

Praise, My Soul, The King of Heaven

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Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
To his feet your tribute bring.
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore his praises sing.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King!

Praise him for his grace and favor
To our fathers in distress.
Praise him, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Glorious in his faithfulness!

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.

Angels in the height, adore Him;
Ye behold him face to face.
Saints triumphant, bow before Him;
Gathered in from every race.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace!

I Will Sing of My Redeemer

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I will sing of my Redeemer,
And His wondrous love to me;
On the cruel cross He suffered,
From the curse to set me free.

Chorus: Sing, oh, sing of my Redeemer,
With His blood He purchased me;
On the cross He sealed my pardon,
Paid the debt, and made me free.

I will tell the wondrous story,
How my lost estate to save,
In His boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.

I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant pow'r I'll tell,
How the victory He giveth
Over sin, and death, and hell.

I will sing of my Redeemer,
And His heav'nly love for me;
He from death to life hath brought me,
Son of God with Him to be.

The Power of the Cross

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Oh, to see the dawn of the darkest day:
Christ on the road to Calvary.
Tried by sinful men, torn and beaten, then
Nailed to a cross of wood.

Chorus: This, the pow'r of the cross:
 Christ became sin for us;
 Took the blame, bore the wrath—
 We stand forgiven at the cross.

Oh, to see the pain written on Your face,
Bearing the awesome weight of sin.
Ev'ry bitter thought, ev'ry evil deed
Crowning Your bloodstained brow.

Now the daylight flees; now the ground beneath
Quakes as its Maker bows His head.
Curtain torn in two, dead are raised to life;
"Finished!" the vict'ry cry.

Oh, to see my name written in the wounds,
For through Your suffering I am free.
Death is crushed to death; life is mine to live,
Won through Your selfless love.

Final chorus: This, the pow'r of the cross:
 Son of God—slain for us.
 What a love! What a cost!
 We stand forgiven at the cross.

I Will Glory in My Redeemer

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I will glory in my Redeemer
Whose priceless blood has ransomed me
Mine was the sin that drove the bitter nails
And hung Him on that judgment tree
I will glory in my Redeemer
Who crushed the power of sin and death
My only Savior before the holy Judge
The Lamb who is my righteousness
The Lamb who is my righteousness

I will glory in my Redeemer
My life He bought, my love He owns
I have no longings for another
I'm satisfied in Him alone
I will glory in my Redeemer
His faithfulness my standing place
Though foes are mighty and rush upon me
My feet are firm, held by His grace
My feet are firm, held by His grace

I will glory in my Redeemer
Who carries me on eagles' wings
He crowns my life with loving kindness
His triumph song I'll ever sing
I will glory in my Redeemer
Who waits for me at gates of gold
And when He calls me, it will be paradise
His face forever to behold
His face forever to behold