

First Hymn

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 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.

Crown him the Lord of love,
behold his hands and side,
rich wounds, yet visible above,
in beauty glorified:
no angel in the sky
can fully bear that sight,
but downward casts 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,
absorbed in 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 hast died for me;
thy praise shall never, never fail
throughout eternity.

M. Bridges (1800-94)

Music: Diademata

The Choir verses from Psalm 25 in four sections - we all sing the response

To you, O Lord, I lift up my soul

Offertory hymn

O Jesus I have promised to serve thee to the end;
be thou forever near me, my Master and my friend:
I shall not fear the battle if thou art by my side,
nor wander from the pathway if thou wilt be my guide.

O let me feel thee near me, the world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle, the tempting sounds I hear;
my foes are ever near me, around me and within;
but, Jesus, draw thou nearer, and shield my soul from sin.

O let me hear thee speaking in accents clear and still,
above the storms of passion, the murmurs of self-will;
O speak to reassure me, to hasten or control;

O speak and make me listen, thou guardian of my soul.

O Jesus, thou hast promised to all who follow thee,
that where thou art in glory there shall thy servant be;
and, Jesus, I have promised to serve thee to the end:
O give me grace to follow, my Master and my friend.

O let me see thy footmarks and in them plant mine own;
my hope to follow duly is in thy strength alone:
O guide me, call me, draw me, uphold me to the end;
and then in heaven receive me, my Saviour and my friend.

J.E. Bode (1816-1874)

Music: Wolvercote

Communion Hymn

There is a Redeemer,
Jesus, God's own Son,
precious Lamb of God, Messiah,
Holy One.

*Thank you, O my Father,
for giving us your Son,
and leaving your Spirit
till the work on earth is done.*

Jesus, my Redeemer,
name above all names,
precious Lamb of God, Messiah,
O for sinners slain.

When I stand in glory,
I will see his face,
and there I'll serve my King for ever,
in that holy place.

Final Hymn

Christ triumphant, ever reigning,
Saviour, Master, King,
Lord of heaven, our lives sustaining,
hear us as we sing:

*Yours the glory and the crown,
the high renown, th'eternal name.*

Word incarnate, truth revealing,
Son of Man on earth!

Power and majesty concealing

by your humble birth:

Suff'ring servant, scorned, ill-treated,
Victim crucified!

Death is through the cross defeated,
sinners justified:

[Refrain]

Priestly King, enthroned for ever
high in heaven above!

Sin and death and hell shall never
stifle hymns of love:

[Refrain]

Words: M. Seward (b.1932)

Tune: Guiting

[Refrain]^{Power}