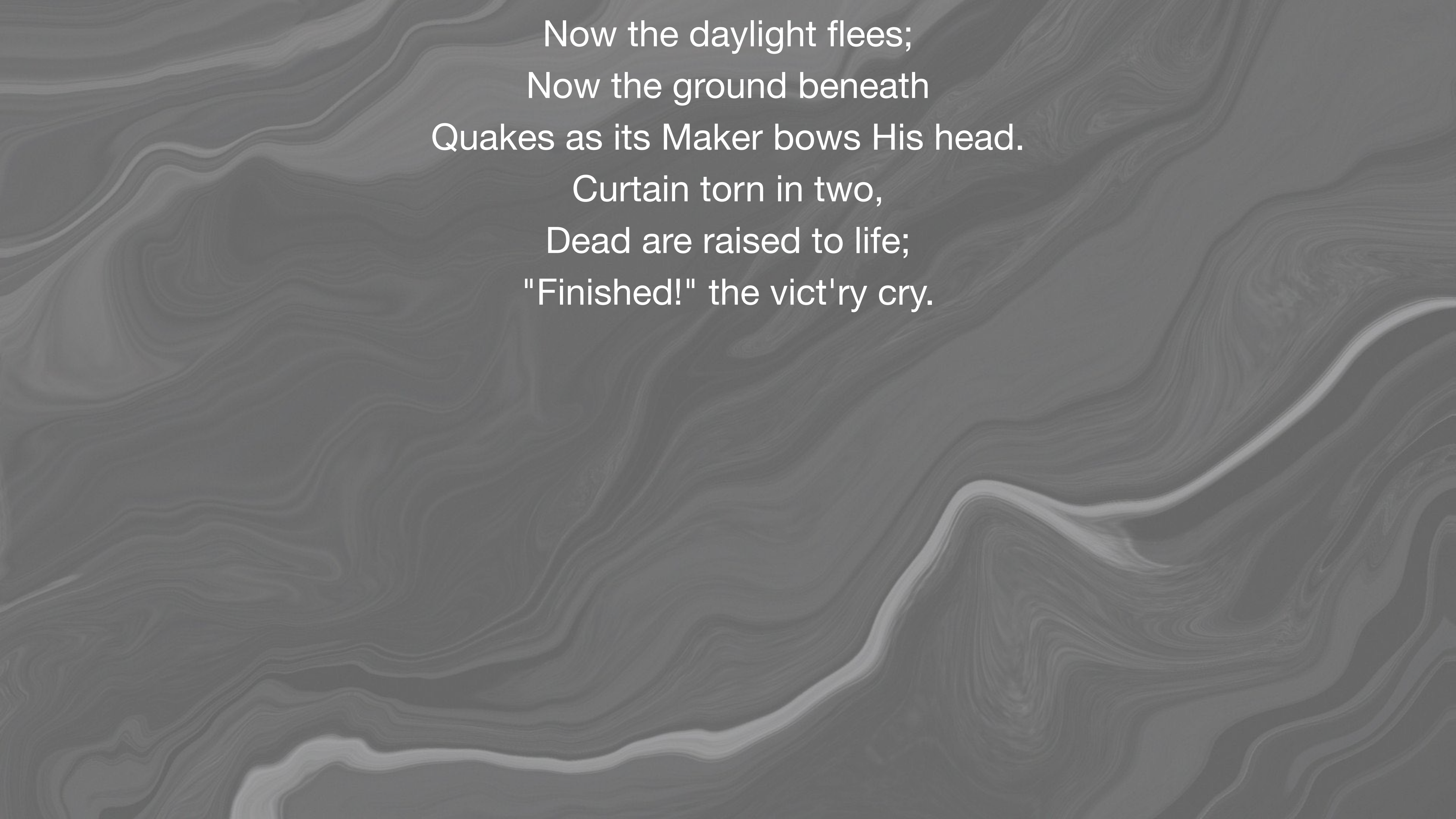
This, the pow'r of the cross:
Christ became sin for us;
Took the blame, bore the wrath—
We stand forgiven at the cross



