

Hymns of Praise

Sunday November 20, 2022

#363

All hail the power of Jesus' name;
let angels prostrate fall;
bring forth the royal diadem
to crown him, crown him, crown him,
crown him Lord of all.

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

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
the wormwood and the gall,
go, spread your trophies at his feet,
and crown him, crown him, crown him,
crown him Lord of all.

Let every tribe and every tongue,
responsive to the call,
lift high the universal song,
and crown him, crown him, crown him,
crown him Lord of all.

#340

At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow,
every tongue confess him King of glory now;
'tis our God's good 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.

Faithful, Jesus 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,
name with awe and wonder, and with bated breath;
this is God the Saviour; this 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 captain 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 and an angel train,
for all wreaths of empire meet up on his brow,
and our hearts confess him King of glory now.

#830 – Doxology

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
praise him all creatures here below;
praise him above, ye heavenly host;
praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

#274

Crown him with many crowns,
the Lamb upon the throne:
hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
all music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing of him who died to be
your Saviour and your matchless King
through all eternity.

Crown him the Son of God,
before the worlds began;
let all who tread where he has trod,
crown him the Son of Man,
who every grief has known that wrings the human breast,
and takes and bears them for his own,
that all in him may rest.

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 kingdom is at hand;
from pole to pole let warfare cease
and Christ rule every land!
A city stands on high: Christ's glory it displays,
and there the nations "Holy" cry
in joyful hymns of praise.

Crown him the Lord of years,
the Source, the End of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres
in majesty sublime.

All hail, Redeemer, hail, for you have died for me;
your praise shall never, never fail
through all eternity.

Credits

#363

Words: Edward Perronet (1726-1792)

Music: William Shrubsole

Tune: Miles Lane

#830

Words: Thomas Ken (1637-1711)

Music: Genevan Psalter 1551;

Tune: Old 100th

#340

Words: Caroline M. Noel (1817-77)

Music: Ralph V. Williams (1872-1958)

Tune: King's Weston

#274

Words: Matthew Bridges (1800-1893)

Godfrey Thring (1823-1903)

Music: George Job Elvey (1816-1893)

Tune: Diademata

