

**MP 575 Rejoice, the Lord is King!**

1 Rejoice, the Lord is King!  
your Lord and King adore;  
mortals, give thanks and sing,  
and triumph evermore:  
*Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;  
rejoice, again I say, rejoice.*

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
the God of truth and love;  
when He had purged our stains,  
He took His seat above:  
*Lift up your heart . . .*

3 His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heaven;  
the keys of death and hell  
are to our Jesus given:  
*Lift up your heart . . .*

4 He sits at God's right hand,  
till all His foes submit,  
and bow to His command,  
and fall beneath His feet:  
*Lift up your heart . . .*

5 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!*

Charles Wesley (1707–88)

**MP 1019 You are my strength**

1 You are my strength when I am weak,  
You are the treasure that I seek,  
You are my all in all;  
seeking You as a precious jewel,  
Lord, to give up I'd be a fool,  
You are my all in all.

*Jesus, Lamb of God,  
worthy is Your name;  
Jesus, Lamb of God,  
worthy is Your name.*

2 Taking my sin, my cross, my shame,  
rising again, I bless Your name,  
You are my all in all;  
when I fall down You pick me up,  
when I am dry You fill my cup,  
You are my all in all.

*Jesus, Lamb of God . . .*

Dennis Jernigan  
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**MP 266 I cannot tell**

1 I cannot tell why He, whom angels worship,  
should set His love upon the sons of men,  
or why, as Shepherd, He should seek the  
wanderers,  
to bring them back, they know not how or when.  
But this I know, that He was born of Mary,  
when Bethlehem's manger was His only home,  
and that He lived at Nazareth and laboured,  
and so the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is come.

2 I cannot tell how silently He suffered,  
as with His peace He graced this place of tears,  
or how His heart upon the cross was broken,  
the crown of pain to three and thirty years.  
But this I know, He heals the broken-hearted,  
and stays our sin, and calms our lurking fear,  
and lifts the burden from the heavy-laden,  
for yet the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is here.

3 I cannot tell how He will win the nations,  
how He will claim His earthly heritage,  
how satisfy the needs and aspirations  
of east and west, of sinner and of sage.  
But this I know, all flesh shall see His glory,

and He shall reap the harvest He has sown,  
and some glad day His sun shall shine in splendour  
when He the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is  
known.

- 4 I cannot tell how all the lands shall worship,  
when, at His bidding, every storm is stilled,  
or who can say how great the jubilation  
when all the hearts of men with love are filled.  
But this I know, the skies will thrill with rapture,  
and myriad, myriad human voices sing,  
and earth to heaven, and heaven to earth, will  
answer:  
At last the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is King!

William Young Fullerton (1857–1932)

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