



2nd March 2025

Sunday next before Lent

♪ **Hymn (593)** ♪

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.

Mighty and mysterious
in the highest height,
God from everlasting,
very Light of Light:
in the Father's bosom
with the Spirit blest,
Love, in love eternal,
Rest, in perfect rest.

At His voice creation
sprang at once to sight,
all the angel faces,
all the hosts of light,
thrones and dominations,
stars upon their way,
all the heavenly orders,
in their great array.

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.

Bore it up triumphant
with its human light,
through all ranks of creatures,
to the central height,
to the throne of Godhead,
to the Father's breast;
filled it with the glory
of that perfect rest.

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 Captain
in temptation's hour;
let His will enfold you
in its light and power.

Surely, 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.

Caroline Maria Noel (1817-1877)

♪ Hymn (644) ♪

God is Love: let heaven adore Him;
God is Love: let earth rejoice;
let creation sing before Him,
and exalt Him with one voice.
He who laid the earth's foundation,
He who spread the heavens above,
He who breathes through all creation,
He is Love, eternal Love.

God is Love: and He enfoldeth
all the world in one embrace;
with unfailing grasp He holdeth
every child of every race.
And when human hearts are breaking
under sorrow's iron rod,
then they find that self-same aching
deep within the heart of God.

God is Love: and though with blindness
sin afflicts the souls of all,
God's eternal loving-kindness
holds and guides us when we fall.
Sin and death and hell shall never
o'er us final triumph gain;
God is Love, so Love for ever
o'er the universe must reign.

Timothy Rees (1874-1939)

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♪ Hymn (227) ♪

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 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.

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.

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,
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.

Matthew Bridges (1800-1894)

♪ **Chant (600)** ♪

Bless the Lord, my soul,
And bless God's holy name.
Bless the Lord, my soul,
Who leads me into life.

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♪ **Hymn (281)** ♪

'Tis good, Lord, to be here,
Thy glory fills the night;
Thy face and garments, like the sun,
shine with unborrowed light.

'Tis good, Lord, to be here,
Thy beauty to behold
where Moses and Elijah stand,
Thy messengers of old.

Fulfiller of the past,
promise of things to be,
we hail Thy body glorified
and our redemption see.

Before we taste of death,
we see Thy kingdom come;
we fain would hold the vision bright
and make this hill our home.

'Tis good, Lord, to be here,
yet we may not remain;
but since Thou bidst us leave the mount,
come with us to the plain.

Joseph Armitage Robinson (1858-1933)

♪ **Hymn (652)** ♪

Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,
pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain
whence the healing stream doth flow;
let the fiery cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through:
strong Deliverer,
be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
bid my anxious fears subside;
death of death, and hell's destruction,
land me safe on Canaan's side;
songs and praises,
I will ever give to Thee.

William Williams (1717-1791)

trans. Peter Williams (1727-1796)