

Crown Him with many crowns, The Lamb upon His throne,  
Hark! How the heav'nly 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 Son of God before the world began,  
And ye, who tread where He hath trod, crown Him the Son of man;  
Who every grief hath known that wrings the human breast,  
And takes and bears them for His own, that all in Him may rest.

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 burning eye at mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of life! Who triumphed o'er the grave,  
Who 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 sceptre sways  
From pole to pole, that wars may cease, absorbed in 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 Years, The Potentate of time  
Creator of the rolling spheres, ineffably sublime.  
All hail Redeemer, hail! For Thou hast died for me;  
Thy praise shall never, never fail, throughout eternity.

All hail the Lamb enthroned on high,  
His praise shall be our battle cry,  
He reigns victorious, for ever glorious,  
His name is Jesus, He is the Lord.

The bitterness of life turned into sweet,  
the day you took my life and turned it upside down.  
The focus of my life, was all of me,  
then You came along and showed a better way.

Your mercies are new every morning,  
my walk with You begins again each day.  
Your Word says - "Forget the former things,  
I'm doing a new thing - don't dwell on the past."

You parted the Red Sea  
You died at Calvary  
You rose to set me free  
Filled my life with hope and peace x2

Let me live in the power of Your Spirit  
and face each day with You at the helm.  
Jehovah Jireh, my Provider, King of Kings,  
Let me serve you wherever I may be.

*Your presence brings me joy  
despite my circumstance  
You never change - You are the same  
Yesterday, today, forever .....*

You parted the Red Sea  
You died at Calvary  
You rose to set me free  
Filled my life with hope and peace x2

May I put - my trust and faith in You,  
all the days I live on this Earth,  
until You take me - Home to live with You,  
forever in peace for all Eternity

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forever in peace eternally

- 1 The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;  
He makes me down to lie  
in pastures green; He leadeth me  
the quiet waters by.
- 2 My soul He doth restore again,  
and me to walk doth make  
within the paths of righteousness,  
e'en for His own name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,  
yet will I fear no ill;  
for Thou art with me, and Thy rod  
and staff me comfort still.
- 4 My table Thou hast furnished  
in presence of my foes;  
my head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
and my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life  
shall surely follow me;  
and in God's house for evermore  
my dwelling-place shall be.

Jehovah Jireh, my provider,  
His grace is sufficient for me, for me, for me.  
Jehovah Jireh, my provider,  
His grace is sufficient for me.  
My God shall supply all my need  
according to His riches in glory;  
He gives His angels charge over me.  
Jehovah Jireh cares for me, for me, for me.  
Jehovah Jireh cares for me.

- 1 Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord;  
unnumbered blessings give my spirit voice;  
tender to me the promise of His word;  
in God my Saviour shall my heart rejoice.
  
- 2 Tell out, my soul, the greatness of His name!  
Make known His might,  
the deeds His arm has done;  
His mercy sure, from age to age the same;  
His Holy name – the Lord, the Mighty One.
  
- 3 Tell out, my soul, the greatness of His might!  
powers and dominions lay their glory by;  
proud hearts ad stubborn wills are put to flight,  
the hungry fed, the humble lifted high.
  
- 4 Tell out, my soul, the glories of His word!  
firm is His promise, and His mercy sure;  
tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord  
to children's children and for evermore!