

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

### **On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry**

Announces that the Lord is nigh;  
Awake, and hearken, for he brings  
Glad tidings of the King of kings.

Then cleansed be every breast from sin;  
Make straight the way for God within;  
Prepare we in our hearts a home,  
Where such a mighty guest may come.

For thou art our salvation, Lord,  
Our refuge, and our great reward;  
Without thy grace we waste away,  
Like flowers that wither and decay.

To heal the sick stretch out thine hand,  
And bid the fallen sinner stand;  
Shine forth, and let thy light restore  
Earth's own true loveliness once more.

All praise, eternal Son, to thee  
Whose advent doth thy people free,  
Whom with the Father we adore  
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

**How lovely on the mountains** are the feet  
of Him

Who brings good news, good news,  
Proclaiming peace, announcing news of  
happiness,  
Our God reigns, our God reigns.

*Our God reigns, our God reigns,  
Our God reigns, our God reigns.*

You watchmen lift your voices joyfully as  
one,  
Shout for your King, your King.  
See eye to eye the Lord restoring Zion:  
Your God reigns, your God reigns!

Waste places of Jerusalem break forth with  
joy,  
We are redeemed, redeemed.  
The Lord has saved and comforted His  
people:  
Your God reigns, your God reigns!

Ends of the earth, see the salvation of your  
God,  
Jesus is Lord, is Lord.  
Before the nations He has bared His holy  
arm:  
Your God reigns, your God reigns!

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### **Hark, my soul, it is the Lord;**

'tis thy Saviour, hear his word;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,  
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

"I delivered thee when bound,  
And, when wounded, healed thy wound;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light."

"Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee."

"Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death."

"Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of my throne shalt be:  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love thee, and adore;  
O for grace to love thee more!