

O What Love

Dave Bilbrough

O what love, O what grace
that drew my heart
and called my name;
When I think 'bout what love means,
take me back
to Calvary.

A lonely hill, a wooden cross,
with outstretched arms
You paid the cost;
When I think 'bout what love means,
take me back
to Calvary.

I believe,
yes, I believe,
the blood You shed,
You shed for me.

Son of God, Son of Man,
Word made flesh,
Love divine;
When I think 'bout what love means,
take me back
to Calvary.

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