

Creation Sings the Father's Song #23

Creation sings the Father's song; He calls the sun to wake the dawn and run the course of day till evening falls in crimson rays. His fingerprints in flakes of snow, His breath upon this spinning globe, He charts the eagle's flight, commands the newborn baby's cry. Hallelujah! Let all creation stand and sing, "Hallelujah!" Fill the earth with songs of worship; tell the wonders of creations King.

Creation gazed upon His face; the ageless One in time's embrace unveiled the Father's plan of reconciling God and man. A second Adam walked the earth, whose blameless life would break the curse, whose death would set us free to live with Him eternally. Hallelujah! Let all creation stand and sing, "Hallelujah!" Fill the earth with songs of worship; tell the wonders of creations King.

Creation longs for His return, when Christ shall reign upon the earth; the bitter wars that rage are birth-pains of a coming age. When He renews the land and sky, all heav'n will sing and earth reply with one resplendent theme: the glories of our God and King! Hallelujah! Let all creation stand and sing, "Hallelujah!" Fill the earth with songs of worship; tell the wonders of creations King.

Jesus, Draw Me Ever Nearer #108

Jesus, draw me ever nearer as I labor through the storm. You have called me to this passage, and I'll follow, though I'm worn. May this journey bring a blessing, may I rise on wings of faith; and at the end of my heart's testing, with your likeness let me wake.

Jesus, guide me through the tempest; keep my spirit staid and sure. When the midnight meets the morning, let me love You even more. May this journey bring a blessing, may I rise on wings of faith; and at the end of my heart's testing, with your likeness let me wake.

Let the treasures of the trial form within me as I go; at the end of this long passage, let me leave them at Your throne. May this journey bring a blessing, may I rise on wings of faith; and at the end of my heart's testing, with your likeness let me wake.

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 Victors 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 crown Him, mocking thus the Saviors claim; saints and angels crowed 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!