

Come, People of the Risen King

Come, People of the risen King,
who delight to bring Him praise.
Come, all, and tune your hearts
to sing to the Morning Star of grace.
From the shifting shadows of the earth
we will lift our eyes to Him,
where steady arms of mercy reach
to gather children in.

(Chorus)

**Rejoice! Rejoice! Let every tongue rejoice!
One heart, one voice, O Church of Christ, rejoice!**

Come, those whose joy is morning sun,
and those weeping through the night.
Come, those who tell of battles won,
and those struggling in the fight.
For His perfect love will never change,
and His mercies never cease,
but follow us through all our days
with the certain hope of peace.

(Chorus)

Come young and old from ev'ry land,
men and women of the faith.
Come, those with full or empty hands;
Find the riches of His grace.
Over all the world His people sing;
shore to shore we hear them call –
the Truth that cries through ev'ry age:
Our God is all in all!

(Chorus)

Crown Him with many Crowns

Crown Him with many crowns, the lamb upon His throne:
Hark! how the heavenly 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
Thru all eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of love: Be hold His hands and side-
Rich wounds, yet visible above, In beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky Can fully bear that sight,
But down-ward bends his wondering eye
At mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of life: Who triumphed over the grave,
Who rose victorious to the strife For those He came to save.
His glories now we sing, Who died and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring
And lives that death may die.

Crown Him the Lord of Heav'n: One with the Father known,
One with the Spirit thru Him giv'n From yonder glorious throne
To Thee be endless praise, For Thou for us has died;
Be Thou, O Lord, thru endless days
Adored and magnified.

Hallelujah, What a Savior!

Man of Sorrows! What a name
For the Son of God who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah, what a Savior!

Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood
Sealed my pardon with His blood
Hallelujah, what a Savior!

Guilty, vile and helpless we,
Spotless Lamb of God was He
Full atonement! Can it be?
Hallelujah, what a Savior!

Lifted up was He to die,
"It is finished!" was His cry
Now in Heav'n exalted high
Hallelujah, what a Savior!

When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah, what a Savior!