

Hymns for This Sunday

Christ the King

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.
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.

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

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.
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.

1 The Lord is king! Lift up your voice,
O earth, and all you heavens, rejoice;
from world to world the joy shall ring:
'The Lord omnipotent is king!'

2 The Lord is king! Who then shall dare
resist his will, distrust his care
or murmur at his wise decrees,
or doubt his royal promises?

3 He reigns! You saints, exalt your
strains;
your God is King, your Father reigns!
And he is at the father's side,
The Man of love, the Crucified.

4 Alike pervaded by his eye
all parts of his dominion lie:
this world of ours and worlds unseen,
and thin the boundary between!

5 One Lord one empire all secures;
he reigns, and life and death are yours;
through earth and heaven one song
shall ring,
'The Lord omnipotent is King!'

