

At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow,
every tongue confess him King of glory now;
'Tis the Father's pleasure we should call him Lord,
who from the beginning was the mighty Word.

At his voice creation sprang at once to sight,
all the Angel faces, all the hosts of light,
thrones and dominations, stars upon their way,
all the heavenly orders, in their great array.

Humbled for a season, to receive a name
from the lips of sinners unto who he came,
faithfully he bore it spotless to the last,
brought it back victorious when from death he passed.

Bore it up triumphant with its human light
through all ranks of creatures, to the central height,
to the throne of Godhead, to the Father's breast,
filled it with the glory of that perfect rest.

Communion: When I survey (Isaac Watts (1674-1749))

When I survey the wondrous cross on which the Prince of Glory died,
my richest gain I count but loss, and pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the death of Christ, my God:
all the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet, sorrow and love flow mingled
down; did e'er such love and sorrow meet, or thorns compose so rich a
crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine, that were an offering far too small;
love so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all.