

Hymns and Songs - 20th November, 2022

At the name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess Him
King of glory now;
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.

Humbled for a season,
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came;
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed.

Bore it up triumphant
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures
To the central height,
To the throne of Godhead,
To the Father's breast,
Filled it with the glory
Of that perfect rest.

In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true;
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour,
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of glory now.

Thou didst leave Thy throne
And Thy kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for
me;
But in Bethlehem's home
There was found no room
For Thy holy nativity:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for
Thee.

Heaven's arches rang
when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;

But of lowly birth
cam'st Thou, Lord, on earth,
And in great humility.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for
Thee.

The foxes found rest,
And the birds had their nest,
In the shade of the cedar tree;
But Thy couch was the sod,
O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for
Thee.

Thou camest, O Lord,
With the living word
That should set Thy children free;
But with mocking scorn,
And with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
Thy cross is my only plea.

When heaven's arches shall ring,
And her choirs shall sing,
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home,
Saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for thee."
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord
Jesus,
When Thou comest and calleth for
me.

**Glorious things of Thee are
spoken,**
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

See! The streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Will supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint, whilst such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the
Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
He who gives them daily manna,
He who listens when they cry:
Let Him hear the loud hosanna
Rising to His throne on high.

Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show,
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

Spirit of the living God,
Fall afresh on me;
Spirit of the living God,
Fall afresh on me.
Break me, melt me, mould me, fill
me.
Spirit of the living God,
Fall afresh on me.

Daniel Iverson (c) 1935

Peace to you.
We bless you now in the name of
the Lord.
Peace to you.
We bless you now in the name of
the Prince of Peace.
Peace to you.

Graham Kendrick (c) 1988

**Let all the world in every
corner sing:**
"My God and King!"
The heavens are not too high;
His praise may thither fly:
The earth is not too low;
His praises there may grow.
Let all the world in every corner
sing:
"My God and King!"

Let all the world in every corner
sing:
"My God and King!"
The Church with psalms must
shout,
No door can keep them out:
But, above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.
Let all the world in every corner
sing:
"My God and King!"