

Honour To Your Holy Name

Golden harps are softly playing,
incense fragrance fills the air.
Lovely harmonies, unceasing,
float the firmament up there.
Hallelujah, He is risen,
praise the Father, praise the Son.

Angel voices join the music,
other voices swell the ranks.
The whole gath'ring sings rhapsodic,
singing praises with great thanks.
Hallelujah, He is risen,
praise the Father, praise the Son.

Why is ev'rybody singing,
who's deserving all this praise?
Why are they this tribute bringing,
jubilant their voices raise?
Hallelujah, He is risen,
praise the Father, praise the Son.

All are here their tribute bringing
to the Lamb for sinners slain.
That is why the glorious singing,
Holy is their Saviour's Name.
Hallelujah, Lamb of God,
Who us with Your blood have bought.

Worthy is the Lamb to obtain
might and riches, wisdom, fame,
strength and glory, every gain,
honour to Your Holy Name.
Hallelujah, You will reign,
once the Lamb for sinners slain.

Oh to have the love of Jesus,
Lord of lords and King of kings,
who laid down His life so precious,
and eternal life us brings.
Hallelujah, praise the Lamb,
Who for us to earth did come.

Based on a hymn by Johannes de Heer.
English text, a paraphrase in part: Adrian Vermeulen-Miller.