

## **Who will call Him King of kings**

In cold despair they'd laid Him in the tomb;  
The body of their Master fair.  
Third morning came as they returned to pray,  
Light was shining every where,  
And Jesus body was not there,  
And as they gazed at an empty grave  
The earth around began to shake  
And they were so afraid.  
But voices of angels filled the air  
Their shouts proclaimed "He is not there"  
And you could hear them say:

Who will call Him King of kings,  
And who will call Him Lord of Lords?  
Who will call Him Prince of Peace,  
Such a wonderful Counselor,  
Mighty God.  
Who will Call Him King?

Their spirits soared as fear was turned to joy;  
Standing there before their eyes,  
Jesus clothed in radiant white.  
And with a voice they'd heard before,  
He told the, "Go and tell the world that I'm alive.  
They ran as fast as feet could fly  
"The Lord is risen" was their cry.  
And you could hear them say:

We will call Him King of kings,  
And we will call Him Lord of Lords?  
We will call Him Prince of Peace,  
Such a wonderful Counselor,  
Mighty God.  
We will Call Him King?

Just like He said.  
He's risen from the dead.  
And the people say

We will call Him King of kings,  
And we will call Him Lord of Lords?  
We will call Him Prince of Peace,  
Such a wonderful Counselor,  
Mighty God.  
We will Call Him King?

