

## Hail the King

Hail the King—our Lord, our God!  
Hallelujah, Lord, praised be your Holy Name!  
You bore our grief,  
and You carried our sorrows.  
You were beaten and spat upon.  
Nails they put through  
Your hands and feet,  
and a lance was thrust in Your side.  
Your blood You shed that we might live.  
Your life You gave for our redemption.  
Your resurrection is new life for us.  
Praise shall come from our mouths  
as we proclaim,  
“You, King, are our Lord, our God!”

## You Died On a Cross For Me

You died on a cross for me.  
You redeemed me  
and saved me from damnation.

You died on a cross for me.  
You stretched Your arms  
that I might live in peace and harmony  
with my brothers and sisters.

You died on a cross for me  
so that one day I'd come to You  
to be with You through eternity.

Glory, Hallelujah!  
Joy has taken over my sorrow,  
for I have been redeemed!

You died on a cross for me.

## Hold Our Hands

Father in heaven, You sent us Your Son  
to redeem us.  
You loved us so much,  
You sent Your Son to be crucified.  
He drank of the cup.  
Oh! What a black cup,  
that our sins would be forgiven.  
We thank You for our brother Jesus  
who laid down His life for us.  
Show us the way to Your Kingdom,  
and help us to walk the road to You.  
Hold our hands and calm us.  
Shine Your light and guide us.  
Father, as children we come to You.  
Caress us with love.  
Shower us with peace.  
Fill us with joy.  
Father in heaven, we love You  
now and forever.  
Amen

# HAIL THE KING

## Two Thousand Years Ago

### You Redeemed Us

On the cross they nailed You, Lord.  
On the cross, You died for us.  
On the cross, You saved us.

On the cross, You proved Your love.  
On the cross, You forgave us our sins.  
On the cross, You justified us.

On the cross, a crown of thorns You wore.  
On the cross, You gave us hope.  
On the cross, You redeemed us.

On a cross I hung  
two thousand years ago.  
I died for everyone's sins.  
I died that you might live—  
live in eternity with Me.  
My heart was broken because of sin.  
Thirty-nine stripes I bore.  
Because I love you so much,  
I did not say a word.  
You spat at Me and hit Me,  
but even then I loved you.  
From the dead I rose,  
and now I sit at the right hand of the Father.  
On a cross I hung  
two thousand years ago,  
and now you are redeemed.

Meditational writings of the season for those  
experiencing the death and resurrection of  
the King.

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