



**Home Service Hymns**  
**Sunday 20th September 2020**  
**"It's not fair"**



1. **Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;**  
to His feet thy tribute bring.  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
who like me his praises sing.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Praise the everlasting King!

2. Praise him for his grace and favour  
to our fathers in distress.  
Praise him, still the same for ever,  
slow to chide, and swift to bless.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Glorious in His faithfulness!

3. Father-like He tends and spares us;  
well our feeble frame He knows.  
In his hand He gently bears us,  
rescues us from all our foes.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Widely as His mercy flows!

4. Angels, help us to adore him;  
ye behold him face to face.  
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,  
dwellers all in time and space.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Praise with us the God of grace

1 Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,  
pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
hold me with thy powerful hand:  
bread of heaven,  
feed me now and evermore.

2 Open now the crystal fountain  
whence the healing stream doth flow;  
let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
lead me all my journey through:  
strong deliverer,  
be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan  
bid my anxious fears subside;  
death of death, and hell's destruction,  
land me safe on Canaan's side:  
songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee.



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**1. 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.

**2. 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.

**3. 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.

**4. 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.