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 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.
Glassed in a sea of light, where everlasting waves
reflect his throne - the infinite! who lives – and loves- and saves

Tune Diademata *Matthew Bridges 1800 - 1894*

The Choir verses from Psalm 95 in three sections - we all sing the response

O come let us worship and bow down and kneel before our Maker.

Offertory hymn

Lord, enthroned in heavenly splendour,
first-begotten from the dead,
thou alone, our strong defender,
liftest up thy people's head.
Alleluia! Jesu, true and living bread.

Here our humblest homage pay we,
here in loving reverence bow;
here for faith's discernment pray we,
lest we fail to know thee now.
Alleluia! Thou art here, we ask not how.

Though the lowliest form doth veil thee
as of old in Bethlehem,
here as there thine angels hail thee,
branch and flower of Jesse's stem.
Alleluia! We in worship join with them.

Paschal lamb, thine offering, finished
once for all when thou wast slain,
in its fulness undiminished
shall for evermore remain,
Alleluia! Cleansing souls from every stain.

Life-imparting heavenly manna,
stricken rock with streaming side,
heaven and earth with loud hosanna
worship thee, the lamb who died,
Alleluia! Risen, ascended, glorified!
Tune St helen's G.H. Bourne 1840 - 1925

Communion Hymn

The head that once was crowned with thorns
is crowned with glory now:
a royal diadem adorns
the mighty victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords
is his, is his by right,

the King of kings, and Lord of lords,
and heaven's eternal light;

The joy of all who dwell above,
the joy of all below,
to whom he manifests his love,
and grants his name to know.

To them the cross, with all its shame,
with all its grace, is given:
their name an everlasting name,
their joy the joy of heaven.

They suffer with their Lord below,
they reign with him above;
their profit and their joy to know
the mystery of his love.

The cross he bore is life and health,
though shame and death to him;
his people's hope, his people's wealth,
their everlasting theme.

Tune St Magnus *Thomas Kelly 1769 - 1854*

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!

Priestly King, enthroned for ever
high in heaven above!
Sin and death and hell shall never
stifle hymns of love: *[Refrain]*

So, our hearts and voices raising
through the ages long,
ceaselessly upon you gazing
this shall be our song: *[Refrain]*

Words: M. Saward (b.1932) *Tune: Guiting Power*

Power and majesty concealing
by your humble birth: *[Refrain]*

Suff'ring servant, scorned, ill-treated,
Victim crucified!
Death is through the cross defeated,
sinners justified: *[Refrain]*

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