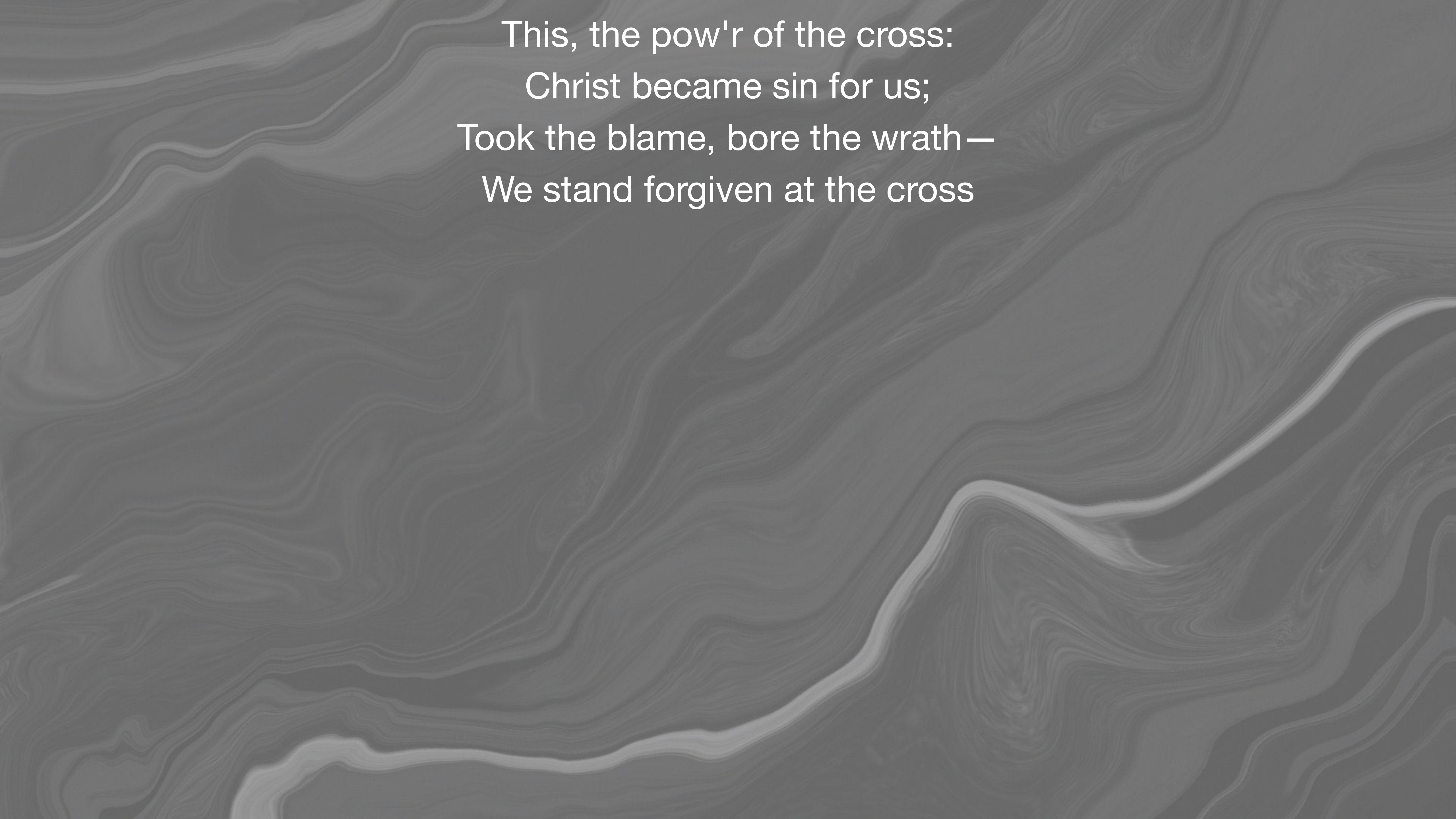
Oh, to see the pain written on Your face,
Bearing the awesome weight of sin.
Ev'ry bitter thought, ev'ry evil deed
Crowning Your bloodstained brow.



