



St Paul's

Sunday 21st November

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.

Crown him the Lord of life,
Who triumphed over the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those he came to save.
His glories now we sing,
Who died, and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring
And lives that death may die.

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.

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 pierced feet
Fair flowers of paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou has died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges & Godfrey Thring

King of Kings, Majesty,

God of heaven, living in me
Gentle Saviour, closest friend,
Strong Deliverer, Beginning and End
All within me falls at your throne

*Your Majesty, I can but bow
I lay my all before you now
In royal robes I don't deserve
I live to serve your Majesty*

Earth and heaven worship you,
God Eternal, Faithful and True
Who bought the nations,
ransomed souls
Brought this sinner
near to your throne
All within me cries out in praise

*Music and words: Jarrod Cooper
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From heav'n you came, helpless Babe,

enter'd 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.

Graham Kendrick @ Thankyou Music 1983

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.

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:

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.

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.

Brothers, 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.

Caroline Maria Noel

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