Processional Hymn #379 Rejoice, the Lord Is King

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

Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
the God of truth and love;
when he has purged our stains,
he took his seat above.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice:
rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

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, lift up your voice:
rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

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, lift up your voice:
rejoice; again I say rejoice!

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!

Gradual Hymn #520 The King of Love My Shepherd Is

The King of love my shepherd is,
whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his,
and he is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow,
my ransomed soul he leadeth,
and where the verdant pastures grow,
with food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,
but yet in love he sought me,
and on his shoulder gently laid,
and home rejoicing brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
with thee, dear Lord, beside me;
thy rod and staff my comfort still,
thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
thy unction grace bestoweth;
and O what transport of delight
from thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days
thy goodness faileth never;
good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
within thy house forever!

Offertory Hymn #505 Be Thou My Vision

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart;
naught be all else to me, save that thou art --
thou my best thought, by day or by night,
waking or sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom, and thou my true Word;
I ever with thee and thou with me, Lord;
thou my great Father; thine own may I be,
thou in me dwelling, and I one with thee.

Riches I heed not, nor the world's empty praise;
thou mine inheritance, now and always:
thou and thou only, first in my heart,
high King of heaven, my treasure thou art.

High King of heaven, when victory is won,
may I reach heaven's joys, bright heaven's Sun!
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
still be my vision, O Ruler of all.

Communion Hymn #592
Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life

Where cross the crowded ways of life,
where cries of tribe and race and resound,
amid the noise of selfish strife,
O Christ, your word of love is found.

In haunts of wretchedness and need,
on shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
from paths where hide the lures of greed,
we catch the vision of your tears.

From children's wounded helplessness,
from men and women's grief and toil,
from famished souls, from sorrow's stress,
your heart has never known recoil.

The cup of water given for you
still holds the freshness of your grace;
yet long the multitudes to view
the strong compassion of your face.

O Jesus, from the mountainside,
make haste to heal these hearts of pain.
Among these restless throngs abide;
O tread the city's streets again,

till all the world shall learn your love,
and follow where your feet have trod;
till glorious from your heaven above
shall come the city of our God.

Recessional Hymn #378 Crown Him with Many Crowns

Crown him with many crowns,
the Lamb upon his throne:
hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
all music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing
of him who died for thee,
and hail him as thy matchless King
through all eternity.

Crown him the Lord of life,
who triumphed o'er the grave,
and rose victorious in the strife
for those he came to save.
His glories now we sing
who died and rose on high,
who died eternal life to bring,
and lives that death may die.

Crown him the Lord of peace;
whose power a sceptre sways,
from pole to pole, that wars may cease,
absorbed in prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end;
and round his piercèd feet
fair flowers of paradise extend
their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown him the Lord of love;
behold his hands and side,
rich wounds yet visible above,
in beauty glorified.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me;
thy praise shall never, never fail
throughout eternity.