

## Hymns For Sunday 21<sup>st</sup> November 2021

### Opening Hymn: A&MNS 141 The head that once was crowned with thorns

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

2 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;

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

4 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.

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

6 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.

### Offertory Hymn: A&MNS 345 Christ is the king!

1 Christ is the King! O friends rejoice;  
brothers and sisters, with one voice  
let the world know He is your choice.  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

2 O magnify the Lord, and raise  
anthems of joy and holy praise  
for Christ's brave saints of ancient days.  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

3 They with a faith for ever new  
followed the King, and round him drew  
thousands of servants brave and true.  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

4 O Christian women, Christian men,  
all the world over, seek again  
the way disciples followed then.  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

5 Christ through all ages is the same:  
place the same hope in His great name,  
With the same faith His word proclaim.  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

6 Let love's unconquerable might  
your scattered companies unite  
in service to the Lord of light.  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

7 So shall God's will on earth be done,  
new lamps be lit, new tasks begun,  
and the whole church at last be one.  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

**Post Communion Hymn: A&MNS 147 Crown him with many crowns**

1 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.

2 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.

3 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 downward bends his burning eye  
at mysteries so bright.

4 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 piercèd feet  
fair flowers of paradise extend  
their fragrance ever sweet.

5 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.