

211 Come, people of the risen King

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.^a
 3 Come, young and old from ev - ery land, men and wom - en of the faith.

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.

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

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."

^a Ps. 30:5

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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 G⁷ 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 D⁷ G A⁷ 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 A⁷ D A⁷ D⁷ G C G D⁷ 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

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ST. AGNES