

Crown Him with Many Crowns

On his head are many crowns. Rev. 19:12

1. Crown him with man - y crowns, the Lamb up - on his throne;
 2. Crown him the Lord of love; be - hold his hands and side,
 3. Crown him the Lord of peace; whose pow'r a scep - ter sways
 4. Crown him the Lord of years, the Po - ten - tate of time;

hark! how the heav'n - ly an - them drowns all mu - sic but its own:
 rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, in beau - ty glo - ri - fied:
 from pole to pole, that wars may cease, ab - sorbed in prayer and praise:
 Cre - a - tor of the roll - ing spheres, in - ef - fa - bly sub - lime:

a - wake, my soul, and sing of him who died for thee,
 no an - gel in the sky can ful - ly bear that sight,
 his reign shall know no end; and round his pierc - ed feet
 all hail, Re - deem - er, hail! for thou hast died for me:

and hail him as thy match - less King through all e - ter - ni - ty.
 but down - ward bends his burn - ing eye at mys - ter - ies so bright.
 fair flow'rs of par - a - dise ex - tend their fra - grance ev - er sweet.
 thy praise shall nev - er, nev - er fail through - out e - ter - ni - ty.

My God, My God, O Why Have You Forsaken Me?

*My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? Why are you so far from saving me,
so far from the words of my groaning? Ps. 22:1*

1. My God, my God, O why have you for - sak - en me? O why
 2. Our fa - thers put their trust in you; from you their res - cue came.
 3. All those who look at me will laugh and cast re - proach at me.
 4. You took me from my moth - er's womb to safe - ty at the breast.

are you so far from giv - ing help and from my groan - ing cry?
 They begged you and you set them free; they were not put to shame.
 Their mouths they o - pen wide; they wag their heads in mock - er - y:
 Since birth when I was cast on you, in you, my God, I rest.

By day and night, my God, I call; your an - swer still de - lays.
 But as for me, I am a worm and not a man at all.
 "The Lord was his re - li - ance once; now see what God will send.
 When I pro - claim my praise of you, then all the church will hear,

And yet you are the Ho - ly One who dwells in Is - rael's praise.
 To men I am de - spised and base; their scorn - ings on me fall.
 Yes, let God rise and set him free, this man that was his friend."
 and I will pay my vows in full where men hold him in fear.

Yet Not I But Through Christ In Me

Johnny Robinson, Rich Thompson, Michael Farren



1. What gift of grace is Je-sus, my Re-deem-er. There is no more for heav-en now to
 2. The night is dark, but I am not for - sak - en, for by my side the Sav-ior, He will
 3. No fate I dread, I know I am for - giv - en, the fu-ture sure, the price, it has been
 4. With ev - 'ry breath I long to fol-low Je - sus, for He has said that He will bring me



give. He is my joy, my right - eous - ness and free - dom, my stead - fast
 stay. I lab - or on in weak - ness and re - joic - ing, for in my
 paid. For Je - sus bled and suf - fered for my par - don, and He was
 home. And day by day I know He will re - new me un - til I



love, my deep and bound - less peace. To this I hold: my hope is on - ly
 need, His pow - er is dis - played. To this I hold; my Shep - herd will de-
 raised to ov - er - throw the grave. To this I hold: my sin has been de-
 stand with joy be - fore the throne. To this I hold; my hope is on - ly



Je - sus. For my life is whol-ly bound to His. Oh how strange and di - vine, I can
 - fend me. Through the deep-est val-ley He will lead. Oh the night has been won, and I
 - feat - ed. Je - sus now, and ev - er, is my plea. Oh the chains are re-leased, I can
 Je - sus. All the glo - ry ev - er-more to Him. when the race is com-plete, still my



sing: all is mine! Yet not I, but through Christ in me.
 shall o - ver-come! Yet not I, but through Christ in me.
 sing: I am free! Yet not I, but through Christ in me.
 lips shall re - peat; Yet not I, but through Christ in me.