

Crown Him With Many Crowns

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The Lamb upon His throne
Hark! how the heav'nly anthem drowns
All music but its own
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity

Crown Him the Virgin's Son
The God Incarnate born
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His brow adorn
Fruit of the mystic Tree
As of that Tree the Stem
The Root whence flows Thy mercy free
The Babe of Bethlehem

Crown Him the Lord of Love
Behold His hands and side
Rich wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright

Crown Him the Lord of peace
Whose power a scepter sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease
And all be prayer and praise
His reign shall know no end
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of glory now extend
Their fragrance ever sweet

Crown Him the Lord of years
The Potentate of time
Creator of the rolling spheres
Ineffably sublime
All hail, Redeemer, hail
For Thou hast died for me
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity

The Love of God

The love of God is greater far
Than tongue or pen can ever tell
It goes beyond the highest star
And reaches to the lowest hell
The wand'ring child is reconciled
By God's beloved Son
The aching soul again made whole
And priceless pardon won

Oh love of God, how rich and pure
How measureless and strong
It shall forevermore endure
The saints' and angels' song

When ancient time shall pass away
And human thrones and kingdoms fall
When those who here refuse to pray
On rocks and hills and mountains call
God's love so sure, shall still endure
All measureless and strong
Grace will resound the whole earth round
The saints' and angels' song

Oh love of God, how rich and pure
How measureless and strong
It shall forevermore endure
The saints' and angels' song

Could we with ink the ocean fill
And were the skies of parchment made
Were ev'ry stalk on earth a quill
And ev'ryone a scribe by trade
To write the love of God above
Would drain the ocean dry
Nor could the scroll contain the whole
Though stretched from sky to sky

Oh love of God, how rich and pure
How measureless and strong
It shall forevermore endure
The saints' and angels' song

Your Love, Oh Lord

Your love, oh Lord, reaches to the heavens
Your faithfulness stretches to the sky
Your righteousness is like the mighty
mountains
Your justice flows like the ocean's tide

I will lift my voice
To worship You, my King
I will find my strength
In the shadow of your wings

Your love, oh Lord, reaches to the heavens
Your faithfulness stretches to the sky
Your righteousness is like the mighty
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Your justice flows like the ocean's tide

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Step By Step

Oh God, You are my God
And I will ever praise You
Oh God, You are my God
And I will ever praise You

I will seek You in the morning
And I will learn to walk in Your ways
And step by step You'll lead me
And I will follow You all of my days

Christ is Mine Forevermore

Mine are days that God has numbered
I was made to walk with Him
Yet I look for worldly treasure
And forsake the King of kings

But mine is hope in my Redeemer
Though I fall, his love is sure
For Christ has paid for every failing
I am His forevermore

Mine are tears in times of sorrow
Darkness not yet understood
Through the valley I must travel
Where I see no earthly good

But mine is peace that flows from heaven
And the strength in times of need
I know my pain will not be wasted
Christ completes his work in me

Mine are days here as a stranger
Pilgrim on a narrow way
One with Christ I will encounter
Harm and hatred for his name

But mine is armour for this battle
Strong enough to last the war
And he has said he will deliver
Safely to the golden shore

And mine are keys to Zion city
Where beside the King I walk
For there my heart has found its treasure
Christ is mine forevermore

Come rejoice now, Oh my soul
For his love is my reward
Fear is gone and hope is sure
Christ is mine forevermore!