

Processional Hymn #380 O Worship the King

*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.*

*The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power hath founded of old,
hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
and round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.*

*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 distills 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.*

Gradual Hymn #537 In the Cross of Christ I Glory

*In the cross of Christ I glory,
towering o'er the wrecks of time;
all the light of sacred story
gathers round its head sublime.*

*When the woes of life o'ertake me,
hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
never shall the cross forsake me:
lo, it glows with peace and joy.*

*When the sun of bliss is beaming
light and love upon my way,
from the cross the radiance streaming
adds more lustre to the day.*

*Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
by the cross are sanctified;
peace is there that knows no measure,
joys that through all time abide.*

*In the cross of Christ I glory,
towering o'er the wrecks of time;
all the light of sacred story
gathers round its head sublime.*

Offertory Hymn #375 At the Name of Jesus

*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.*

*Name him, Christians, name him,
with love strong as death,
but with awe and wonder, and with bated breath;
he is God the Saviour, he is Christ the Lord,
ever to be worshipped, trusted, and adored.*

*In your hearts enthrone him; there let him subdue
all that is not holy, all that is not true;
crown him as your Saviour in temptation's hour;
let his will enfold you in its light and power.*

*Christians, 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.*

Communion Hymn #372
Praise to the Holiest in the Height

*Praise to the Holiest in the height,
and in the depth be praise;
in all His words most wonderful,
most sure in all his ways.*

*O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
a second Adam to the fight,
and to the rescue came.*

*O generous love! That flesh and blood,
which did in Adam fail,
should strive afresh against the foe,
should strive and should prevail;*

*and that the highest gift of grace
should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence and his very self,
and essence all-divine;*

*who in the garden secretly,
and on the cross on high,
should teach his followers, and inspire
to suffer and to die.*

*Praise to the Holiest in the height,
and in the depth be praise,
in all his words most wonderful,
most sure in all his ways!*

Recessional Hymn #378
Crown Him with Many Crowns

*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 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,
absorbed in prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end;
and round his piercèd feet
fair flowers of paradise extend
their fragrance ever sweet.*

*Crown him the Lord of love;
behold his hands and side,
rich 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.*