

+ Third Sunday of Easter +

May 04, 2025

525 CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS



1 Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2 Crown Him the vir - gin's Son, The God in - car - nate born,
3 Crown Him the Lord of love. Be - hold His hands and side,
4 Crown Him the Lord of life, Who tri - umphed o'er the grave
5 Crown Him the Lord of heav'n, En - throned in worlds a - bove,



Hark how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own.
Whose arm those crim-son tro - phies won Which now His brow a-dorn:
Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied.
And rose vic - to - rious in the strife For those He came to save.
Crown Him the king to whom is giv'n The won-drous name of Love.



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee, And
Fruit of the mys - tic rose, Yet of that rose the stem, The
No an - gels in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight, But
His glo - ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high, Who
Crown Him with man - y crowns As thrones be - fore Him fall; Crown



hail Him as thy match-less king Through all e - ter - ni - ty.
root whence mer - cy ev - er flows, The babe of Beth - le - hem.
down-ward bend their won-d'ring eyes At mys - ter - ies so bright.
died e - ter - nal life to bring And lives that death may die.
Him, ye kings, with man - y crowns, For He is king of all.

Text (sts. 1-3, 5): Matthew Bridges, 1800-94, alt.; (st. 4): Godfrey Thring, 1823-1903
Tune: George J. Elvey, 1816-93
Text and tune: Public domain

483 WITH HIGH DELIGHT LET US UNITE



1 With high de-light Let us u - nite In songs of great
 2 True God, He first From death has burst Forth in - to life,
 3 Let prais-es ring; Give thanks, and bring To Christ our Lord



ju - bi - la - tion. Ye pure in heart, All bear your part,
 all sub-du - ing. His en - e - my Doth van-quished lie;
 ad - o - ra - tion. His hon - or speed By word and deed



Sing Je - sus Christ, our sal - va - tion. To set us
 His death has been death's un - do - ing. "And yours shall
 To ev - 'ry land, ev - 'ry na - tion. So shall His



free For - ev - er, He Is ris'n and sends To all earth's
 be Like vic - to - ry O'er death and grave," Saith He, who
 love Give us a - bove, From mis - er - y And death set



ends Good news to save ev - 'ry na - tion.
 gave His life for us, life re - new - ing.
 free, All joy and full con - so - la - tion.

Text: Georg Vetter, 1536-99; tr. Martin H. Franzmann, 1907-76

Tune: Cinquante Pseaumes, 1543, Geneva

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Tune: Public domain

818 IN THEE IS GLADNESS

1 In Thee is glad - ness A - mid all sad - ness, Je - sus,
 2 Since He is ours, We fear no pow - ers, Not of
 sun - shine of my heart. By Thee are giv - en The gifts of
 earth nor sin nor death. He sees and bless - es In worst dis -
 heav - en, Thou the true Re - deem - er art. Our souls Thou
 tress - es; He can change them with a breath. Where - fore the
 wak - est, Our bonds Thou break - est; Who trusts Thee sure - ly Has built se -
 sto - ry Tell of His glo - ry With hearts and voic - es; All heav'n re -
 cure - ly; He stands for - ev - er: Al - le - lu - ia! Our hearts are
 joic - es In Him for - ev - er: Al - le - lu - ia! We shout for
 pin - ing To see Thy shin - ing, Dy - ing or liv - ing
 glad - ness, Tri - umph o'er sad - ness, Love Him and praise Him
 To Thee are cleav - ing; Naught can us sev - er: Al - le - lu - ia!
 And still shall raise Him Glad hymns for - ev - er: Al - le - lu - ia!

Text: Johann Lindemann, 1549–1631; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, alt.
 Tune: Giovanni Giacomo Gastoldi, c. 1556–c. 1622
 Text and tune: Public domain

611 CHIEF OF SINNERS THOUGH I BE



1 Chief of sin - ners though I be, Je - sus shed His
 2 Oh, the height of Je - sus' love, High - er than the
 3 On - ly Je - sus can im - part Balm to heal the
 4 Chief of sin - ners though I be, Christ is all in
 5 O my Sav - ior, help af - ford By Your Spir - it



blood for me, Died that I might live on high,
 heav'ns a - bove, Deep - er than the depths of sea,
 wound - ed heart, Peace that flows from sin for - giv'n,
 all to me; All my wants to Him are known,
 and Your Word! When my way - ward heart would stray,



Lives that I might nev - er die. As the branch is
 Last - ing as e - ter - ni - ty! Love that found me—
 Joy that lifts the soul to heav'n, Faith and hope to
 All my sor - rows are His own. He sus - tains the
 Keep me in the nar - row way; Grace in time of



to the vine, I am His, and He is mine.
 won - drous thought! Found me when I sought Him not.
 walk with God In the way that E - noch trod.
 hid - den life Safe with Him from earth - ly strife.
 need sup - ply While I live and when I die.

Text: William McComb, 1793–1873, alt.
 Tune: Richard Redhead, 1820–1901
 Text and tune: Public domain

465 NOW ALL THE VAULT OF HEAVEN RESOUNDS

1 Now all the vault of heav'n re - sounds In
 2 E - ter - nal is the gift He brings, There -
 3 O fill us, Lord, with daunt - less love; Set
 △ 4 A - dor - ing prais - es now we bring And

praise of love that still a - bounds: "Christ has tri - umphed!
 fore our heart with rap - ture sings: "Christ has tri - umphed!
 heart and will on things a - bove That we con - quer
 with the heav'n - ly bless - ed sing: "Christ has tri - umphed!

He is liv - ing!" Sing, choirs of an - gels, loud and
 He is liv - ing!" Now still He comes to give us
 through Your tri - umph; Grant grace suf - fi - cient for life's
 Al - le - lu - ia!" Be to the Fa - ther and our

clear! Re - peat their song of glo - ry
 life And by His pres - ence stills all
 day That by our lives we tru - ly
 Lord, To Spir - it blest, most ho - ly

here: "Christ has tri - umphed! Christ has tri - umphed!"
 strife. Christ has tri - umphed! He is liv - ing!
 say: "Christ has tri - umphed! He is liv - ing!"
 God, All the glo - ry, nev - er end - ing!

Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!

Text: Paul Z. Strodach, 1876-1947, alt.
 Tune: Geistliche Kirchengesäng, 1623, Köln
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