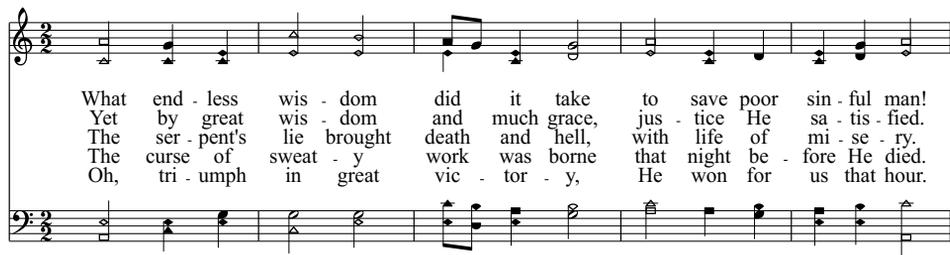


# What Endless Wisdom

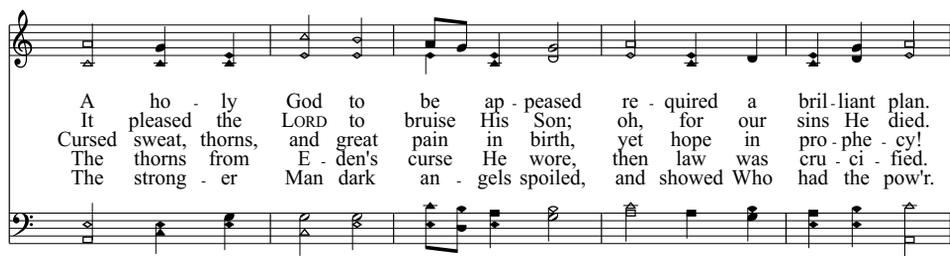
C.M.D.

J. Matthew Jones, 1963-

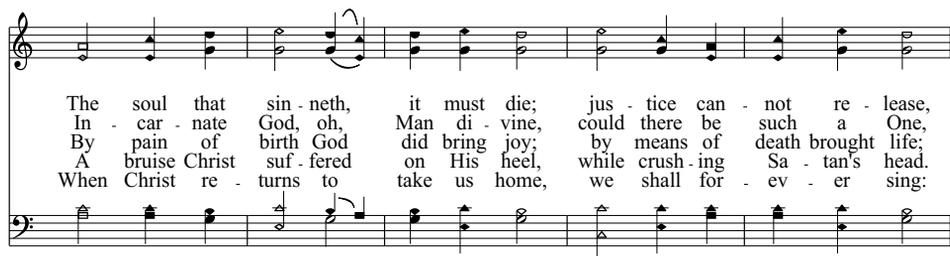
E. J. King (1844)



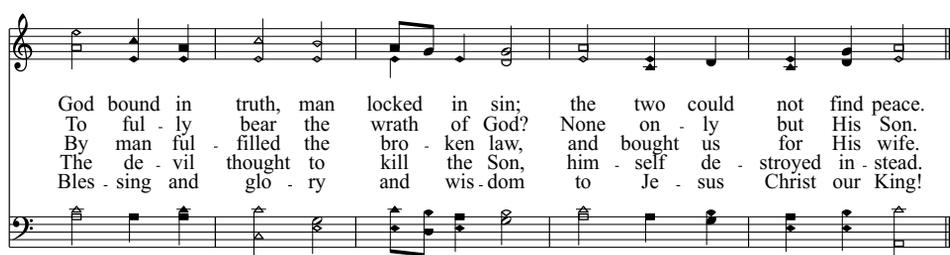
What end - less wis - dom did it take to save poor sin - ful man!  
Yet by great wis - dom and much grace, jus - tice He sa - tis - fied.  
The ser - pent's lie brought death and hell, with life of mi - se - ry.  
The curse of sweat - y work was borne that night be - fore He died.  
Oh, tri - umph in great vic - tor - y, He won for us that hour.



A ho - ly God to be ap - peased re - quired a bril - liant plan.  
It pleased the LORD to bruise His Son; oh, for our sins He died.  
Cursed sweat, thorns, and great pain in birth, yet hope in pro - phe - cy!  
The thorns from E - den's curse He wore, then law was cru - ci - fied.  
The strong - er Man dark an - gels spoiled, and showed Who had the pow'r.



The soul that sin - neth, it must die; jus - tice can - not re - lease,  
In - car - nate God, oh, Man di - vine, could there be such a One,  
By pain of birth God did bring joy; by means of death brought life;  
A bruise Christ suf - fered on His heel, while crush - ing Sa - tan's head.  
When Christ re - turns to take us home, we shall for - ev - er sing:



God bound in truth, man locked in sin; the two could not find peace.  
To ful - ly bear the wrath of God? None on - ly but His Son.  
By man ful - filled the bro - ken law, and bought us for His wife.  
The de - vil thought to kill the Son, him - self de - stroyed in - stead.  
Bles - sing and glo - ry and wis - dom to Je - sus Christ our King!