

## Hymns and Songs – 3rd October, 2021

**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 from 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 love;  
Behold His hands and side,  
Those wounds yet visible above  
In beauty glorified:  
No angel in the sky  
Can fully bear that sight,  
But downwards bends 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,  
And all be 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.

**How deep the Father's love for us,**  
How vast beyond all measure,  
That He should give His only Son  
To make a wretch His treasure.  
How great the pain of searing loss –  
The Father turns His face away,  
As wounds which mar the Chosen One  
Bring many sons to glory.

Behold the man upon a cross,  
My sin upon His shoulders;  
Ashamed, I hear my mocking voice  
Call out among the scoffers.  
It was my sin that held Him there  
Until it was accomplished;  
His dying breath has brought me life –  
I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything,  
No gifts, no power, no wisdom;  
But I will boast in Jesus Christ,  
His death and resurrection.  
Why should I gain from His reward?  
I cannot give an answer;  
But this I know with all my heart –  
His wounds have paid my ransom.

Stuart Townsend ©1995

**Tell out my soul,** the greatness of the Lord!  
Unnumbered blessings give my spirit voice;  
Tender to me the promise of His word;  
In God my Saviour shall my heart rejoice.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of His name!  
Make known His might, the deeds His arm has done;  
His mercy sure, from age to age the same;  
His holy name – the Lord, the mighty One.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of His might!  
Powers and dominions lay their glory by;  
Proud hearts and stubborn wills are put to flight,  
The hungry fed, the humble lifted high.

Tell out, my soul, the glories of His word!  
Firm is His promise, and His mercy sure:  
Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord  
To children's children and for evermore!

Timothy Dudley-Smith © 1961

**May the fragrance of Jesus fill this place.** (Men)  
May the fragrance of Jesus fill this place. (Women)  
May the fragrance of Jesus fill this place. (Men)  
Lovely fragrance of Jesus, (Women)  
Rising from the sacrifice  
Of lives laid down in adoration.

May the glory of Jesus fill His church. (Men)  
May the glory of Jesus fill His church. (Women)  
May the glory of Jesus fill His church. (Men)  
Radiant glory of Jesus, (Women)  
Shining from our faces  
As we gaze in adoration.

May the beauty of Jesus fill my life. (Men)  
May the beauty of Jesus fill my life. (Women)  
May the beauty of Jesus fill my life. (Men)  
Perfect beauty of Jesus, (Women)  
Fill my thoughts, my words, my deeds,  
My all I give in adoration.

Chris Christensen (c) 1986

## *For Outside*

### **All my hope on God is founded;**

He doth still my trust renew.  
Me through change and chance he guideth,  
Only good and only true.  
God unknown, He alone  
Calls my heart to be his own.

Pride of man and earthly glory,  
Sword and crown betray his trust;  
What with care and toil he buildeth,  
Tower and temple, fall to dust.  
But God's power, hour by hour,  
Is my temple and my tower.

God's great goodness aye endureth,  
Deep his wisdom, passing thought:  
Splendour, light, and life attend him,  
Beauty springeth out of naught.  
Evermore, from his store  
New-born worlds rise and adore.

Daily doth th' Almighty giver  
Bounteous gifts on us bestow;  
His desire our soul delighteth,  
Pleasure leads us where we go.  
Love doth stand at his hand;  
Joy doth wait on his command.

Still from man to God eternal  
Sacrifice of praise be done,  
High above all praises praising  
For the gift of Christ his Son.  
Christ doth call one and all:  
Ye who follow shall not fall.