

I Hear A Voice

I hear a voice cry from the Cross,
Of the Christ who left His throne,
From eternity of the Trinity
Now forsaken and alone.
He is made my guilt,
He is made my shame,
He is made my every sin.
In the great exchange
He is my disgrace,
As I'm made innocent.

How vast the love that keeps Him there,
How determined is His hand;
For the ones He saves are the ones who hate
And despise His every plan.
Yet the joy that waits
In His Father's house
Is His strength this awful day;
For eternally will His enemies
Be the trophies of his grace.

'It is finished!' thus is His final cry,
As He breathes His dying breath,
And my sin He takes down to the grave,
As would I have done in death.
Yet no match is sin
For His righteousness,
As in life He overcame.
Jesus' life is His, both to take and give
And in rising, lives to reign!

Oh to join the voices of Heaven's choirs
Crying 'Worthy is the Lamb!'
Glory, blessing, honour and might be Yours;
May Your praises never end!
You who once were slain,
Who were made our sin,
Now the Praise of Heaven and Earth.
Jesus, now the name above every name,
And the King of endless worth.