



**CCH**

**SUNDAY  
21<sup>ST</sup> NOVEMBER  
2021**

SONG LYRICS

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



**Whate'er my God ordains is right:**

His holy will abiding;  
I will be still what e'er He does;  
and follow where He's guiding.  
He is my God: though dark my road;  
He holds me that I shall not fall;  
and so to Him, I leave it all,  
He holds me that I shall not fall.

Whate'er my God ordains is right:  
He never will deceive me.  
He leads me by the proper path;  
I know He will not leave me.  
I take, content, what He has sent.  
His hand can turn my griefs away,  
and patiently I wait His day,  
His hand can turn my griefs away.

Whate'er my God ordains is right:  
though now this cup, in drinking,  
may bitter seem to my faint heart,  
I take it all, unshrinking.  
My God is true; each morn anew.  
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,  
and pain and sorrow shall depart,  
sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart.

Whate'er my God ordains is right:  
here shall my stand be taken.  
Though sorrow, need, or death be mine,  
yet I am not forsaken.  
My Father's care is round me there.  
He holds me that I shall not fall,  
and so to Him I leave it all,  
He holds me that I shall not fall.

Samuel Rodigast  
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## **I stand amazed in the presence**

of Jesus the Nazarene,  
and wonder how He could love me,  
a sinner condemned, unclean!

How marvellous, how wonderful,  
and my song shall ever be.  
How marvellous, how wonderful  
is my Saviour's love for me.

For me He prayed in the garden  
and bowed to the will divine;  
He had no tears for his own griefs,  
but sweat drops of blood for mine.

How marvellous, how wonderful,  
and my song shall ever be.  
How marvellous, how wonderful  
is my Saviour's love for me.

In pity angels beheld Him,  
and came from the world of light  
to comfort Him in the sorrows  
He bore for my soul that night.

How marvellous, how wonderful,  
and my song shall ever be.  
How marvellous, how wonderful  
is my Saviour's love for me.

He took my sins and my sorrows,  
He made them His very own;  
He bore the burden to Calvary,  
and suffered and died alone.

How marvellous, how wonderful,  
and my song shall ever be.  
How marvellous, how wonderful  
is my Saviour's love for me.

When with the ransomed in glory,  
His face I at last shall see,  
my joy will be through the ages,  
to sing of His love for me.

How marvellous, how wonderful,  
and my song shall ever be.  
How marvellous, how wonderful  
is my Saviour's love for me.