

Crown Him with Many Crowns

Crown him with many crowns, the Lamb upon his throne;
Hark, how the heav'nly trophies won which now his brow adorn;
Awake, my soul, and sing of him who died for thee,
And hail him as thy matchless king through all eternity.

Come to the Table

We all start on the outside, the outside looking in.
This is where grace begins.
We were hungry, we were thirsty with nothing left to give.
Oh, the shape that we were in.

And just when all hope seemed lost,
Love opened the door for us.

He said, 'Come to the table.
Come join the sinners who have been redeemed.
Take your place beside the Savior.
Sit down and be set free.
Come to the table.'

Sit down and be set free.
Come to the table.