

## Hymns and Songs – Sunday 13<sup>th</sup> September, 2020

**Jesus! the name high over all,**  
In hell, or earth, or sky;  
Angels and men before it fall,  
And devils fear and fly,  
And devils fear and fly.

Jesus! The name to sinners dear,  
The name to sinners given;  
It scatters all their guilty fear,  
It turn their hell to heaven,  
It turns their hell to heaven.

Jesus! The prisoners' fetters breaks,  
And bruises Satan's head;  
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,  
And life into the dead,  
And life into the dead.

O that the world might taste and see  
The riches of His grace!  
The arms of love that compass me  
Would all mankind embrace,  
Would al mankind embrace.

His only righteousness I show,  
His saving grace proclaim;  
'Tis all my business here below  
To cry: "Behold the Lamb!"  
To cry: "Behold the Lamb!"

Happy if with my latest breath  
I might but gasp His name;  
Preach Him to all, and cry in death:  
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"  
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

**Rejoice, the Lord is King!**  
Your Lord and King adore;  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph ever more:

*Lift up your heart, lift up your  
voice;  
Rejoice! Again I say: rejoice!*

Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love;  
When He had purged our stains,  
He took His seat above:

His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heaven;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus given:

He sits at God's right hand  
Till all His foes submit,  
And bow to His command,  
And fall beneath His feet:

Rejoice in glorious hope;  
Jesus the Judge shall come,  
And take His servants up  
To their eternal home:

*We soon shall hear the  
archangel's voice;  
The trump of God shall sound:  
rejoice!*

**From heaven you came, helpless babe,**  
Entered our world, Your glory veiled;  
Not to be served but to serve,  
And give Your life that we might live.

*This is our God, the Servant King,  
He calls us now to follow Him,  
To bring our lives as a daily offering  
Of worship to the Servant King.*

There in the garden of tears,  
My heavy load He chose to bear;  
His heart with sorrow was torn,  
"Yet not my will but Yours," He said.

Come see His hands and His feet,  
The scars that speak of sacrifice;  
Hands that flung stars into space  
To cruel nails surrendered.

So let us learn how to serve,  
And in our lives enthrone Him;  
Each other's needs to prefer,  
For it is Christ we're serving.