

Worship in Song

April 3, 2022

How Rich a Treasure We Possess

How rich a treasure we possess
in Jesus Christ our Lord
His blood our ransom and defense,
his glory our reward
The sum of all created things
are worthless in compare
For our inheritance is Him,
whose praise angels declare

How free and costly was the love
displayed upon the cross
While we were dead in untold sin,
the Sovereign purchased us
The will of God the Father
demonstrated through the Son
The Spirit seals the greatest work,
the work which Christ has done

How vast and measureless the flood
of mercy unrestrained
The penalty was paid in full,
the spotless lamb was slain
Salvation, what a priceless gift,
received by grace through faith
We stand in robes of righteousness,
we stand in Jesus' name

*Yours is the Kingdom
And the power and the glory
Yours is the Kingdom
And the power and the glory
Yours is the Kingdom
And the power and the glory
Amen, Amen, Amen!*

Crown Him with Many Crowns

Crown Him with many crowns
The Lamb upon His throne
Hark! How the heav'ently 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:
Behold His hands and side
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight
But downward bends his wondering eye
At mysteries so bright

Crown Him the Lord of life
Who triumphed o'er 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
Enthroned in worlds above.
Crown Him the King to Whom is Giv'n
The Wondrous Name of Love
Crown Him with many crowns
As thrones before Him fall.
Crown Him ye kings with many crowns
For He is King of all!

Behold Our God

Who has held the oceans in His hands?
Who has numbered every grain of sand?
Kings and nations tremble at His voice
All creation rises to rejoice

*Behold our God seated on His throne
Come, let us adore Him
Behold our King—nothing can compare
Come, let us adore Him*

Who has given counsel to the Lord?
Who can question any of His words?
Who can teach the One who knows all things?
Who can fathom all His wondrous deeds?

Who has felt the nails upon His hands?
Bearing all the guilt of sinful man
God eternal, humbled to the grave
Jesus, Savior, risen now to reign

You will reign forever
Let Your glory fill the earth

There Is a Fountain

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains:
Lose all their guilty stains,
Lose all their guilty stains;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains:

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away:
Wash all my sins away,
Wash all my sins away;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away

Dear dying lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more:
Be saved to sin no more,
Be saved to sin no more;
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die:
And shall be till I die,
And shall be till I die;
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die.