

My worth is not in what I own

My worth is not in what I own
Not in the strength of flesh and bone
But in the costly wounds of love at the cross

My worth is not in skill or name
In win or lose in pride or shame
But in the blood of Christ that flowed at the cross

Refrain
I rejoice in my Redeemer
Greatest treasure Wellspring of my soul
I will trust in Him no other
My soul is satisfied in Him alone

As summer flowers we fade and die
Fame youth and beauty hurry by
But life eternal calls to us at the cross

I will not boast in wealth or might
Or human wisdom's fleeting light
But I will boast in knowing Christ at the cross

Two wonders here that I confess
My worth and my unworthiness
My value fixed my ransom paid at the cross

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