

Your's Is The Glory

You came down to a world in sin
from heav'nly origin.
Your Father sent You down to save,
His only Son He gave.
Religious leaders paid no heed,
the world was overcome by greed.
But in obedience to His will,
sins You forgave and cured the ill.
You served them all,
the people, great and small.

People responded far and wide,
but then You did collide
with temple leaders and their kind,
their status in a bind.
To them You were a real threat
and soon their prideful minds were set.
You were tried by the Sanhedrin,
the only man who did not sin.
They used the State,
a cross became Your fate.

Although the State did not find fault,
they still did Him assault.
The people He had served so well,
now "crucify Him" yell.
His back was lashed, a crown of thorns,
a mocking robe and mocking scorns,
behold ye all, here is your King,
the people: "crucify!" shouting.
There on that hill
His life blood they did spill.

Your 's is the glory, Your 's alone,
Jesus, now on Your throne.
The grave could never hold You down,
Your cross gave You a crown.
You, Lord, Our Saviour, are our King,
ready Your foll'wers home to bring.
You promised to return one day,
forever then with us to stay.
Praise be Your Name,
for us to earth You came.

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