Verse 1

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.

Verse 2

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.

Chorus

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.

Verse 3

As summer flow'rs we fade and die;
fame, youth, and beauty hurry by,
but life eternal calls to us
at the cross.

Verse 4

I will not boast in wealth or might,
or human wisdom's fleeting light,
but I will boast in knowing Christ
at the cross.

Verse 5

Two wonders here that I confess:
my worth and my unworthiness;
my value fixed, my ransom paid
at the cross.