

- 1 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,
to his feet thy tribute bring ;
ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
who like me his praise should sing ?
Alleluia, alleluia,
praise the everlasting King.
- 2 Praise him for his grace and favour
to our fathers in distress ;
praise him still the same for ever,
slow to chide, and swift to bless :
Alleluia, alleluia,
glorious in his faithfulness.
- 3 Father-like, he tends and spares us,
well our feeble frame he knows ;
in his hands he gently bears us,
rescues us from all our foes :
Alleluia, alleluia,
widely as his mercy flows.
- 4 Frail as summer's flower we flourish ;
blows the wind and it is gone ;
but, while mortals rise and perish,
God endures unchanging on :
Alleluia, alleluia,
praise the high eternal One.
- 5 Angels, help us to adore him ;
ye behold him face to face ;
sun and moon, bow down before him,
dwellers all in time and space :
Alleluia, alleluia,
praise with us the God of grace.

- 1 All heaven declares the glory of the risen Lord.
Who can compare with the beauty of the Lord ?
Forever he will be the Lamb upon the throne ;
I gladly bow the knee and worship him alone.
- 2 I will proclaim the glory of the risen Lord,
who once was slain to reconcile the world to God.
Forever you will be the Lamb upon the throne ;
I gladly bow the knee and worship you alone.

Word that formed creation, earth and sea and sky ;
Word that brings salvation, Word that will not die ;
speak now in us that we might hear your call ;
Living Word of Jesus, sound within us all.

Love that formed and named us, filled this clay with breath ;
Love that seeks and claims us, Love beyond all death ;
come now and fire the life that flows from you ;
Love that raised up Jesus, raise us up anew.

Song of joy and wonder, sound so wild and free ;
voice of wind and thunder, boundless as the sea ;
Music of God, the love that casts out fear ;
Song that sang in Jesus, sing within us here.

God of all creation, form our hearts anew ;
God of our salvation, lead us home to you ;
Spirit, inspire our hearts to hear your call ;
living God of Jesus, come renew us all !

1 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.

2 Crown him the Virgin's Son,
the God incarnate born,
whose arm those crimson trophies won
which now his brow adorn :
Fruit of the mystic Rose,
as of that Rose the Stem ;
the Root whence mercy ever flows,
the Babe of Bethlehem.

3 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.

4 Crown him the Lord of peace,
whose power a sceptre sways
from pole to pole, that wars may cease,
and all be prayer and praise :
his reign shall know no end,
and round his piercèd feet
fair flowers of paradise extend
their fragrance ever sweet.

5 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.