

- 1 Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine:
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God;
born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

*This is my story, this is my song,
praising my Saviour all the day long;
this is my story, this is my song,
praising my Saviour all the day long.*

- 2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
visions of rapture burst on my sight;
angels descending, brings from above
echoes of mercy, whisper of love.

This is my story...

- 3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest;
watching and waiting, looking above,
filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

This is my story...

All hail King Jesus,
all hail Emmanuel;
King of kings,
Lord of lords, bright Morning Star,
every day You give me breath,
I'll sing Your praises
and I'll reign with You throughout eternity.

- 1 O come, O come, Emmanuel,
and ransom captive Israel,
that mourns in lonely exile here
until the Son of God appear.

*Rejoice, rejoice! Emmanuel
shall come to thee, O Israel.*

- 2 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,
who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height
in ancient times didst give the law
in cloud and majesty and awe.

Rejoice, rejoice...

- 3 O come, Thou rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
from depths of hell Thy people save,
and give them victory o'er the grave.

Rejoice, rejoice...

- 4 O come, Thou dayspring, come and cheer
our spirits by Thine advent here;
disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
and death's dark shadows put to flight.

Rejoice, rejoice...

- 5 O come, Thou key of David, come
and open wide our heavenly home;
make safe the way that leads on high,
and close the path to misery.

Rejoice, rejoice...

Abba Father, let me be
Yours and Yours alone.
May my will for ever be
evermore Your own.
Never let my heart grow cold,
You'll never let me go,
Abba Father, let me be
Yours and Yours alone.

- 1 Come, Thou long-expected Jesus,
 born to set Thy people free;
 from our fears and sins release us;
 let us find our rest in Thee.
- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
 hope of all the earth Thou art;
 dear desire of every nation,
 joy of every longing heart.
- 3 Born Thy people to deliver;
 born a child, and yet a King;
 born to reign in us for ever;
 now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By Thine own eternal Spirit
 rule in all our hearts alone:
 by Thine all-sufficient merit
 raise us to Thy glorious throne.

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Come, people of the risen King,
Who delight to bring Him praise.
Come, all and tune your hearts to sing
To the Morning Star of grace.
From the shifting shadows of the earth
We will lift our eyes to Him,
Where steady arms of mercy reach
To gather children in.

*Rejoice! Rejoice! Let every tongue rejoice!
One heart, one voice, O Church of Christ, rejoice!*

Come, those whose joy is morning sun
And those weeping through the night.
Come, those who tell of battles won,
And those struggling in the fight.
For His perfect love will never change,
And His mercies never cease,
But follow us through all our days
With the certain hope of peace.

Rejoice! Rejoice!...

Come, young and old from every land,
Men and women of the faith.
Come, those with full or empty hands,
Find the riches of His grace.
Over all the world, His people sing,
Shore to shore we hear them call
The Truth that cries through every age;
'Our God is all in all'.

Rejoice! Rejoice!...