

# Hymn Lyrics

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## Nature with open volume stands

Nature with open volume stands  
to spread her Maker's praise abroad  
and every labor of his hands  
shows something worthy of a God.

But in the grace that rescued man  
his brightest form of glory shines;  
here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn  
in precious blood and crimson lines.

Here his whole Name appears complete;  
nor wit can guess, nor reason prove  
which of the letters best is writ,  
the power, the wisdom, or the love.

Oh, the sweet wonders of that cross  
where Christ my Savior loved and died!  
Her noblest life my spirit draws  
from his dear wounds and bleeding side.

I would for ever speak his Name  
in sounds to mortal ears unknown,  
with angels join to praise the Lamb  
and worship at his Father's throne!

LM