

**FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO**

Song Lyrics for Sunday, August 16, 2020

OPENING HYMN #299 *“You Servants of God, Your Master Proclaim”*
(Anonymous)

You servants of God, your Master proclaim,
and publish abroad Christ’s wonderful name.
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol,
whose kingdom is glorious, who rules over all.

Ascended on high, almighty to save,
he still remains nigh, his presence we have.
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

"Salvation to God, who sits on the throne!"
Let all cry aloud and honor the Son.
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

Then let us adore and give him his right:
all glory and power, all wisdom and might,
all honor and blessing, with angels above,
and thanks never ceasing, and infinite love!

HYMN #318 *“In Christ There is No East or West”*
(Reinagle)

In Christ there is no east or west, in him no south or north,
but one great fellowship of love throughout the whole wide earth.

In Christ shall true hearts everywhere their high communion find;
his service is the golden cord close binding humankind.

Join hands, disciples of the faith, whate’er your race may be.
All children of the living God are surely kin to me.

In Christ now meet both east and west; in him meet south and north.
All Christly souls are one in him throughout the whole wide earth.

CLOSING HYMN #649 *“Amazing Grace, How Sweet the Sound”*
(Columbian Harmony)

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound, that saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found, was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and grace my fears relieved.
How precious did that grace appear the hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils and snares, I have already come.
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, and grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me; his word my hope secures.
He will my shield and portion be as long as life endures.

When we've been there ten thousand years, bright shining as the sun,
we've no less days to sing God's praise than when we'd first begun.