

There is a Redeemer Jesus, God's own Son,
precious Lamb of God, Messiah, Holy One.

Thank you, O my Father, for giving us your
Son,
and leaving your Spirit till the work on earth is
done

2. Jesus , my Redeemer, Name above all
names,
precious Lamb of God, Messiah, O for sinners
slain.

Thank you...

3. When I stand in Glory, I will see his face,
and there I'll serve my King for ever, in that
holy place.

Thank you...

Melody Green, based on Scripture © Birdwing music/BMG Songs
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All heav'n declares

the glory of the risen Lord.
Who can compare with the beauty
of the Lord?
Forever he will be
the Lamb upon
the throne.
I gladly bow the knee
and worship him alone
I will proclaim the glory of the risen Lord.
Who once was slain
to reconcile us to God.
For ever you will be
the Lamb upon the throne.
I gladly bow the knee
and worship you alone.

I danced in the morning

when the world was begun,
and I danced in the moon and the
stars and the sun,
and I came down from heaven and I
danced on the earth,
at Bethlehem I had my birth.

Dance, then, wherever you may be,
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he,
and I'll lead you all, wherever you
may be,
and I'll lead you all in the dance
said he.

I danced for the scribe and the Pharisee,
but they would not dance and they
wouldn't follow me.

I danced for the fisherman, for James
and John –
They came with me and the dance
went on.

I danced on the Sabbath and I cured
the lame;
the holy people said it was a shame.
They whipped and they stripped and
they hung me on high,
and they left me there on a cross to die.

I danced on a Friday when the sky
turned black –
It's hard to dance with the devil on
your back
They buried my body, and they thought I'd
gone,
but I am the dance, and I still go on.

They cut me down and I leapt up high;
I am the life that'll never, never die;
I'll live in you if you'll live in me –
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he.

A brighter dawn is breaking

And earth with praise is waking;
For Thou, O King, most highest,
The power of death defiest.

And Thou hast come victorious,
With risen body glorious,
Who now forever livest,
And life abundant givest.

O free the world from blindness,
And fill the world with kindness,
Give sinners resurrection,
Bring striving to perfection.

In sickness give us healing,
In doubt Thy clear revealing,
That praise to Thee be given
In earth as in Thy Heaven.

Lyrics by Percy Dearmer (1867 – 1936). Public Domain.