

CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS

Crown him with many crowns,
the Lamb upon his throne;
while Heaven's eternal
anthem drowns
all music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing
of him who died to be
your Saviour
and your matchless King
through all eternity.

Crown him the Son of God
before the worlds began;
and you who tread
where He has trod,
crown him the Son of Man,
who every grief has known
by which we are oppressed,
and takes and bears them
for his own,
that all in Him may rest.

Crown him the Lord of Life
triumphant from the grave,
who rose victorious from the strife
for those he came to save:
his glories now we sing
who died and rose on high;
he died eternal life to bring
and lives that death may die.

Crown him the Lord of Love,
Behold his hands and side -
those 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,
Let praise fill every land.
From pole to pole
let warfare cease
His kingdom is at hand.
For ever He shall reign,
and earthly princes fall
before His throne,
the Lamb once slain,
the sovereign Lord of all.

Crown him the Lord of Years,
the Potentate of Time,
Creator of the rolling spheres
in majesty sublime:
all hail, Redeemer, hail,
for you have died for me;
your praise shall never, never fail
through all eternity!

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LIVING HOPE

How great the chasm
that lay between us
How high the mountain
I could not climb
In desperation, I turned to heaven
and spoke Your name into the night.
Then through the darkness,
Your loving-kindness
Tore through the shadows of my soul
The work is finished,
the end is written
Jesus Christ, my living hope

Who could imagine
so great a mercy?
What heart could fathom
such boundless grace?
The God of ages
stepped down from glory
to wear my sin and bear my shame
The cross has spoken, I am forgiven
The King of kings calls me His own
Beautiful Saviour, I'm Yours forever
Jesus Christ, my living hope

*Hallelujah,
praise the One who set me free
Hallelujah,
death has lost its grip on me
You have broken every chain
There's salvation in Your name
Jesus Christ, my living hope*

*Hallelujah,
death has lost its grip on me
You have broken every chain
There's salvation in Your name
Jesus Christ, my living hope*

Then came the morning
that sealed the promise
Your buried body began to breathe
Out of the silence, the Roaring Lion
declared the grave has
no claim on me
Then came the morning
that sealed the promise
Your buried body began to breathe
Out of the silence, the Roaring Lion
Declared the grave has
no claim on me
Jesus, Yours is the victory!

*Hallelujah,
praise the One who set me free
Hallelujah,
death has lost its grip on me
You have broken every chain
There's salvation in Your name
Jesus Christ, my living hope*

*Jesus Christ, my living hope
O God, You are my living hope.*

Brian Johnson Phil Wickham
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KING OF KINGS

In the darkness we were waiting
Without hope without light
Till from Heaven You came running
There was mercy in Your eyes
To fulfil the law and prophets
To a virgin came the Word
From a throne of endless glory
To a cradle in the dirt

Praise the Father
Praise the Son
Praise the Spirit three in one
God of Glory, Majesty
Praise forever to the King of Kings

To reveal the kingdom coming
and to reconcile the lost
To redeem the whole creation
You did not despise the cross
For even in Your suffering
You saw to the other side
Knowing this was our salvation
Jesus for our sake You died

Praise the Father
Praise the Son
Praise the Spirit three in one
God of Glory, Majesty
Praise forever to the King of Kings

And the morning that You rose
All of heaven held its breath
Till that stone was moved for good
For the Lamb had conquered death
And the dead rose from their tombs
And the angels stood in awe
For the souls of all who'd come
To the Father are restored

And the Church of Christ was born
Then the Spirit lit the flame
Now this Gospel truth of old
Shall not kneel, shall not faint
By His blood and in His Name
In His freedom I am free
For the love of Jesus Christ
Who has resurrected me

Praise the Father
Praise the Son
Praise the Spirit three in one
God of Glory, Majesty
Praise forever to the King of Kings

Praise the Father
Praise the Son
Praise the Spirit three in one
God of Glory, Majesty
Praise forever to the King of Kings
Praise forever to the King of Kings

Brooke Ligertwood Jason Ingram Scott Ligertwood
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O CHURCH ARISE

O Church, arise,
and put your armour on;
hear the call of Christ our Captain.
For now the weak
can say that they are strong
in the strength that God has given.
With shield of faith and belt of truth,
we'll stand against the devil's lies;
an army bold,
whose battle cry is love,
reaching out to those in darkness.

*Our call to war -
to love the captive soul,
but to rage against the captor;
And with the sword
that makes the wounded whole,
we will fight with faith and valour.
When faced with trials on every side,
we know the outcome is secure,
and Christ will have
the prize for which he died -
an inheritance of nations.*

*Come see the cross,
where love and mercy meet,
as the Son of God is stricken;
Then see his foes
lie crushed beneath his feet,
for the Conqueror has risen!
And as the stone is rolled away
and Christ emerges from the grave,
this victory march
continues till the day
every eye and heart shall see him.*

*So Spirit come,
put strength in every stride,
give grace for every hurdle,
that we may run
with faith to win the prize
of a servant good and faithful.
As saints of old still line the way,
retelling triumphs of his grace,
we hear their calls
and hunger for the day
when with Christ we stand in Glory.*

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HIS MERCY IS MORE

*Praise the Lord
His mercy is more
Stronger than darkness,
new every morn
Our sins they are many,
His mercy is more*

What love could remember no
wrongs we have done?
Omniscient, all knowing,
He counts not their sum
Thrown into a sea without
bottom or shore
Our sins they are many,
His mercy is more

What patience would wait
as we constantly roam?
What Father, so tender,
is calling us home?
He welcomes the weakest,
the vilest, the poor
Our sins they are many,
His mercy is more

*Praise the Lord
His mercy is more
Stronger than darkness,
new every morn
Our sins they are many,
His mercy is more*

What riches of kindness
He lavished on us
His blood was the payment,
His life was the cost
We stood 'neath a debt
we could never afford
Our sins they are many,
His mercy is more

*Praise the Lord
His mercy is more
Stronger than darkness,
new every morn
Our sins they are many,
His mercy is more*

*Praise the Lord
His mercy is more
Stronger than darkness,
new every morn
Our sins they are many,
His mercy is more
Our sins they are many,
His mercy is more*

Matt Boswell, Matt Papa
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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, O my soul
For his love is my reward
Fear is gone and hope is sure
Christ is mine forevermore!

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

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

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
Christ is mine forevermore
Christ is mine forevermore

Johnny Robinson, Rich Thompson
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