
See, what a morning

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;
honour 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!

Nothing but the blood

What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Oh, precious is the flow,
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

For my pardon this I see,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
For my cleansing this my plea,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Oh, precious is the flow,
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Oh, precious is the flow,
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

This is all my hope and peace,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
This is all my righteousness,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Oh, precious is the flow,
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

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 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

In Christ alone

In Christ alone my hope is found;
He is my light, my strength, my song;
This cornerstone, this solid ground,
Firm through the fiercest drought and storm.
What heights of love, what depths of peace,
When fears are stilled, when strivings cease!
My comforter, my all in all—
Here in the love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone, Who took on flesh,
Fullness of God in helpless babe!
This gift of love and righteousness,
Scorned by the ones He came to save.
Till on that cross as Jesus died,
The wrath of God was satisfied;
For ev'ry sin on Him was laid—
Here in the death of Christ I live.

There in the ground His body lay,
Light of the world by darkness slain;
Then bursting forth in glorious day,
Up from the grave He rose again!
And as He stands in victory,
Sin's curse has lost its grip on me;
For I am His and He is mine—
Bought with the precious blood of Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death—
This is the pow'r of Christ in me;
From life's first cry to final breath,
Jesus commands my destiny.
No pow'r of hell, no scheme of man,
Can ever pluck me from His hand;
Till He returns or calls me home—
Here in the pow'r of Christ I'll stand.