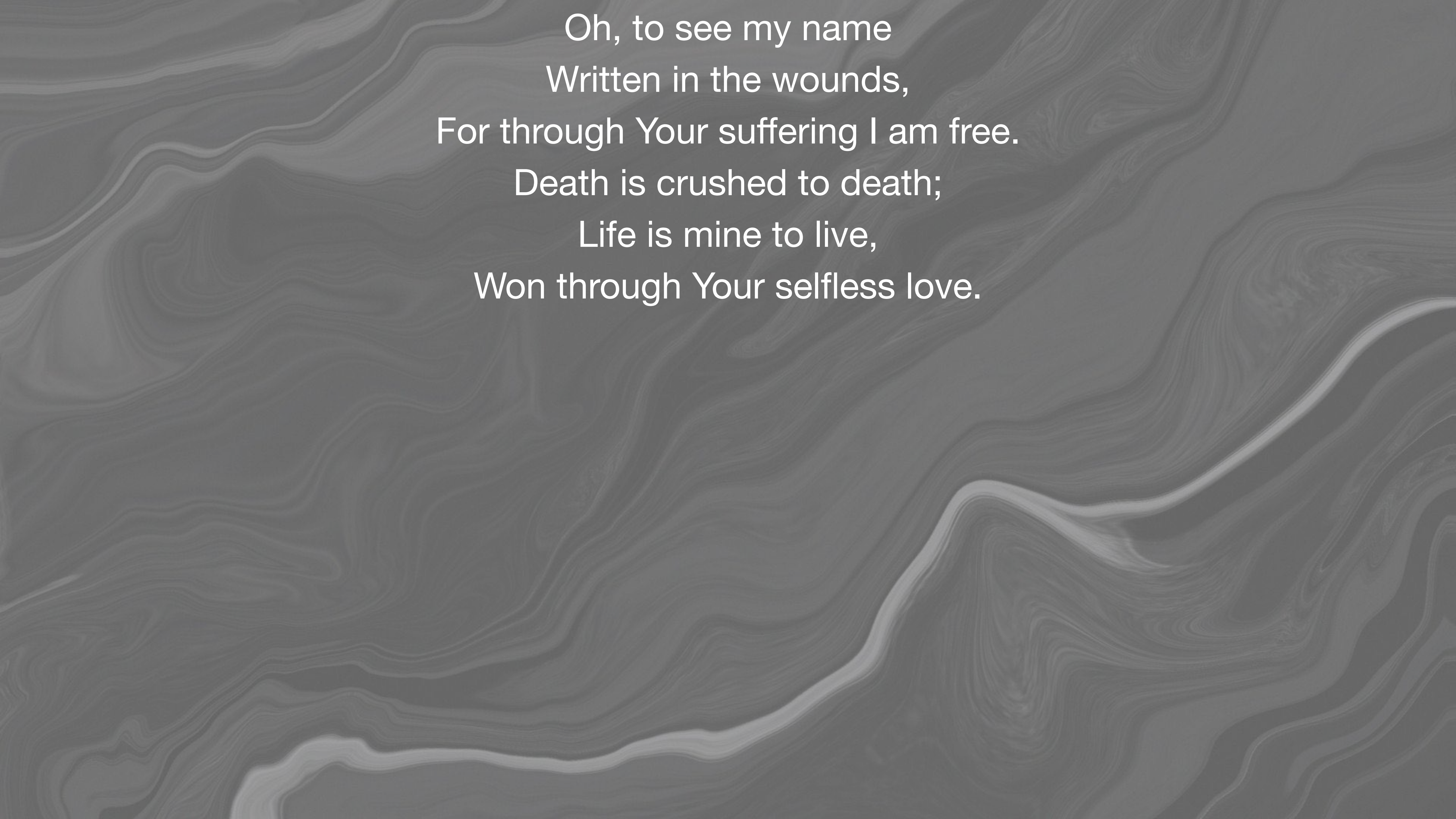
This, the pow'r of the cross:
Christ became sin for us;
Took the blame, bore the wrath—
We stand forgiven at the cross



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 vict'ry cry.



This, the pow'r of the cross:
Christ became sin for us;
Took the blame, bore the wrath—
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 pow'r of the cross:
Son of God—slain for us.
What a love! What a cost!
We stand forgiven at the cross!