

See, What a Morning #252

See, what a morning, gloriously bright, with the dawning of hope in Jerusalem; folded the grave clothes, tomb filled with light, as the angels announce “Christ is risen!” See God’s salvation plan, wrought in love, borne in pain, paid in sacrifice, fulfilled in Christ the Man, for He lives—Christ is risen from the dead!

See Mary weeping, “Where is He laid?” as in sorrow she turns from the empty tomb.

Hears a voice speaking, calling her name; it’s the Master, the Lord, raised to life again! The voice that spans the years; speaking life, stirring hope, bringing peace to us, will sound till He appears, for He lives—Christ is risen from the dead!

One with the Father, Ancient of Days, through the Spirit who clothes faith with certainty. Honor and blessing, glory and praise to the King crowned with power and authority. And we are raised with Him: Death is dead; love has won; Christ has conquered; and we shall reign with Him, for He lives—Christ is risen from the dead!

His Mercy is More #221

What love could remember no wrongs we have done? Omniscient all knowing He counts not their sum. Thrown into a sea without bottom or shore. Our sins they are many His mercy is more. Praise the Lord, His mercy is more. Stronger than darkness, new every morn; our sins, they are many—His mercy is more.

What patience would wait as we constantly roam? What Father so tender is calling us home? He welcomes the weakest, the vilest, the poor. Our sins they are many His mercy is more. Praise the Lord, His mercy is more. Stronger than darkness, new every morn; our sins, they are many—His mercy is more.

What riches of kindness He lavished on us. His blood was the payment, His life was the cost. We stood ‘neath a debt we could never afford. Our sins they are many His mercy is more. Praise the Lord, His mercy is more. Stronger than darkness, new every morn; our sins, they are many—His mercy is more.

Before the Throne of God Above #230

Before the throne of God above I have a strong and perfect plea, a great High Priest whose name is “Love.” Who ever lives and pleads for me. My name is graven on His hands; my name is written on His heart; I know that while in heav’n He stands, no tongue can bid me thence depart; no tongue can bid me thence depart.

When Satan tempts me to despair, and tells me of the guilt within, upward I look and see Him there who made an end to all my sin. Because the sinless Savior died, my sinful soul is counted free; for God the Just is satisfied to look on Him and pardon me; to look on Him and pardon me.

Behold Him there, the risen Lamb! My perfect, spotless Righteousness; the great unchangeable I AM, the King of glory and of grace! One with Himself I cannot die; my soul is purchased with His blood; my life is hid with Christ on high, with Christ my Savior and my God; with Christ my Savior and my God!