

**See, what a morning, gloriously bright  
With the dawning of hope in Jerusalem**

Folded the grave-clothes, tomb filled with light  
As the angels announce, "Christ is risen"  
See God's salvation plan  
Wrought in love, borne in pain, paid in sacrifice  
Fulfilled in Christ, the man  
For He lives, Christ is risen from the dead

See Mary weeping, "Where is He laid?"  
As in sorrow she turns from the empty tomb  
Hears a voice speaking, calling her name  
It's the Master, the Lord raised to life again  
The voice that spans the years  
Speaking life, stirring hope, bringing peace to  
us  
Will sound till He appears  
For He lives, Christ is risen from the dead

One with the Father, Ancient of Days  
Through the Spirit who clothes faith with  
certainty  
Honor and blessing, glory and praise  
To the King crowned with pow'r and authority  
And we are raised with Him  
Death is dead, love has won, Christ has  
conquered  
And we shall reign with Him  
For He lives: Christ is risen from the dead  
*Keith & Kristyn Getty & Stuart Townend*

**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  
through all eternity.

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 life,  
who triumphed over the grave,  
and rose victorious in 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 years,  
the Potentate of time,  
Creator of the rolling spheres,  
ineffably sublime.  
all hail, Redeemer, hail!  
For thou has died for me;

thy praise shall never, never fail  
throughout eternity!

*Matthew Bridges, 1800-94*

*Godfrey Thring, 1823-1903*

**Out of my bondage, sorrow, and night,  
Jesus, I come! Jesus, I come!**

Into Thy freedom, gladness, and light,  
Jesus, I come to Thee!  
Out of my sickness into Thy health,  
Out of my want and into Thy wealth,  
Out of my sin and into Thyself,  
Jesus, I come to Thee!

Out of unrest and arrogant pride,  
Jesus, I come! Jesus, I come!  
Into Thy blessed will to abide,  
Jesus, I come to Thee!

Out of myself to dwell in Thy love,  
Out of despair into raptures above,  
Upward for aye on wings like a dove,  
Jesus, I come to Thee!

Out of the fear and dread of the tomb,  
Jesus, I come! Jesus, I come!  
Into the joy and pleasure, Thine own,  
Jesus, I come to Thee!

Out of the depths of ruin untold,  
Into the flock Thy love doth enfold,  
Ever Thy glorious face to behold,  
Jesus, I come to Thee!

*William True Sleeper, 1819-1904*

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