In Christ alone my hope is found, He is my light, my strength, my song; this cornerstone, this solid ground, firm through the fiercest drought and storm, What heights of love, what depths of peace, when fears are stilled, when strivings cease! My comforter, my all in all, here in the love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone! – who took on flesh, fullness of God in helpless Babe!
This gift of love and righteousness, scorned by the ones he came to save; till on that cross as Jesus died, the wrath of God was satisfied – for every sin on Him was laid; here in the death of Christ I live.

There in the ground His body lay, light of the world by darkness slain; then bursting forth in glorious day up from the grave He rose again! And as He stands in victory sin's curse has lost its grip on me, for I am His and He is mine — bought with the precious blood of Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death, this is the power of Christ in me; from life's first cry to final breath, Jesus commands my destiny. No power of hell, no scheme of man, can ever pluck me from His hand; till He returns or calls me home, here in the power of Christ I'll stand!

- 1 Come let us sing of a wonderful love, tender and true; out of the heart of the Father above, streaming to me and to you: wonderful love dwells in the heart of the Father above.
- Jesus, the Saviour, this gospel to tell, joyfully came; came with the helpless and hopeless to dwell, sharing their sorrow and shame; seeking the lost, saving, redeeming at measureless cost.
- Jesus is seeking the wanderers yet; Why do they roam? Love only waits to forgive and forget; Home! weary wanderers, home! Wonderful love dwells in the heart of the Father above.
- Come to my heart, O Thou wonderful love, come and abide, lifting my life till it rises above envy and falsehood and pride; seeking to be lowly and humble, a learner of Thee.

1 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...

3 Come and 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...

4 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...

- I cannot tell why He, whom angels worship, should set His love upon the sons of men, or why, as Shepherd, He should seek the wanderers, to bring them back, they know not how or when. But this I know, that He was born of Mary, when Bethlehem's manger was His only home, and that He lived at Nazareth and laboured, and so the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is come.
- I cannot tell how silently He suffered, as with His peace He graced this place of tears, or how His heart upon the cross was broken, the crown of pain to three and thirty years. But this I know, He heals the broken-hearted, and stays our sin, and calms our lurking fear, and lifts the burden from the heavy laden, for yet the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is here.
- I cannot tell how He will win the nations, how He will claim His earthly heritage, how satisfy the needs and aspirations of east and west, of sinner and of sage.

 But this I know, all flesh shall see His glory, and He shall reap the harvest He has sown, and some glad day His sun shall shine in splendour when He the Saviour,

Saviour of the world, is known.

I cannot tell how all the lands shall worship, when, at His bidding, every storm is stilled, or who can say how great the jubilation when all the hearts of men with love are filled. But this I know, the skies will thrill with rapture, and myriad, myriad human voices sing, and earth to heaven,

and heaven to earth, will answer: At last the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is King!

- 1 God is working His purpose out, as year succeeds to year:
 God is working His purpose out, and the time is drawing near:
 nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that shall surely be, when the earth shall be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.
- 2 From utmost east to utmost west wherever man has trod, by the mouth of many messengers rings out the voice of God: listen to me, you continents, you islands, look to me, that the earth may be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.
- We shall march in the strength of God, with the banner of Christ unfurled, that the light of the glorious gospel of truth may shine throughout the world; we shall fight with sorrow and sin to set their captives free, that the earth may be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.
- All we can do is nothing worth unless God blesses the deed; vainly we hope for the harvest-tide till God gives life to the seed: nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that shall surely be, when the earth shall be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.

- Go forth and tell! O Church of God, awake!
 God's saving news to all the nations take:
 proclaim Christ Jesus, Saviour, Lord and King,
 that all the world His worthy praise may sing.
- 2 Go forth and tell! God's love embraces all; He will in grace respond to all who call: how shall they call if they have never heard the gracious invitation of His word?
- Go forth and tell! men still in darkness lie; in wealth or want, in sin they live and die: give us, O Lord, concern of heart and mind, a love like Yours which cares for all mankind.
- Go forth and tell! the doors are open wide: share God's good gifts – let no-one be denied; live out your life as Christ your Lord shall choose, your ransomed powers for His sole glory use.
- Go forth and tell! O church of God, arise!
 Go in the strength which Christ your Lord supplies;
 go till all nations His great name adore
 and serve Him, Lord and King for evermore.