

Hymn Sheet Sunday 10th January 2021

366 Jesus is King

- 1 Jesus is King
and I will extol Him,
give Him the glory,
and honour His name;
He reigns on high,
enthroned in the heavens –
Word of the Father,
exalted for us.
- 2 We have a hope
that is steadfast and certain,
gone through the curtain
and touching the throne;
we have a priest
who is there interceding,
pouring His grace
on our lives day by day.
- 3 We come to Him,
our Priest and Apostle,
clothed in His glory
and bearing His name,
laying our lives
with gladness before Him –
filled with His Spirit
we worship the King:
- 4 'O Holy One,
our hearts do adore You;
thrilled with Your goodness
we give You our praise!
Angels in light
with worship surround Him,
Jesus, our Saviour,
for ever the same.

1158 Beneath the cross of Jesus

- 1 Beneath the cross of Jesus,
I find a lace to stand;
and wonder at such mercy
that call me as I am.
For hands that should discard me
hold wounds which tell me 'Come'.
Beneath the cross of Jesus
my unworthy soul is won.
- 2 Beneath the cross of Jesus
His family is my own;
once strangers chasing selfish dreams,
now one through grace alone.
How could I now dishonour
the ones that You have loved?
Beneath the cross of Jesus
see the children called by God.
- 3 Beneath the cross of Jesus,
the path before the crown,
we follow in His footsteps
where promised hope is found.
How great the joy before us –
to be His perfect bride.
Beneath the cross of Jesus
we will gladly live our lives.

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757 When peace like a river

- 1 When peace like a river attendeth my way,
when sorrows like sea-billows roll;
whatever my lot You have taught me to say,
'It is well, it is well with my soul.'
It is well with my soul;
it is well, it is well with my soul.

- 2 Though Satan should buffet, if trials should
come,
let this blessèd assurance control,
that Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
and has shed His own blood for my soul.
It is well . . .

- 3 My sin – O the bliss of this glorious thought –
my sin – not in part – but the whole
is nailed to His cross; and I bear it no more;
praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul.
It is well . . .

- 4 For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live!
If Jordan above me shall roll,
no pang shall be mine, for in death as in life
You will whisper Your peace to my soul.
It is well . . .

- 5 But Lord, it's for You – for Your coming we
wait,
the sky, not the grave, is our goal:
O trump of the angel! O voice of the Lord!
Blessèd hope! blessèd rest of my soul.
It is well . . .