

## 211 Come, people of the risen King

C F C F C G

1 Come, peo - ple of the ris - en King, who de - light to bring him praise.  
 2 Come, those whose joy is morn-ing sun, and those weep-ing through the night.<sup>a</sup>  
 3 Come, young and old from ev - ery land, men and wom-en of the faith.

F C F G Am F C

Come all, and tune your hearts to sing to the Morn-ing Star of grace.  
 Come, those who tell of bat - tles won, and those strug-gling in the fight.  
 Come, those with full or emp - ty hands; find the rich - es of his grace.

F C F C G

From the shift-ing shad-ows of the earth we will lift our eyes to him,  
 For his per-fect love will nev - er change, and his mer-cies nev - er cease,  
 O - ver all the world his peo-ple sing; shore to shore we hear them call

F C F G Am F C

where stead-y arms of mer - cy reach to gath - er chil-dren in.  
 but fol - low us through all our days with the cer-tain hope of peace.  
 the truth that cries through ev - ery age: "Our God is all in all."

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 30:5

## Come, people of the risen King

*Refrain*

G                      F                      G                      F                      C                      G

Re-joyce! Re-joyce! Let ev-ery tongue re-joyce! One heart, one

1, 2                      3

Am G F C Dm G C Dm G G<sup>7</sup> C

voice: O church of Christ, re-joyce! church of Christ, re-joyce!

## 212 Jesus, the very thought of thee

G                      Am G Am D G                      D<sup>7</sup>                      G A<sup>7</sup> D

1 Je - sus, the ver - y thought of thee with sweet-ness fills my breast;  
2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, nor can the mem-ory find  
3 O hope of ev - ery con - trite heart, O joy of all the meek,  
4 But what to those who find? Ah, this nor tongue nor pen can show!

Am                      A<sup>7</sup> D A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>                      G C                      G D<sup>7</sup> G

but sweet - er far thy face to see, and in thy pres - ence rest.  
a sweet - er sound than thy blest name, O Sav-iour of man - kind!  
to those who fall, how kind thou art! How good to those who seek!  
The love of Je - sus, what it is none but his loved ones know.

Text: Latin hymn, 11th cent.; tr. Edward Caswall, 1849  
Tune: John B. Dykes, 1866

CM  
ST. AGNES