

## Jesus Christ is waiting, waiting in the streets

- 1 Jesus Christ is waiting, waiting in the streets:  
no one is his neighbour, all alone he eats.  
Listen, Lord Jesus, I am lonely too;  
make me, friend or stranger, fit to wait on you.
- 2 Jesus Christ is raging, raging in the streets,  
where injustice spirals and real hope retreats.  
Listen, Lord Jesus, I am angry too;  
in the Kingdom's causes let me rage with you.
- 3 Jesus Christ is healing, healing in the streets,  
curing those who suffer, touching those he greets.  
Listen, Lord Jesus, I have pity too;  
let my care be active, healing, just like you.
- 4 Jesus Christ is dancing, dancing in the streets,  
where each sign of hatred he, with love, defeats.  
Listen, Lord Jesus, I should triumph too;  
where good conquers evil, let me dance with you.
- 5 Jesus Christ is calling, calling in the streets,  
'Who will join my journey? I will guide their feet.'  
Listen, Lord Jesus, let my fears be few:  
walk one step before me, I will follow you.

## Christ's is the world in which we move (A touching place)

Christ's is the world in which we move;  
Christ's are the folk we're summoned to love;  
Christ's is the voice which calls us to care,  
and Christ is the one who meets us here.

*To the lost Christ shows his face,  
to the unloved he gives his embrace,  
to those who cry in pain or disgrace,  
Christ makes, with his friends, a touching place.*

Feel for the people we most avoid –  
strange or bereaved or never employed.  
Feel for the women and feel for the men  
who fear that their living is all in vain.

Feel for the parents who've lost their child,  
feel for the women whom men have defiled,  
feel for the baby for whom there's no breast,  
and feel for the weary who find no rest.

Feel for the lives by life confused,  
riddled with doubt, in loving abused;  
feel for the lonely heart, conscious of sin,  
which longs to be pure but fears to begin.

## Crown him with many crowns

- 1 Crown him with many crowns,  
the Lamb upon his throne ;  
hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns  
all music but its own !  
Awake, my soul, and sing  
of him who died for thee,  
and hail him as thy matchless King  
through all eternity.
- 2 Crown him the Virgin's Son,  
the God incarnate born,  
whose arm those crimson trophies won  
which now his brow adorn :  
Fruit of the mystic Rose,  
as of that Rose the Stem ;  
the Root whence mercy ever flows,  
the Babe of Bethlehem.
- 3 Crown him the Lord of love ;  
behold his hands and side,  
those wounds yet visible above  
in beauty glorified :  
no angel in the sky  
can fully bear that sight,  
but downward bends his burning eye  
at mysteries so bright.
- 4 Crown him the Lord of peace,  
whose power a sceptre sways  
from pole to pole, that wars may cease,  
and all be prayer and praise :  
his reign shall know no end,  
and round his piercèd feet  
fair flowers of paradise extend  
their fragrance ever sweet.
- 5 Crown him the Lord of years,  
the Potentate of time,  
creator of the rolling spheres,  
ineffably sublime :  
all hail, Redeemer, hail !  
for thou hast died for me ;  
thy praise shall never, never fail  
throughout eternity.

## At the name of Jesus

- 1 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.
- \* 2 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.
- 3 Humbled for a season,  
to receive a name  
from the lips of sinners  
unto whom he came,  
faithfully he bore it  
spotless to the last,  
brought it back victorious,  
when from death he passed:
- \* 4 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.
- 5 Name him, Christians, name him,  
with love strong as death,  
but with awe and wonder  
and with bated breath:  
he is God the Saviour,  
he is Christ the Lord,  
ever to be worshipped,  
trusted, and adored.
- \* 6 In your hearts enthrone him;  
there let him subdue  
all that is not holy,  
all that is not true:  
crown him as your Captain  
in temptation's hour;  
let his will enfold you  
in its light and power.
- 7 Surely, this Lord Jesus  
shall return again,  
with his Father's glory,  
with his angel train;  
for all wreaths of empire  
meet upon his brow,  
and our hearts confess him  
King of glory now.