

How Deep the Father's Love for Us #199

How deep the Father's love for us, how vast beyond all measure, that He should give His only Son to make a wretch His treasure. How great the pain of searing loss—the Father turns His face away as wounds which mar the Chosen One bring many sons to glory.

Behold the man upon a cross, my sin upon His shoulders; ashamed, I hear my mocking voice call out among the scoffers. It was my sin that held Him there until it was accomplished; His dying breath has brought me life—I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything, no gifts, no pow'r, no wisdom; but I will boast in Jesus Christ, His death and resurrection. Why should I gain from His reward? I cannot give an answer; but this I know with all my heart—His wounds have paid my ransom.

Look Ye Saints! The Sight is Glorious!

Look, ye saints! The sight is glorious: see the Man of Sorrows now; from the fight returned victorious, every knee to Him shall bow. Crown Him! Crown Him! Crowns become the Victor's brow.

Crown the Savior, angels crown Him; rich the trophies Jesus brings; in the seat of pow'r enthrone Him, while the vault of heaven rings. Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown the Savior King of kings.

Sinners in derision crowned Him, mocking thus the Savior's claim; saints and angels crowd around Him, own His title praise His name. Crown Him! Crown Him! Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

Hark! Those bursts of acclamation! Hark! Those loud triumphant chords! Jesus takes the highest station; O what joy the sight affords! Crown Him! Crown Him! King of kings and Lord of lords!

The Blood of Jesus Speaks for Me #225

The blood of Jesus speaks for me. Be still, my soul—redeeming love out of the dust of Calvary is rising to the throne above. There is no vengeance in His cry, while "It is finished!" fills the sky. Forgiveness is the final plea—the blood of Jesus speaks for me.

My heart can barely take it in, He pardons all my guilty stains. Surrender all my shame to Him, He breaks the curse of every chain. My sin is great, but greater still the boundless grace His heart reveals: a mercy deeper than the sea—the blood of Jesus speaks for me.

When my accuser makes the claim that I should die for my offense, I point him to that rugged frame, where I found life at Christ's expense. See from His hands, His feet, His side, the fountain flowing deep and wide! O hear it shout the victory—the blood of Jesus speaks for me!

O let my soul arise and sing, my confidence is not in vain! The One who fights for me is King; His hope His covenant remain. No condemnation now I dread, eternal hope is mine instead. His Word will stand; I stand redeemed—the blood of Jesus speaks for me!