

Nov 20, 2022 10:00 A.M.

Song Sheet

Processional Hymn: #388 O Worship the King (v. 1, 2, 4, 5)

O worship the King, all glorious above;
O gratefully sing his power and his love;
our shield and defender, the Ancient of Days
pavilioned in splendour and girded with praise.

O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
his chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
and dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
it streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
and sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
in thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
our maker, defender, redeemer, and friend.

Offertory: #383 Jesus Shall Reign

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun doth its successive journey run;
his kingdom stretch from shore to shore, till moons shall wax and wane no more.

People and realms of every tongue dwell on his love with sweetest song,
and infant voices shall proclaim their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns; the prisoners leap to lose their chains;
the weary find eternal rest, and all who suffer want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring peculiar honours to our King,
angels descend with songs again, and earth repeat the loud Amen.

Closing Hymn: #378 Crown Him with Many Crowns

Crown Him with many crowns, the Lamb up on 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 they matchless King through all eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of life, who triumphed o'er 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 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 love; behold His hands and side,
those wounds yet visible above in beauty glorified.
All hail, Redeemer, hail! For thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail throughout eternity.