

There is a higher throne
Than all this world has known
Where faithful ones from every tongue
Will one day come
Before the Son we'll stand
Made faultless through the Lamb
Believing hearts find promised grace
Salvation comes

Hear heaven's voices sing
Their thunderous anthem rings
Through emerald courts and sapphire skies
Their praises rise

All glory, wisdom, power
Strength, thanks and honor are
To God our King who reigns on high
Forevermore

And there we'll find our home
Our life before the throne
We'll honor Him in perfect song
Where we belong
He'll wipe each tear-stained eye
As thirst and hunger die
The Lamb comes as our Shepherd King
We'll reign with him.

Source: [Musixmatch](#)

Songwriters: Keith Getty / Kristyn Lennox Getty
There Is a Higher Throne lyrics © Thank You Music Ltd.



1 Crown him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on his
 2 Crown him the Lord of love— Be - hold his hands and
 3 Crown him the Lord of life, Who tri - umphed o'er the
 4 Crown him the Lord of heav'n, En - throned in worlds a -



throne; Hark how the heav'n - ly an - them drowns All
 side, Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In
 grave And rose vic - to - rious in the strife For
 bove; Crown him the King to whom is giv'n The



mu - sic but its own. A - wake, my soul, and
 beau - ty glo - ri - fied. No an - gel in the
 those he came to save. His glo - ries now we
 won - drous name of Love. Crown him with man - y



sing Of him who died for thee, And hail him
 sky Can ful - ly bear that sight, But down - ward
 sing Who died and rose on high, Who died e -
 crowns As thrones be - fore him fall; Crown him, ye



as thy match-less King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.
 bends his won-d'ring eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
 ter - nal life to bring And lives that death may die.
 kings, with man - y crowns For he is King of all.

Text: Matthew Bridges, 1800–94, st. 1-2, 4, abr., alt.; Godfrey Thring, 1823–1903, st. 3.

Tune: DIADEMATA (SM D) George J. Elvey, 1816–93.



1 "Wake, a - wake, for night is fly - ing,"
 2 Zi - on hears the watch - men sing - ing,
 3 Now let all the heav'ns a - dore you;



The watch-men on the heights are cry - ing, "A - wake, Je -
 And all her heart with joy is spring-ing; She wakes, she
 Let saints and an - gels sing be - fore you With harp and



ru - sa - lem, a - rise!" Mid - night hears the
 ris - es from her gloom, For her Lord comes
 cym - bal's clear - est tone. Of one pearl each



wel - come voic - es And at the thrill - ing
 down all - glo - rious, The strong in grace, in
 shin - ing por - tal, Where, dwell - ing with the



cry re - joic - es: "Oh, where are all you vir - gins wise?
 truth vic - to - rious; Her Star is ris'n, her Light is come.
 choir im - mor - tal, We gath - er round your ra - diant throne.



The Bride - groom comes— a - wake! Your lamps with
 "Now come, O Bless - ed One, Christ Je - sus,
 No vi - sion ev - er brought, No ear has



glad - ness take! Al - le - lu - ia! With bri - dal care
 God's own Son. Hail! Ho - san - na! The joy - ful call
 ev - er caught Such great glo - ry; There - fore will we



Your-selves pre - pare To meet the Bride-groom who is near."
 We an - swer all And fol - low to the wed - ding hall."
 In vic - to - ry Sing hymns of praise e - ter - nal - ly.



1 Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With
 2 Oh, sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The
 3 The Christ is ev - er with them; The



milk and hon - ey blest— The sight of it re -
 home of God's e - lect! Oh, sweet and bless - ed
 day - light is se - rene. The pas - tures of the



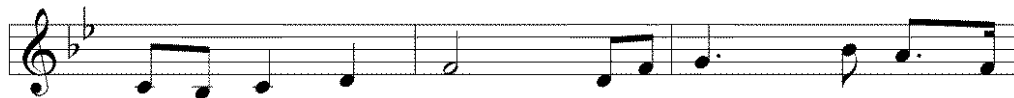
fresh - es The wea - ry and op - pressed: I
 coun - try That ea - ger hearts ex - pect, Where
 bless - ed Are ev - er rich and green. There



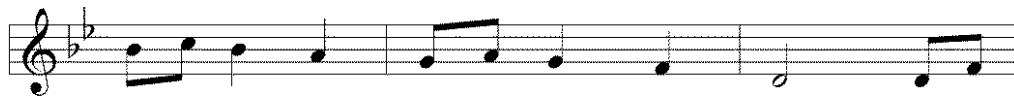
know not, oh, I know not What joys a - wait us
 they who with their lead - er Have con - quered in the
 is the throne of Da - vid; And there from care re -



there, What ra - dian-cy of glo - ry, What
 fight For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are
 leased, The shout of them that tri - umph, The



bliss be - yond com - pare: To sing the hymn un -
 clad in robes of white. Je - sus in mer - cy
 song of them that feast. To God en - throned in



end - ing With all the mar - tyr throng, A -
 bring us To that dear land of rest Where
 glo - ry The Church's voic - es blend, The



midst the halls of Zi - on Re - sound - ing full with song.
 sings the host of heav - en Your glo - rious name to bless.
 Lamb for - ev - er bless - ed, The Light that knows no end.

This twelfth century hymn, first conceived by Bernard of Cluny, depicts an idyllic, heavenly scene. The hymn is gloriously set to the English folk tune THAXTED.



1 The head that once was crowned with thorns Is
 2 The high - est place that heav'n af - fords Is
 3 The joy of all who dwell a - bove, The
 4 To them the cross, with all its shame, With
 5 They suf - fer with their Lord be - low; They



crowned with glo - ry now; A roy - al di - a -
 his, is his by right, The King of kings and
 joy of all be - low To whom he man - i -
 all its grace, is giv'n; Their name, an ev - er -
 reign with him a - bove, Their pro - fit and their



dem a - dorns The might - y vic - tor's brow.
 Lord of lords And heav'n's e - ter - nal light,
 feasts his love And grants his name to know.
 last - ing name; Their joy, the joy of heav'n.
 joy, to know The myst - 'ry of his love.

6 The cross he bore is life and health,
 Though shame and death to him;
 His people's hope, his people's wealth,
 Their everlasting theme.

Text: Thomas Kelly, 1769–1855.

Tune: ST. MAGNUS (CM) Jeremiah Clarke, c. 1674–1707.