

**Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;**

to his feet thy tribute bring;  
ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven  
who like thee his praise should sing?  
Praise him! Praise him!  
Praise the everlasting King!

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:  
Praise him! Praise him!  
Glorious in his faithfulness!

Father-like he tends and spares us;  
well our feeble frame he knows;  
in his hands he gently bears us,  
rescues us from all our foes:  
Praise him! Praise him!  
Widely as his mercy flows!

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:  
Praise him! Praise him!  
Praise with us the God of grace!

**From heaven you came, helpless babe,**

entered our world, your glory veiled;  
not to be served but to serve,  
and give Your life that we might live.

This is our God, the Servant King,  
he calls us now to follow Him,  
to bring our lives as a daily offering  
of worship to the Servant King.

There in the garden of tears,  
my heavy load he chose to bear;  
his heart with sorrow was torn,  
'Yet not My will but Yours,' He said.

Come see His hands and His feet,  
the scars that speak of sacrifice;  
hands that flung stars into space  
to cruel nails surrendered.

So let us learn how to serve,  
and in our lives enthrone Him;  
each other's needs to prefer,  
for it is Christ we're serving.

**May the mind of Christ my Saviour**

live in me from day to day,  
by his love and power controlling  
all I do or say.

May the word of God dwell richly  
in my heart from hour to hour,  
so that all may see I triumph  
only through his power.

May the peace of God my Father  
rule my life in everything,  
that I may be calm to comfort  
sick and sorrowing.

May the love of Jesus fill me,  
as the waters fill the sea;  
him exalting, self abasing-  
this is victory.

May I run the race before me,  
strong and brave to face the foe,  
looking only unto Jesus  
as I onward go.

May his beauty rest upon me  
as I seek the lost to win,  
and may they forget the channel,  
seeing only him.