

awake, my soul, and sing of him who died for thee,  
and hail him as thy matchless King through all eternity.

Crown him the Virgin's Son, the God incarnate born,  
whose arm those crimson trophies won, which now his brow adorn;  
fruit of the mystic rose, as of that rose the stem,  
the root, whence mercy ever flows, the babe of Bethlehem.

Crown him the Lord of love, behold his hands and side,  
rich wounds, yet visible above, in beauty glorified;  
no angel in the sky can fully bear that sight,  
but downward bends his burning eye at mysteries so bright.

Crown him the Lord of peace, whose power a sceptre sways,  
from pole to pole, that wars may cease, absorbed in prayer and praise:  
his reign shall know no end, and round his pierced feet  
fair flowers of Paradise extend their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown him the Lord of heaven, one with the Father known,  
and the blest Spirit through him given from yonder triune throne;  
all hail, Redeemer, hail, for thou hast died for me;  
thy praise shall never, never fail throughout eternity.

**Preparation of the Gifts: The Servant King** [Graham Kendrick © 1983 Kingsway's  
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From heaven you came, helpless babe, entered our world, your glory veiled,  
not to be served but to serve, and give your life that we might live.

***This is our God, the Servant King. He calls us now to follow Him,  
to bring our lives as a daily offering of worship to the Servant King.***

There in the garden of tears my heavy load He chose to bear;  
His heart with sorrow was torn, 'Yet not my will but yours,' He said.

Come see His hands and His feet, the scars that speak of sacrifice,  
hands that flung stars into space to cruel nails surrendered.

So let us learn how to serve, and in our lives enthrone Him.