

## First Hymn

All hail the power of Jesu's name!  
let angels prostrate fall;  
bring forth the royal diadem  
and crown him, crown him, crown him  
crown him Lord of all.

Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,  
who from his altar call;  
praise him whose way of pain ye trod  
and crown him, crown him, crown him  
crown him Lord of all.

Ye prophets who our freedom won,  
ye searchers, great and small,  
by whom the work of truth is done,  
now crown him, crown him, crown him  
crown him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
ye ransomed of the Fall,  
hail him who saves you by his grace,  
and crown him, crown him, crown him  
crown him Lord of all.

Let every tribe and every tongue  
to him their hearts enthrall;  
lift high the universal song,  
and crown him, crown him, crown him  
crown him Lord of all.

*The Choir verses from Psalm 67 in three sections - we all sing the response*

Let the peoples praise you, O God, let all the peoples praise you

### **Offertory hymn**

And can it be that I should gain  
an interest in the Saviour's blood?  
Died he for me, who caused his pain?  
For me, who him to death pursued?  
Amazing love! How can it be  
that thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

'Tis mystery all: th'Immortal dies!  
Who can explore his strange design?  
In vain the first-born seraph tries  
to sound the depths of love divine.  
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore,  
let angel minds enquire no more.

He left his Father's throne above -  
so free, so infinite his grace -  
emptied himself of all but love,  
and bled for Adam's helpless race.  
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;  
for, O my God, it found out me!

Long my imprisoned spirit lay  
fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
thine eye diffused a quickening ray;

I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;  
my chains fell off, my heart was free,  
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

No condemnation now I dread;  
Jesus, and all in him, is mine!  
Alive in him, my living Head,  
and clothed in righteousness divine,  
bold I approach the eternal throne,  
and claim the crown, through Christ my own.

*C. Wesley (1707-1788) Music: Sagina*

## **Communion Hymn**

Immortal Love for ever full,  
for ever flowing free,  
for ever shared, for ever whole,  
a never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name  
all other names above;  
love only knoweth whence it came  
and comprehendeth love.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps  
to bring the Lord Christ down;  
in vain we search the lowest deeps,  
for him no depths can drown:

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet  
a present help is he;  
and faith has still its Olivet,  
and love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress  
is by our beds of pain;  
we touch him in life's throng and press,  
and we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said  
our lips of childhood frame;  
the last low whispers of our dead  
are burdened with his name.

Alone, O Love ineffable,  
thy saving name is given;  
to turn aside from thee is hell,  
to walk with thee is heaven.

*John Whittier*

## **Final Hymn**

We have a gospel to proclaim,  
good news for all throughout the earth,  
the gospel of a Saviour's name:  
we sing his glory, tell his worth.

Tell of his birth at Bethlehem,  
not in a royal house or hall,  
but in a stable, dark and dim;  
the Word made Flesh, a light for all.

Tell of his death at Calvary,  
hated by those he came to save,  
in lonely suffering on the cross:  
for all he loved, his life he gave.

Tell of that glorious Easter morn,

empty the tomb, for he was free:  
he broke the power of death and hell  
that we might share his victory.

Tell of his reign at God's right hand,  
by all creation glorified:  
he sends his Spirit on his Church,  
to live for him, the Lamb who died.

Now we rejoice to name him King:  
Jesus is Lord of all the earth.

This gospel message we proclaim;  
we sing his glory, tell his worth.

*E.J. Burns (b.1938) Tune: Fulda*

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