

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

CORONATION

How Deep the Father's Love For Us

How deep the Father's love for us,
 How vast beyond all measure
 That He should give His only Son
 To make a wretch His treasure.
 How great the pain of searing loss.
 The Father turns His face away
 As wounds which mar the Chosen One
 Bring many sons to glory.

Behold the Man upon the cross,
 My sin upon His shoulders.
 Ashamed I hear my mocking voice
 Call out among the scoffers.
 It was my sin that held Him there
 Until it was accomplished:
 His dying breath has brought me life.
 I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything:
 no gifts, no pow'r, no wisdom.
 But I will boast in Jesus Christ:
 His death and resurrection.
 Why should I gain from His reward?
 I cannot give an answer.
 But this I know with all my heart:
 His wounds have paid my ransom.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, ye ran - somed from the
 3. Crown Him, ye mar - tyrs of your God, who from His al - tar
 4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe on this ter - res - trial
 5. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng we at His feet may

fall; bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, and
 fall, hail Him who saves you by His grace, and
 call; ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, and
 ball to Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, and
 fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, and

crown Him Lord of all! Bring forth the roy - al
 crown Him Lord of all! Hail Him who saves you
 crown Him Lord of all! Ex - tol the stem of
 crown Him Lord of all! To Him all maj - es -
 crown Him Lord of all! We'll join the ev - er -

di - a - dem, and crown Him Lord of all!
 by His grace, and crown Him Lord of all!
 Jes - se's rod, and crown Him Lord of all!
 ty as - crite, and crown Him Lord of all!
 last - ing song, and crown Him Lord of all!

WORDS: Edward Perronet, 1780; alt. John Rippon, 1787

MUSIC: Oliver Holden, 1793

CM

When He Cometh

William Orcutt Cushing, 1856

George Frederick Root

♩ = 112

1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up His jew - els, All His
 2. He will ga - ther, He will ga - ther The gems for His king - dom; All the
 3. Lit - tle child-ren, lit - tle child-ren, Who love their Re - deem-er, Are the

Refrain

jew - els, pre - cious jew - els, His loved and His own.
 pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own. Like the stars of the
 jew - els, pre - cious jew - els, His loved and His own.

morn - ing, His bright - ness a - dorn - ing, They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright

gems for His crown.

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My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less

1 My hope is built on noth - ing less than Je - sus' blood and
 2 When dark - ness veils his love - ly face, I rest on his un -
 3 His oath, his co - ve - nant, his blood, sup - port me in the
 4 When he shall come with trum - pet sound, O may I then in

right - eous - ness: I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, but
 chang - ing grace; in ev - ery high and stor - my gale, my
 whelm - ing flood; when all a - round my soul gives way, he
 him be found: dressed in his right - eous - ness a - lone, fault -

Refrain

whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.
 an - chor holds with - in the veil. On Christ, the so - lid Rock, I stand: all
 then is all my hope and stay.
 less to stand be - fore the throne.

o - ther ground is sin - king sand; all o - ther ground is sin - king sand.

Text: Edward Mote (1797-1874)
 Tune: William B. Bradbury (1816-1868)



LM Refrain
 SOLID ROCK
www.hymnary.org/text/my_hope_is_built_on_nothing_less

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