

## Hymn Texts for August 29, 2021

### Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart

1 Rejoice, ye pure in heart,  
rejoice, give thanks and sing  
beneath the standard of your God,  
the cross of Christ your King.  
Rejoice, rejoice,  
Rejoice, give thanks and sing.

2 Bright youth and snow-crowned age,  
strong men and maidens fair,  
raise high your free, exulting song,  
God's wondrous praises declare.  
Rejoice, rejoice,  
Rejoice, give thanks and sing.

3 Yes, on through life's long path,  
still singing as ye go;  
from youth to age, by night and day,  
In gladness and in woe.  
Rejoice, rejoice,  
Rejoice, give thanks and sing.

4 At last the march shall end;  
the weary ones shall rest;  
the pilgrims find their heavenly home,  
in gladness and in woe.  
Rejoice, rejoice,  
Rejoice, give thanks and sing.

5 Praise God, who reigns on high,  
the Lord whom we adore,  
The Father, Son, and Spirit blest,  
one God forevermore.  
Rejoice, rejoice,  
Rejoice, give thanks and sing

## **The Power of the Cross**

1 Oh, to see the dawn of the darkest day;  
Christ on the road to Calvary.  
Tried by sinful men, torn and beaten, then  
nailed to a cross of wood.  
This, the power of the cross:  
Christ became sin for us;  
Took the blame, bore the shame  
We stand forgiven at the cross.

2 Oh, to see the pain written on Your face,  
bearing the awesome weight of sin.  
Every bitter thought, every evil deed crowning  
Your blood stained brow.  
This, the power of the cross:  
Christ became sin for us;  
Took the blame, bore the shame  
We stand forgiven at the cross.

3 Now the daylight flees;  
now the ground beneath quakes as its Maker bows His head.  
Curtain torn in two, dead are raised to life,  
"Finished!" the victory cry.  
This, the power of the cross:  
Christ became sin for us;  
Took the blame, bore the shame  
We stand forgiven at the cross.

4 Oh, to see my name written in the wounds,  
for though Your suffering I am free.  
Death is crushed to death; life is mine to live,  
won through Your selfless love.  
This, the power of the cross:  
Son of God slain for us. What a love!  
What a cost! We stand forgiven at the cross.

## **Though I May Speak with Bravest Fire**

1 Though I may speak with bravest fire,  
and have the gift to all inspire,  
and have not love, my words are vain,  
as sounding brass, and hopeless gain.

2 Though I may give all I possess,  
and striving so my love profess,  
but not be given by love within,  
the profit soon turns strangely thin.

3 Come, Spirit, come, our hearts control,  
our spirits long to be made whole.  
Let inward love guide every deed;  
by this we worship, and are freed.