

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 through all eternity.

Crown him the Lord of life, who triumphed o'er 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 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 paradise extend their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown him the Lord of love; behold his hands and side,
those wounds, yet visible above, in beauty glorified.
All hail, Redeemer, hail! For thou has died for me;
thy praise and glory shall not fail throughout eternity.

Near to the Heart of God

There is a place of quite rest, near to the heart of God;
A place where sin cannot molest, near to the heart of God.

**O Jesus, blest Redeemer, sent from the heart of God,
Hold us who wait before thee near to the heart of God.**

There is a place of comfort sweet, near to the heart of God;
A place where we our Savior meet, near to the heart of God. **Refrain**

There is a place of full release, near to the heart of God;
A place where all is joy and peace, near to the heart of God. **Refrain**

Praise, My Soul, The King of Heaven

Praise my soul, the King of heaven, to the throne thy tribute bring;
ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven, evermore God's praises sing.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Praise the everlasting King.

Praise the Lord for grace and favor to all the people in distress;
praise God, still the same as ever, slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Glorious now God's faithfulness.

Father-like, God tends and spares us; well our feeble frame God knows;
mother-like, God gently bears us, rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Widely yet God's mercy flows.

Angels in the heights, adoring, you behold God face to face;
saints triumphant, now adoring, gathered in from every race.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Praise with us the God of grace.