

1. How great the cha - sm that lay be - tween us, How high the
 2. Who could i - ma - gine so great a mer - cy? What heart could
 3. Then came the morn - ing that sealed the prom - ise, Your bur - ied

moun - tain I could not climb; In des - per - a - tion I turned to
 fa - thom such bound - less grace? The God of ag - es stepped down from
 bo - dy be - gan to breathe. Out of the si - lence the roar - ing

hea - ven and spoke Your name in - to the night. Then through the
 glo - ry to wear my sin and bear my shame. The cross has
 Li - on de - clared, "The grave has no claim on me." Then came the

dark - ness Your lov - ing - kind - ness tore through the shad - ows of my
 spo - ken, I am for - giv - en; The King of kings calls me His
 morn - ing that sealed the prom - ise, Your bo - dy then be - gan to

soul; The work is fin - ished, the end is writ - ten,
 own; Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior, I'm yours for - ev - er,
 breathe; Out of the si - lence a - rose the Li - on: